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AUDREY.¹

I.

THE CABIN IN THE VALLEY.

THE valley lay like a ribbon thrown into the midst of the encompassing hills. The grass which grew there was soft and fine and abundant; the trees which sprang from its dark, rich mould were tall and great of girth. A bright stream flashed through it, and the sunshine fell warm upon the grass and changed the tassels of the maize into golden plumes. Above the valley, east and north and south, rose the hills, clad in living green, mantled with the purpling grape, wreathed morn and eve with trailing mist. To the westward were the mountains, and they dwelt apart in a blue haze. Only in the morning, if the mist were not there, the sunrise struck upon their long summits, and in the evening they stood out, high and black and fearful, against the splendid sky. The child who played beside the cabin door often watched them as the valley filled with shadows, and thought of them as a great wall between her and some land of the fairies which must needs lie beyond that barrier, beneath the splendor and the evening star. The Indians called them the Endless Mountains, and the child never doubted that they ran across the world and touched the floor of heaven.

In the hands of the woman who was spinning the thread broke, and the song

died in the white throat of the girl who stood in the doorway. For a moment the two gazed with widening eyes into the green September world without the cabin; then the woman sprang to her feet, tore from the wall a horn, and, running to the door, wound it lustily. The echoes from the hills had not died, when a man and a boy, the one bearing a musket, the other an axe, burst from the shadow of the forest, and at a run crossed the greensward and the field of maize between them and the women. The child let fall her pine cones and pebbles, and fled to her mother, to cling to her skirts, and look with brown frightened eyes for the wonder that should follow the winding of the horn. Only twice could she remember that clear summons for her father: once when it was winter and snow was on the ground, and a great wolf, gaunt and bold, had fallen upon their sheep; and once when a drunken trader from Germanna, with a Pamunkey who had tasted of the trader's rum, had not waited for an invitation before entering the cabin. It was not winter now, and there was no sign of the red-faced trader or of the dreadful, capering Indian. There was only a sound in the air, a strange noise coming to them from the pass between the hills over which rose the sun.

The man with the musket sent his voice before him as he approached the group upon the doorstep: "Alce, wo-

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man! What's amiss? I see naught wrong!"

His wife stepped forward to meet him. "There's naught to see, William. It's to hear. There was a noise. Molly and I heard it, and then we lost it. There it is again!"

Fronting the cabin, beyond the maize field and the rich green grass and the placid stream, rose two hills, steep and thickly wooded, and between them ran a narrow, winding, and rocky pass. Down this gorge, to the listening pioneer, now came a confused and trampling sound.

"It is iron striking against the rocks!" he announced. "The hoofs of horses!"

"Iron!" cried his wife. "The horses in Virginia go unshod! And what should a troop of horse do here, beyond the frontier, where even the rangers never come?"

The man shook his head, a frown of perplexity upon his bronzed and bearded face. "It is the sound of the hoofs of horses," he said, "and they are coming through the pass. Hark!"

A trumpet blew, and there came a noise of laughter. The child pressed close to her brother's side. "Oh, Robin, maybe 't is the fairies!"

Out from the gloom of the pass into the sunshine of the valley, splashing through the stream, trampling the long grass, laughing, and calling one rider to the other, burst a company of fifty horsemen. The trumpet blew again, and the entire party, drawing rein, stared at the unexpected maize field, the cabin, and the people about the door.

Between the intruders and the lonely folk, whose nearest neighbors were twenty miles away, was only a strip of sunny grass dotted over with the stumps of trees that had been felled lest they afford cover for attacking savages. A man, riding at the head of the invading party, beckoned, somewhat imperiously, to the pioneer; and the latter, still with his musket in the hollow of his arm, strode across the greensward, and finding him-

self in the midst, not of rude traders and rangers, but of easy, smiling, periwigged gentlemen, handsomely dressed and accoutred, dropped the butt of his gun upon the ground, and took off his squirrel-skin cap.

"You are deep in the wilderness, good fellow," said the man who had beckoned, and who was possessed of a stately figure, a martial countenance, and an air of great authority. "How far is it to the mountains?"

The pioneer stared at the long blue range, cloudlike in the distance. "I don't know," he answered. "I hunt to the eastward. Twenty miles, maybe. You're never going to climb them?"

"We are come out expressly to do so," answered the other heartily, "having a mind to drink the King's health with our heads in the clouds! We need another axeman to clear away the fallen trees and break the nets of grapevine. Wilt go along amongst our rangers yonder, and earn a pistole and undying fame?"

The woodsman looked from the knot of gentlemen to the troop of hardy rangers, who, with a dozen ebony servants and four Meherrin Indians, made up the company. Under charge of the slaves were a number of pack horses. Thrown across one was a noble deer; a second bore a brace of wild turkeys and a two-year-old bear, fat and tender; a third had a legion of pots and pans for the cooking of the woodland cheer; while the burden of several others promised heart's content of good liquor. From the entire troop breathed a most enticing air of gay daring and good-fellowship. The gentlemen were young and of cheerful countenances; the rangers in the rear sat their horses and whistled to the woodpeckers in the sugar trees; the negroes grinned broadly; even the Indians appeared a shade less saturnine than usual. The golden sunshine poured upon them all, and the blue mountains that no Englishman had ever passed seemed for the

moment as soft and yielding as the cloud that slept along their summits. And no man knew what might be just beyond the mountains: Frenchmen, certainly, and the great lakes and the South Sea; but, besides these, might there not be gold, glittering stones, new birds and beasts and plants, strange secrets of the hills? It was only westward—ho! for a week or two, with good company and good drink—

The woodsman shifted from one foot to the other, but his wife, who had now crossed the grass to his side, had no doubts.

"You'll not go, William!" she cried. "Remember the smoke that you saw yesterday from the hilltop! If the Northern Indians are on the warpath against the Southern, and are passing between us and the mountains, there may be straying bands. I'll not let you go!"

In her eagerness she clasped his arm with her hands. She was a comely, buxom dame, and the circle on horseback, being for the most part young and gallant, and not having seen a woman for some days, looked kindly upon her.

"And so you saw a smoke, goodwife, and are afraid of roving Indians?" said the gentleman who had spoken before. "That being the case, your husband has our permission to stay behind. On my life, 't is a shame to ride away and leave you in danger of such marauders!"

"Will your Excellency permit me to volunteer for guard duty?" demanded a young man who had pressed his horse to the leader's side. "It's odds, though, that when you return this way you'll find me turned Papist. I'll swear your Excellency never saw in Flanders carved or painted saint so worthy of your prayers as yonder breathing one!"

The girl Molly had followed her parents, and now stood upon a little grassy knoll, surveying with wide brown eyes the gay troop before her. A light wind was blowing, and it wrapped her dress of tender, faded blue around her

young limbs, and lifted her loosened hair, gilded by the sunshine into the likeness of an aureole. Her face was serious and wondering, but fair as a woodland flower. She had placed her hand upon the head of the child, who was with her, clinging to her dress. The green knoll formed a pedestal; behind was the sky, as blue as that of Italy; the two figures might have been some painted altarpiece.

The sprightly company, which had taken for its motto "*Sic juvat transcendere montes*," looked and worshiped. There was a moment of silent devotion, broken by one of the gentlemen demanding if 't were not time for dinner; another remarked that they might go much farther and fare much worse, in respect of a cool, sweet spot in which to rest during the heat of the afternoon; and a third boldly proposed that they go no farther at all that day. Their leader settled the question by announcing that, Mr. Mason's suggestion finding favor in his sight, they would forthwith dismount, dine, drink red wine and white, and wear out the heat of the day in this sylvan paradise until four of the clock, when the trumpet should sound for the mount; also, that if the goodwife and her daughter would do them the honor to partake of their rustic fare, their healths should be drunk in nothing less than Burgundy.

As he spoke he swung himself from the saddle, pulled out his ruffles, and raised his hat. "Ladies, permit me,"—a wave of his hand toward his escort, who were now also on foot. "Colonel Robertson, Captain Clonder, Captain Brooke, Mr. Haward, Mr. Beverley, Dr. Robinson, Mr. Fontaine, Mr. Todd, Mr. Mason,—all of the Tramontane Order. For myself, I am Alexander Spotswood, at your service."

The pioneer, standing behind his wife, plucked her by the sleeve. "Ecod, Alce, 't is the Governor himself! Mind your manners!"

Alce, who had been a red-cheeked

dairymaid in a great house in England, needed no admonition. Her curtsy was profound; and when the Governor took her by the hand and kissed her still blooming cheek, she curtsied again. Molly, who had no memories of fine gentlemen and the complaisance which was their due, blushed fire-red at the touch of his Excellency's lips, forgot to curtsy, and knew not where to look. When, in her confusion, she turned her head aside, her eyes met those of the young man who had threatened to turn Papist. He bowed, with his hand upon his heart, and she blushed more deeply than before.

By now every man had dismounted, and the valley was ringing with the merriment of the jovial crew. The negroes led the horses down the stream, lightened them of saddle and bridle, and left them tethered to saplings beneath which the grass grew long and green. The rangers gathered fallen wood, and kindled two mighty fires, while the gentlemen of the party threw themselves down beside the stream, upon a little grassy rise shadowed by a huge sugar tree. A mound of turf, flanked by two spreading roots, was the Governor's chair of state, and Alce and Molly he must needs seat beside him. Not one of his gay company but seemed an adept in the high-flown compliment of the age; out of very idleness and the mirth born of that summer hour they followed his Excellency's lead, and plied the two simple women with all the wordy ammunition that a tolerable acquaintance with the mythology of the ancients and the polite literature of the present could furnish. The mother and daughter did not understand the fine speeches, but liked them passing well. In their lonely lives, a little thing made conversation for many and many a day. As for these golden hours, — the jingle and clank and mellow laughter, the ruffles and gold buttons and fine cloth, these gentlemen, young and handsome, friendly-eyed, sil-

ver-tongued, the taste of wine, the taste of flattery, the sunshine that surely was never yet so bright, — ten years from now they would still be talking of these things, still wishing that such a day could come again.

The negroes were now busy around the fires, and soon the cheerful odor of broiling meat rose and blended with the fragrance of the forest. The pioneer, hospitably minded, beckoned to the four Meherrins, and hastening with them to the patch of waving corn, returned with a goodly lading of plump, green ears. A second foraging party, under guidance of the boy, brought into the larder of the gentry half a dozen noble melons, golden within and without. The woman whispered to the child, and the latter ran to the cabin, filled her upgathered skirts with the loaves of her mother's baking, and came back to the group upon the knoll beneath the sugar tree. The Governor himself took the bread from the little maid, then drew her toward him.

"Thanks, my pretty one," he said, with a smile that for the moment quite dispelled the expression of haughtiness which marred an otherwise comely countenance. "Come, give me a kiss, sweetening, and tell me thy name."

The child looked at him gravely. "My name is Audrey," she answered, "and if you eat all of our bread we'll have none for supper."

The Governor laughed, and kissed the small dark face. "I'll give thee a gold moidore, instead, my maid. Odsso, thou'rt as dark and wild, almost, as was my little Queen of the Saponies that died last year. Hast never been away from the mountains, child?"

Audrey shook her head, and thought the question but a foolish one. The mountains were everywhere. Had she not been to the top of the hills, and seen for herself that they went from one edge of the world to the other? She was glad to slip from the Governor's encircling arm, and from the gay ring beneath

the sugar tree ; to take refuge with herself down by the water side, and watch the fairy tale from afar off.

The rangers, with the pioneer and his son for their guests, dined beside the kitchen fire, which they had kindled at a respectful distance from the group upon the knoll. Active bronzed and daring men, wild riders, bold fighters, lovers of the freedom of the woods, they sprawled upon the dark earth beneath the walnut trees, laughed and joked, and told old tales of hunting or of Indian warfare. The four Meherrins ate apart and in stately silence, but the grinning negroes must needs endure their hunger until their masters should be served. One black detachment spread before the gentlemen of the expedition a damask cloth ; another placed upon the snowy field platters of smoking venison and turkey, flanked by rockahominy and sea biscuit, corn roasted Indian fashion, golden melons, and a quantity of wild grapes gathered from the vines that rioted over the hillside ; while a third set down, with due solemnity, a formidable array of bottles. There being no chaplain in the party, the grace was short. The two captains carved, but every man was his own Ganymede. The wines were good and abundant : there was champagne for the King's health ; claret in which to pledge themselves, gay stormers of the mountains ; Burgundy for the oreads who were so gracious as to sit beside them, smile upon them, taste of their mortal fare.

Sooth to say, the oreads were somewhat dazed by the company they were keeping, and found the wine a more potent brew than the liquid crystal of their mountain streams. Red roses bloomed in Molly's cheeks ; her eyes grew starry, and no longer sought the ground ; when one of the gentlemen wove a chaplet of oak leaves, and with it crowned her loosened hair, she laughed, and the sound was so silvery and delightful that the company laughed with her. When the

viands were gone, the negroes drew the cloth, but left the wine. When the wine was well-nigh spent, they brought to their masters long pipes and japanned boxes filled with sweet-scented. The fragrant smoke, arising, wrapped the knoll in a bluish haze. A wind had sprung up, tempering the blazing sunshine, and making low music up and down the hillsides. The maples blossomed into silver, the restless poplar leaves danced more and more madly, the hemlocks and great white pines waved their broad, dark banners. Above the hilltops the sky was very blue, and the distant heights seemed dream mountains and easy of climbing. A soft and pleasing indolence, born of the afternoon, the sunlight, and the red wine, came to dwell in the valley. One of the company beneath the spreading sugar tree laid his pipe upon the grass, clasped his hands behind his head, and, with his eyes on the azure heaven showing between branch and leaf, sang the song of Amiens of such another tree in such another forest. The voice was manly, strong, and sweet ; the rangers quit their talk of war and hunting to listen, and the negroes, down by the fire which they had built for themselves, laughed with pleasure.

When the wine was all drunken and the smoke of the tobacco quite blown away, a gentleman who seemed of a somewhat saturnine disposition, and less susceptible than his brother adventurers to the charms of the wood nymphs, rose, and declared that he would go a-fishing in the dark crystal of the stream below. His servant brought him hook and line, and the grasshoppers in the tall grass served for bait. A rock jutting over the flood formed a convenient seat, and a tulip tree lent a grateful shade. The fish were abundant and obliging ; the fisherman was happy. Three shining trophies had been landed, and he was in the act of baiting the hook that should capture the fourth, when his eyes chanced to meet the eyes of the child Audrey, who had

left her covert of purple-berried alder, and now stood beside him. Tithonus, green and hale, skipped from between his fingers, and he let fall his line to put out a good-natured hand and draw the child down to a seat upon the rock. "Wouldst like to try thy skill, moppet?" he demanded.

The child shook her head. "Are you a prince," she asked, "and is the grand gentleman with the long hair and the purple coat the King?"

The fisherman laughed. "No, little one, I'm only a poor ensign. The gentleman yonder, being the representative in Virginia of my Lord of Orkney and his Majesty King George the First, may somewhat smack of royalty. Indeed, there are good Virginians who think that were the King himself amongst us he could not more thoroughly play my Lord Absolute. But he's only the Governor of Virginia, after all, bright eyes."

"Does he live in a palace, like the King? My father once saw the King's house in a place they call London."

The gentleman laughed again. "Ay, he lives in a palace, a red brick palace, sixty feet long and forty feet deep, with a bauble on top that's all afire on birth-nights. There are green gardens, too, with winding paths, and sometimes pretty ladies walk in them. Wouldst like to see all these fine things?"

The child nodded. "Ay, that I would! Who is the gentleman that sang, and that now sits by Molly? See! with his hand touching her hair. Is he a Governor, too?"

The other glanced in the direction of the sugar tree, raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and returned to his fishing. "That is Mr. Marmaduke Haward," he said, "who, having just come into a great estate, goes abroad next month to be taught the newest, most genteel mode of squandering it. Dost not like his looks, child? Half the ladies of Williamsburgh are enamored of his *beaux yeux*."

Audrey made no answer, for just then the trumpet blew for the mount, and the fisherman must needs draw in and pocket his hook and line. Clear, high, and sweet, the triumphant notes pierced the air, and were answered from the hills by a thousand fairy horns. The martial-minded Governor would play the general in the wilderness; his little troop of gentlemen and rangers and ebony servants had come out well drilled for their tilt against the mountains. The echoes were still ringing, when, with laughter, some expenditure of wit, and much cheerful swearing, the camp was struck. The pack horses were again laden, the rangers swung themselves into their saddles, and the gentlemen beneath the sugar tree rose from the grass, and tendered their farewells to the oreads.

Alce roundly hoped that their Honors would pass that way again upon their return from the high mountains, and the deepening rose of Molly's cheeks and her wistful eyes added weight to her mother's importunity. The Governor swore that within a week they would dine again in the valley, and his companions confirmed the oath. His Excellency, turning to mount his horse, found the pioneer at the animal's head.

"So, honest fellow," he exclaimed good-naturedly, "you will not with us to grave your name upon the mountain tops? Let me tell you that you are giving Fame the go-by. To march against the mountains and overcome them as though they were so many Frenchmen, and then to gaze into the promised land beyond — Odso, man, we are as great as were Cortez and Pizarro and their crew! We are heroes and paladins! We are the Knights of" —

His horse, impatient to be gone, struck with a ringing sound an iron-shod hoof against a bit of rock. "The Knights of the Horseshoe," said the gentleman nearest the Governor.

Spotswood uttered a delighted exclamation: "'Gad, Mr. Haward, you've

hit it! Well-nigh the first horseshoes used in Virginia — the number we were forced to bring along — the sound of the iron against the rocks — the Knights of the Horseshoe! 'Gad, I'll send to London and have little horseshoes — little gold horseshoes — made, and every man of us shall wear one. The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe! It hath an odd, charming sound, eh, gentlemen?"

None of the gentlemen were prepared to deny that it was a quaint and pleasing title. Instead, out of very lightness of heart and fantastic humor, they must needs have the Burgundy again unpacked, that they might pledge at once all valorous discoverers, his Excellency the Governor of Virginia, and their new-named order. And when the wine was drunk, the rangers were drawn up, the muskets were loaded, and a volley was fired that brought the echoes crashing about their heads. The Governor mounted, the trumpet sounded once more, and the joyous company swept down the narrow valley toward the long, blue, distant ranges.

The pioneer, his wife and children, watched them go. One of the gentlemen turned in his saddle and waved his hand. Alce curtsied, but Molly, at whom he had looked, saw him not, because her eyes were full of tears. The company reached and entered a cleft between the hills; a moment, and men and horses were lost to sight; a little longer, and not even a sound could be heard.

It was as though they had taken the sunshine with them; for a cloud had come up from the west, and the sun was hidden. All at once the valley seemed a sombre and lonely place, and the hills with their whispering trees looked menacingly down upon the clearing, the cabin, and the five simple English folk. The glory of the day was gone. After a little more of idle staring, the frontiersman and his son returned to their work in the forest, while Alce and Molly went indoors to their spinning, and Audrey sat down upon the doorstep to listen to the hurry

of voices in the trees, and to watch the ever deepening shadow of the cloud above the valley.

II.

THE COURT OF THE ORPHAN.

An hour before dusk found the company that had dined in the valley making their way up the dry bed of a stream, through a gorge which cleft a line of precipitous hills. On either hand the bank rose steeply, giving no footing for man or beast. The road was a difficult one; for here a tall, fern-crowned rock left but a narrow passage between itself and the shaggy hillside, and there smooth and slippery ledges, mounting one above the other, spanned the way. In places, too, the drought had left pools of dark, still water, difficult to avoid, and not infrequently the entire party must come to a halt while the axemen cleared from the path a fallen birch or hemlock. Every man was afoot, none caring to risk a fall upon the rocks or into the black, cold water of the pools. The hoofs of the horses and the spurs of the men clanked against the stones; now and then one of the heavily laden pack horses stumbled and was sworn at, and once a warning rattle, issuing from a rank growth of fern on the hillside, caused a momentary commotion, but there was no more laughter, or whistling, or calling from the van to the rear guard. The way was arduous, and every man must watch his footsteps; moreover, the last rays of the sun were gilding the hilltops above them, and the level that should form their camping place must be reached before the falling of the night.

The sunlight had all but faded from the heights, when one of the company, stumbling over a round and mossy rock, measured his length upon the ground, amid his own oaths at his mishap, and the exclamations of the man immediately in his rear, whose progress he had thus unceremoniously blocked. The horse of

the fallen man, startled by the dragging at the reins, reared and plunged, and in a moment the entire column was in disorder. When the frightened animals were at last quieted, and the line re-formed, the Governor called out to know who it was that had fallen, and whether any damage had been suffered.

"It was Mr. Haward, sir!" cried out two or three; and presently the injured gentleman himself, limping painfully, and with one side of his fine green coat all stained by reason of contact with a bit of muddy ground, appeared before his Excellency.

"I have had a cursed mishap, — saving your presence, sir," he explained. "The right ankle is, I fear, badly sprained. The pain is exquisite, and I know not how I am to climb mountains."

The Governor uttered an exclamation of concern: "Unfortunate! Dr. Robinson must look to the hurt at once."

"Your Excellency forgets my dispute with Dr. Robinson as to the dose of Jesuit bark for my servant," said the sufferer blandly. "Were I *in extremis* I should not apply to him for relief."

"I'll lay my life that you are not *in extremis* now," retorted the doctor. "If ever I saw a man with a sprained ankle keep his color so marvelously, or heard him speak in so composed a tone! The pain must be of a very unusual degree indeed!"

"It is," answered Mr. Haward calmly. "I cannot possibly go on in this condition, your Excellency, nor can I dream of allowing my unlucky accident to delay this worshipful company in their ascent of the mountains. I will therefore take my servant and ride slowly back to the cabin which we left this afternoon. Doubtless the worthy pioneer will give me shelter until my foot is healed, and I will rejoin your Excellency upon your return through the valley."

As he spoke, for the greater ease of the injured member, he leaned against a towering rock. He was a handsome

youth, with a trick of keeping an unmoved countenance under even such a fire of laughter and exclamation as greeted his announcement.

"And for this you would lose the passing of the Appalachian Mountains!" cried Spotswood. "Why, man! from those heights we may almost see Lake Erie; may find out how near we are to the French, how easily the mountains may be traversed, what promise of success should his Majesty determine to plant settlements beyond them or to hold the mountain passes! There is service to be done and honor to be gained, and you would lag behind because of a wrenched ankle! Zoons, sir! at Blenheim I charged a whole regiment of Frenchmen, with a wound in my breast into which you might have thrust your hand!"

The younger man shrugged his shoulders. "Beggars may not be choosers," he said coolly. "The sunlight is fast fading, and if we would be out of this gorge before nightfall we must make no further tarrying. I have your Excellency's permission to depart?"

One of the gentlemen made a low-voiced but audible remark to his neighbor, and another hummed a line from a love song. The horses moved impatiently amongst the loose stones, and the rangers began to mutter that night would be upon them before they reached a safer footing.

"Mr. Haward! Mr. Haward!" said the Governor sternly. "It is in my mind that you meditate inflicting a greater harm than you have received. Let me tell you, sir, if you think to so repay a simple-minded hospitality" —

Mr. Haward's eyes narrowed. "I own Colonel Spotswood for Governor of Virginia," he said, speaking slowly, as was his wont when he was angry. "His office does not, I think, extend farther than that. As for these pleasant-minded gentlemen who are not protected by their rank, I beg to inform them that

in my fall my sword arm suffered no whit."

Turning, he beckoned to a negro who had worked his way from the servants in the rear, along the line of rangers, to the outskirts of the group of gentlemen gathered around the Governor and the injured man. "Juba," he ordered, "draw your horse and mine to one side. Your Excellency, may I again remind you that it draws toward nightfall, and that this road will be no pleasant one to travel in the dark?"

What he said was true; moreover, upon the setting out of the expedition it had been laughingly agreed that any gentleman who might find his spirits dashed by the dangers and difficulties of the way should be at liberty at any time to turn his back upon the mountains, and his face toward safety and the settlements. The Governor frowned, bit his lips, but finally burst into unwilling laughter.

"You are a very young gentleman, Mr. Marmaduke Haward!" he cried. "Were you a little younger, I know what ointment I should prescribe for your hurt. Go your ways with your broken ankle; but if, when I come again to the cabin in the valley, I find that your own injury has not contented you, look to it that I do not make you build a bridge across the bay itself! Gentlemen, Mr. Haward is bent upon intrusting his cure to other and softer hands than Dr. Robinson's, and the expedition must go forward without him. We sorrow to lose him from our number, even for the week in which he proposes to complete his cure, but we know better than to reason with—ahem!—a twisted ankle. *En avant*, gentlemen! Mr. Haward, pray have a care of yourself. I would advise that the ankle be well bandaged, and that you stir not from the chimney corner"—

"I thank your Excellency for your advice," said Mr. Haward imperturbably, "and will consider of taking it. I wish your Excellency and these merry

gentlemen a most complete victory over the mountains, from which conquest I will no longer detain you."

He bowed as he spoke, and began to move, slowly and haltingly, across the width of the rocky way to where his negro stood with the two horses.

"Mr. Haward!" called the Governor.

The recreant turned his head. "Your Excellency?"

"It was the *right* foot, was it not?" queried his sometime leader. "Ah, I thought so! Then it were best not to limp with the left."

Homerie laughter shook the air; but while Mr. Haward laughed not, neither did he frown or blush. "I will remember, sir," he said simply, and at once began to limp with the proper foot. When he reached the bank he turned, and, standing with his arm around his horse's neck, watched the company which he had so summarily deserted, as it put itself into motion and went slowly past him up its dusky road. The laughter and bantering farewells moved him not; he could at will draw a line around himself across which few things could step. Not far away the bed of the stream turned, and a hillside, dark with hemlock, closed the view. He watched the train pass him, reach this bend, and disappear. The axemen and the four Meherrins, the Governor and the gentlemen of the Horseshoe, the rangers, the negroes,—all were gone at last. With that passing, and with the ceasing of the laughter and the trampling, came the twilight. A whippoorwill began to call, and the wind sighed in the trees. Juba, the negro, moved closer to his master; then upon an impulse stooped, and lifting above his head a great rock, threw it with might into one of the shallow pools. The crashing sound broke the spell of the loneliness and quiet that had fallen upon the place. The white man drew his breath, shrugged his shoulders, and turned his horse's head down the way up which he had so lately come.

The cabin in the valley was not three miles away. Down this ravine to a level place of pines, through the pines to a strip of sassafras and a poisoned field, past these into a dark, rich wood of mighty trees linked together with the ripening grape, then three low hills, then the valley and the cabin and a pair of starry eyes. It was full moon. Once out from under the stifling walls of the ravine, and the silver would tremble through the leaves and show the path beneath. The trees, too, that they had blazed, — with white wood pointing to white wood, the backward way should be easy.

The earth, rising sheer in darkness on either hand, shut in the bed of the stream. In the warm, scented dusk the locusts shrilled in the trees, and far up the gorge the whippoorwill called and called. The air was filled with the gold of fireflies, a maze of spangles, now darkening, now brightening, restless and bewildering. The small, round pools caught the light from the yet faintly colored sky, and gleamed among the rocks; a star shone out, and a hot wind, heavy with the smell of the forest, moved the hemlock boughs and rustled in the laurels.

The white man and the negro, each leading his horse, picked their way with caution among the pitfalls of the rocky and uneven road. With the passing of the Governor and his train a sudden cure had been wrought, for now Haward's step was as firm and light as it had been before his fall. The negro looked at him once or twice with a puzzled face, but made no comment and received no enlightenment. Indeed, so difficult was their way that they were left but scant leisure for speech. Moment by moment the darkness deepened, and once Haward's horse came to its knees, crashing down among the rocks and awakening every echo.

The way, if hard, was short. The hills fell further apart, the banks became low and broad, and fair in front, between two slender pines, shone out the great

round moon. Leaving the bed of the stream, the two men entered a pine wood, dim and fragrant and easy to thread. The moon rose higher, and the light fell in wide shafts between trees that stood well apart, with no vines to grapple one to another, no undergrowth to press about their knees.

There needed no watchfulness: the ground was smooth, the light was fair; no motion save the pale flicker of the fireflies, no sound save the sigh of the night wind in the boughs that were so high overhead. Master and man, riding slowly and steadily onward through a wood that seemed interminably the same, came at last to think of other things than the road which they were traveling. Their hands lost grasp upon the reins, and their eyes, ceasing to glance now here, now there, gazed steadfastly down the gray and dreamlike vista before them, and saw no longer bole and branch, moonlight and the white scars that the axe had made for guidance. The vision of the slave was of supper at the quarters, of the scraping of the fiddle in the red firelight, of the dancing and the singing. The white man saw, at first, only a girl's face, shy and innocent, — the face of the woodland maid who had fired his fancy, who was drawing him through the wilderness back to the cabin in the valley. But after a while, in the gray stillness, he lost the face, and suddenly thought, instead, of the stone that was to cover his father's grave. The ship that was to bring the great, dark, carven slab should be in by now; the day after his return to Williamsburgh the stone must be put in place, covering in the green sod and that which lay below. *Here lieth in the hope of a joyful resurrection —*

His mind left the grave in the churchyard at Williamsburgh, and visited the great plantation of which he was now sole master. There was the house, four-square, high-roofed, many-windowed, built of dark red brick that glowed behind the veil of the locusts and the oaks.

There, too, were the quarters, — the home quarter, that at the creek, that on the ridge. Thirty white servants, three hundred slaves, — and he was the master. The honeysuckles in the garden that had been his father's pride, the shining expanse of the river, the ship — his ship, the Golden Rose — that was to take him home to England, — he forgot the night and the forest, and saw these things quite plainly. Then he fell to thinking of London and the sweets that he meant to taste, the heady wine of youth and life that he meant to drain to the lees. He was young; he could spare the years. One day he would come back to Virginia, to the dim old garden and quiet house. His factor would give account, and he would settle down in the red brick house, with the tobacco to the north and east, the corn to the west, and to the south the mighty river, — the river silvered by the moon, the river that lay just beyond him, gleaming through the trees —

Startled by the sudden tightening of the reins, or by the tearing of some frightened thing through the canes that beset the low, miry bank, the horse sprang aside; then stood trembling, with pricked ears. The white man stared at the stream; then turned in his saddle and stared at the tree trunks, the patches of moonlight, and the impenetrable shadow that closed each vista. "The blazed trees!" he exclaimed at last. "How long since we saw one?"

The slave shook his head. "Juba forgot to look. He was away by a river that he knew."

"We have passed from out the pines," said Haward. "These are oaks. But what is that water? — and how far we are out of our reckoning the Lord only knows!"

As he spoke, he pushed his horse through the tall reeds to the bank of the stream. Here in the open, away from the shadow of the trees, the full moon had changed the nighttime into a wonderful, silver day. Narrow above and

below, the stream widened before him into a fairy basin, rimmed with reeds, unruffled, crystal-clear, stiller than a dream. The trees that grew upon the farther side were faint gray clouds in the moonlight, and the gold of the fireflies was very pale. From over the water, out of the heart of the moonlit wood, came the song of a mocking bird, a tumultuous ecstasy, possessing the air and making elfin the night.

Haward backed his horse from the reeds to the oak beneath which waited the negro. "'T is plain that we have lost our way, Juba," he said, with a laugh. "If you were an Indian, we should turn and straightway retrace our steps to the blazed trees. Being what you are, you are more valuable in the tobacco fields than in the forest. Perhaps this is the stream which flows by the cabin in the valley. We'll follow it down, and so arrive, at least, at a conclusion."

They dismounted, and, leading their horses, followed the stream for some distance, to arrive at the conclusion that it was not the one beside which they had dined that day. When they were certain of this, they turned and made their way back to the line of reeds which they had broken to mark their starting point. By now the moon was high, and the mocking bird in the wood across the water was singing madly. Turning from the still, moonlit sheet, the silent reeds, the clear mimicker in the slumbrous wood, the two wayfarers plunged into the darkness beneath the spreading branches of the oak trees. They could not have ridden far from the pines; in a very little while they might reach and recognize the path which they should tread.

An hour later, the great trees, oak and chestnut, beech and poplar, suddenly gave way to saplings, many, close-set, and overrun with grapevines. So dense was the growth, so unyielding the curtain of vines, that men and horses were brought

to a halt as before a fortress wall. Again they turned, and, skirting that stubborn network, came upon a swamp, where leafless trees, white as leprosy, stood up like ghosts from the water that gleamed between the lily pads. Leaving the swamp they climbed a hill, and at the summit found only the moon and the stars and a long plateau of sighing grass. Behind them were the great mountains; before them, lesser heights, wooded hills, narrow valleys, each like its fellow, each indistinct and shadowy, with no sign of human tenant.

Haward gazed at the climbing moon and at the wide and universal dimness of the world beneath; then turned to the negro, and pointed to a few low trees growing at the eastern end of the plateau.

"Fasten the horses there, Juba," he said. "We will wait upon this hilltop until morning. When the light comes, we may be able to see the clearing or the smoke from the cabin."

When the horses had been tethered, master and man lay down upon the grass. It was so still upon the hilltop, and the heavens pressed so closely, that the slave grew restless and strove to make talk. Failing in this, he began to croon a savage, mournful air, and presently, forgetting himself, to sing outright.

"Hush!" ordered his master. "There may be Indians abroad."

The song came to an end as abruptly as it had begun, and the singer, having nothing better to do, went fast asleep. His companion, more wakeful, lay with his hands behind his head and his eyes upon the splendor of the firmament. Lying so, he could not see the valleys nor the looming mountains. There were only the dome of the sky, the grass, and himself. He stared at the moon, and made pictures of her shadowy places; then fell to thinking of the morrow, and of the possibility that after all he might never find again the cabin in the valley. While he laughed at this supposition, yet

he played with it. He was in a mood to think the loss of the trail of the expedition no great matter. The woods were full of game, the waters of fish; he and Juba had only to keep their faces to the eastward, and a fortnight at most would bring them to the settlements. But the valleys folded among the hills were many; what if the one he sought should still elude him? What if the cabin, the sugar tree, the crystal stream, had sunk from sight, like the city in one of Monsieur Galland's fantastic tales? Perhaps they had done so, — the spot had all the air of a bit of fairyland, — and the woodland maid was gone to walk with the elves. Well, perchance for her it would be better so. And yet it would be pleasant if she should climb the hillside now and sit beside him, with her shy dark eyes and floating hair. Her hair was long and fine, and the wind would lift it; her face was fair, and another than the wind should kiss it. The night would not then be so slow in going.

He turned upon his side, and looked along the grassy summit to the woods upon the opposite slope and to the distant mountains. Dull silver, immutable, perpetual, they reared themselves to meet the moonbeams. Between him and those stern and changeless fronts, pallid as with snows, stretched the gray woods. The moon shone very brightly, and there was no wind. So unearthly was the quiet of the night, so solemn the light, so high and still and calm the universe around him, that awe fell upon his soul. It was well to lie upon the hilltop and guess at the riddle of the world; now dimly to see the meaning, now to lose it quite, to wonder, to think of death. The easy consciousness that for him death was scores of years away, that he should not meet the spectre until the wine was all drunken, the garlands withered, and he, the guest, ready to depart, made these speculations not at all unpleasant. He looked at his hand, blanched

by the moonlight, lying beside him upon the grass, and thought how like a dead hand it seemed, and what if he could not move it, nor his body, nor could ever rise from the grass, but must lie there upon the lonely hilltop in the untrodden wilderness, until that which had ridden and hunted and passed so buoyantly through life should become but a few dry bones, a handful of dust. He was of his time, and its laxness of principle and conduct; if he held within himself the potential scholar, statesman, and philosopher, there were also the skeptic, the egotist, and the libertine. He followed the fashion and disbelieved much, but he knew that if he died to-night his soul would not stay with his body upon the hilltop. He wondered, somewhat grimly, what it would do when so much that had clothed it round — pride of life, love of pleasure, desire, ambition — should be plucked away. Poor soul! Surely it would feel itself something shrunk, stripped of warmth, shivering bare to all the winds of heaven. The radiance of the moon usurped the sky, but behind that veil of light the invisible and multitudinous stars were shining. Beyond those stars were other stars, beyond those yet others; on and on went the stars, wise men said. Beyond them all, what then? And where was the place of the soul? What would it do? What heaven or hell would it find or make for itself? Guesswork all!

The silver pomp of the night began to be oppressive to him. There was beauty, but it was a beauty cold and distant, infinitely withdrawn from man and his concerns. Woods and mountains held aloof, communing with the stars. They were kindred and of one house; it was man who was alien, a stranger and alone. The hilltop cared not that he lay thereon; the grass would grow as greenly when he was in his grave; all his tragedies since time began he might reenact there below, and the mountains would not bend to look.

He flung his arm across his eyes to shut out the moonlight, and tried to sleep. Finding the attempt a vain one, and that the night pressed more and more heavily upon him, he sat up with the intention of shaking the negro awake, and so providing himself with other company than his own thoughts.

His eyes had been upon the mountains, but now, with the sudden movement, he faced the eastern horizon and a long cleft between the hills. Far down this opening something was on fire, burning fiercely and redly. Some one must have put torch to the forest; and yet it did not burn as trees burn. It was like a bonfire . . . it was a bonfire in a clearing! There were not woods about it, but a field — and the glint of water —

The negro, awakened by foot and voice, sprang up, and stood bewildered beside his master. "It is the valley that we have been seeking, Juba," said the latter, speaking rapidly and low. "That burning pile is the cabin, and 't is like that there are Indians between us and it! Leave the horses; we shall go faster without them. Look to the priming of your gun, and make no noise. Now!"

Rapidly descending the hill, they threw themselves into the woods at its base. Here they could not see the fire, but now and then, as they ran, they caught the glow, far down the lines of trees. Though they went swiftly they went warily as well, keeping an eye and ear open and muskets ready. But there was no sound other than their own quick footfalls upon the floor of rotting leaves, or the eager brushing of their bodies through occasional undergrowth; no sight but the serried trees and the checkered light and shade upon the ground.

They came to the shallow stream that flashed through the valley, and crossing it found themselves on cleared ground, with only a long strip of corn between them and what had been a home for English folk. It was that no longer:

for lack of fuel the flames were dying down; there was only a charred and smoking pile, out of which leaped here and there a red tongue.

Haward had expected to hear a noise of savage triumph, and to see dark figures moving about their handiwork. There was no noise, and the moonlight showed no living being. The night was changelessly still and bright; the tragedy had been played, and the mountains and the hills and the running water had not looked.

It took but a few minutes to break through the rustling corn and reach the smouldering logs. Once before them, there seemed naught to do but to stand and stare at the ruin, until a tongue of flame caught upon a piece of uncharred wood, and showed them the body of the pioneer lying at a little distance from the stone that had formed his doorstep. At a sign from Haward the negro went and turned it over, then let it sink again into the seared grass. "Two arrows, Marse Duke," he said, coming back to the other's side. "And they've taken his scalp."

Three times Haward made the round of the yet burning heap. Was it only ruined and fallen walls, or was it a funeral pyre as well? To know, he must wait for the day and until the fire had burned itself out. If the former were the case, if the dead man alone kept the valley, then now, through the forest and the moonlight, captives were being haled to some Indian village, and to a fate more terrible than that of the man who lay there upon the grass with an arrow through his heart.

If the girl were still alive, yet was she dead to him. He was no Quixote to tilt with windmills. Had a way to rescue her lain fair before him, he would have risked his life without a thought. But the woods were deep and pathless, and only an Indian could find and keep a trail by night. To challenge the wilderness; to strike blindly at the forest, now here,

now there; to dare all, and know that it was hopeless daring, — a madman might do this for love. But it was only Haward's fancy that had been touched, and if he lacked not courage, neither did he lack a certain cool good sense which divided for him the possible from that which was impossible, and therefore not to be undertaken.

Turning from the ruin, he walked across the trampled sward to the sugar tree in whose shade, in the golden afternoon, he had sung to his companions and to a simple girl. Idle and happy and far from harm had the valley seemed.

"Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather."

Suddenly he found that he was trembling, and that a sensation of faintness and of dull and sick revolt against all things under the stars was upon him. Sitting down in the shadow of the tree, he rested his face in his hands and shut his eyes, preferring the darkness within to that outer night which hid not and cared not, which was so coldly at peace. He was young, and though stories of such dismal things as that before him were part of the stock in trade of every ancient, garrulous man or woman of his acquaintance, they had been for him but tales; not horrible truths to stare him in the face. He had seen his father die; but he had died in his bed, and like one who went to sleep.

The negro had followed him, and now stood with his eyes upon the dying flames, muttering to himself some heathenish charm. When it was ended, he looked about him uneasily for a time; then bent and plucked his master by the sleeve. "We eynarn' do nothin' here, Marse Duke," he whispered. "An' the wolves may get the horses."

With a laugh and a groan, the young man rose to his feet. "That is true, Juba," he said. "It's all over here, — we were too late. And it's not a pleasant place to lie awake in, waiting for

the morning. We 'll go back to the hill-top."

Leaving the tree, they struck across the grass and entered the strip of corn. Something low and dark that had lain upon the ground started up before them, and ran down the narrow way between the stalks. Haward made after it and caught it.

"Child!" he cried. "Where are the others?"

The child had struggled for a moment, desperately if weakly, but at the sound of his voice she lay still in his grasp, with her eyes upon his face. In the moonlight each could see the other quite plainly. Raising her in his arms, Haward bore her to the brink of the stream, laved her face and chafed the small, cold hands.

"Now tell me, Audrey," he said at last. "Audrey is your name, is n't it? Cry, if you like, child, but try to tell me."

Audrey did not cry. She was very, very tired, and she wanted to go to sleep. "The Indians came," she told him in a whisper, with her head upon his breast. "We all waked up, and father fired at them through the hole in the door. Then they broke the door down, and he went outside, and they killed him. Mother put me under the bed, and told me to stay there, and to make no noise. Then the Indians came in at the door, and killed her and Molly and Robin. I don't remember anything after that, — maybe I went to sleep. When I was awake again the Indians were gone, but there was fire and smoke everywhere. I was afraid of the fire, and so I crept from under the bed, and kissed mother and Molly and Robin, and left them lying in the cabin, and came away."

She sighed with weariness, and the hand with which she put back her dark hair that had fallen over her face was almost too heavy to lift. "I sat beside father and watched the fire," she said. "And then I heard you and the black

man coming over the stones in the stream. I thought that you were Indians, and I went and hid in the corn."

Her voice failed, and her eyelids drooped. In some anxiety Haward watched her breathing, and felt for the pulse in the slight brown wrist; then, satisfied, he lifted the light burden, and, nodding to the negro to go before, recommenced his progress to the hill which he had left an hour ago.

It was not far away. He could see the bare summit above the treetops, and in a little while they were upon its slope. A minute more and they came to the clump of trees, and found the horses in safety. Haward paused to take from the roll strapped behind his saddle a riding cloak; then, leaving the negro with the horses, climbed on to the grassy level. Here he spread the cloak upon the ground, and laid the sleeping child upon it, which done, he stood and looked at his new-found charge for a moment; then turning, began to pace up and down upon the hilltop.

It was necessary to decide upon a course of action. They had the horses, the two muskets, powder and shot. The earth was dry and warm, and the skies were cloudless. Was it best to push on to Germanna, or was it best to wait down there in the valley for the return of the Governor and his party? They would come that way, that was certain, and would look to find him there. If they found only the ruined cabin, they might think him dead or taken by the Indians, and an attempt to seek him, as dangerous, perhaps, as fruitless, might be made. He decided that he would wait. To-morrow he would take Juba and the horses and the child and go down into the valley; not back to the sugar tree and that yet smouldering pyre, but to the woods on this side of the stream.

This plan thought out, he went and took his seat beside the child. She was moaning in her sleep, and he bent over and soothed her. When she was quiet

he still kept her hand in his, as he sat there waiting for the dawn. He gave the child small thought. Together he and Juba must care for her until they could rejoin the expedition; then the Governor, who was so fond of children, might take her in hand, and give her for nurse old Dominick, who was as gentle as a woman. Once at Germanna perhaps some scolding *Hausfrau* would take her, for the sake of the scrubbing and lifting to be gotten out of those small hands and that slender frame. If not, she must on to Williamsburgh and the keeping of the vestry there. The next Orphan Court would bind her to some master or mistress who might (or might not) be kind to her, and so there would be an end to the matter.

The day was breaking. Moon and stars were gone, and the east was dull pink, like faded roses. A ribbon of silver mist, marking the course of the stream below, drew itself like a serpent through the woods that were changing from gray to green. The dank smell of early morning rose from the dew-drenched earth, and in the countless trees of the forest the birds began to sing.

A word or phrase which is as common and familiar as our hand may, in some one minute of time, take on a significance and present a face so keen and strange that it is as if we had never met it before. An Orphan Court! Again he said the words to himself, and then out loud. No doubt the law did its best for the fatherless and motherless, for such waifs and strays as that which lay beside him. When it bound out children, it was most emphatic that they should be fed and clothed and taught; not starved or beaten unduly, or let to grow up ignorant as negroes. Sometimes the law was obeyed, sometimes not.

The roses in the east bloomed again, and the pink of their petals melted into the clear blue of the upper skies. Be-

cause their beauty compelled him Haward looked at the heavens. The Court of the Orphan! . . . *When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up.* Haward acknowledged with surprise that portions of the Psalter did somehow stick in the memory.

The face of the child was dark and thin, but the eyes were large and there was promise in the mouth. She might be eight years old, — just the age, he remembered, of Colonel Byrd's little daughter, who had lost her mother, and was to be sent out next month to her father in England. It was a pity —

He looked at the child again, and suddenly resolved that he, Marmaduke Haward, would provide for her future. When they met again, he should tell the Governor and his brother adventurers as much; and if they chose to laugh, why, let them do so! He would take the child to Williamsburgh with him, and get some woman to tend her until he could find kind and decent folk with whom to bestow her. There were the new minister of Fair View parish and his wife, — they might do. He would give them two thousand pounds of sweet-scented a year for the child's maintenance. Oh, she should be well cared for! He would — if he thought of it — send her gifts from London; and when she was grown, and asked in marriage, he would give her for dowry a hundred acres of land.

As the strengthening rays of the sun, shining alike upon the just and the unjust, warmed his body, so his own benevolence warmed his heart. He knew that he was doing a generous thing, and his soul felt in tune with the beamy light, the caroling of the birds, the freshness and fragrance of the morning. When at last the child awoke, and, the recollection of the night coming full upon her, clung to him, weeping and trembling, he put his arm around her and comforted her with all the pet names his memory could conjure up.

III.

DARDEN'S AUDREY.

It was May Day in Virginia, in the year 1727. In England there were George the First, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King and Defender of the Faith; my Lord of Orkney, Governor in chief of Virginia; and William Gooch, newly appointed Lieutenant Governor. In Virginia there were Colonel Robert Carter, President of the Council and Governor *pro tem.*; the Council itself; and Mistress Martha Jaquelin.

By virtue of her good looks and sprightliness, the position of her father in the community, and the fact that this 1st of May was one and the same with her sixteenth birthday, young Mistress Jaquelin was May Queen in Jamestown. And because her father was a worthy gentleman and a gay one, with French blood in his veins and Virginia hospitality in his heart, he had made a feast for divers of his acquaintances, and, moreover, had provided, in a grassy meadow down by the water side, a noble and seasonable entertainment for them, and for the handful of townsfolk, and for all chance comers.

Meadow and woodland and marsh, ploughed earth and blossoming orchards, lay warm in the sunshine. Even the ruined town, fallen from her estate, and become but as a handmaid to her younger sister, put a good face upon her melancholy fortunes. Honeysuckle and ivy embraced and hid crumbling walls, broken foundations, mounds of brick and rubbish, all the untouched memorials of the last burning of the place. Grass grew in the street, and the silent square was strewn with the gold of the buttercups. The houses that yet stood and were lived in might have been counted on the fingers of one hand, with the thumb for the church. But in their

gardens the flowers bloomed gayly, and the sycamores and mulberries in the churchyard were haunts of song. The dead below had music, and violets in the blowing grass, and the undertone of the river. Perhaps they liked the peace of the town that was dead as they were dead; that, like them, had seen of the travail of life, and now, with shut eyes and folded hands, knew that it was vanity.

But the Jaquelin house was built to the eastward of the churchyard and the ruins of the town, and, facing the sparkling river, squarely turned its back upon the quiet desolation at the upper end of the island and upon the text from Ecclesiastes.

In the level meadow, around a Maypole gay with garlands and with fluttering ribbons, the grass had been closely mown, for there were to be foot races and wrestling bouts for the amusement of the guests. Beneath a spreading tree a dozen fiddlers put their instruments in tune, while behind the open windows of a small, ruinous house, dwelt in by the sexton, a rustic choir was trying over *The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green*. Young men and maidens of the meaner sort, drawn from the surrounding country, from small plantation, store and ordinary, mill and ferry, clad in their holiday best and prone to laughter, strayed here and there, or, walking up and down the river bank, where it commanded a view of both the landing and the road, watched for the coming of the gentlefolk. Children, too, were not lacking, but rolled amidst the buttercups or caught at the ribbons flying from the Maypole, while aged folk sat in the sun, and a procession of wide-lipped negroes, carrying benches and chairs, advanced to the shaven green and put the seats in order about the sylvan stage. It was but nine of the clock, and the shadow of the Maypole was long upon the grass. Along the slightly rising ground behind the meadow stretched

an apple orchard in full bloom, and between that line of rose and snow and the lapping of the tide upon the yellow sands lay, for the length of a spring day, the kingdom of all content.

The shadow of the Maypole was not much shrunken when the guests of the house of Jaquelin began to arrive. First to come, and from farthest away, was Mr. Richard Ambler, of Yorktown, who had ridden from that place to Williamsburgh the afternoon before, and had that morning used the planter's pace to Jamestown, — his industry being due to the fact that he was courting the May Queen's elder sister. Following him came five Lees in a chariot, then a delegation of Burwells, then two Digges in a chaise. A Bland and a Bassett and a Randolph came on horseback, while a barge brought up river a bevy of blooming Carters, a white-sailed sloop from Warwick landed a dozen Carys, great and small, and two periaguas, filled with Harrisons, Allens, and Cockes, shot over from the Surrey shore.

From a stand at one end of the grassy stage, trumpet and drum proclaimed that the company had gathered beneath the sycamores before the house, and was about to enter the meadow. Shrill-voiced mothers warned their children from the Maypole, the fiddlers ceased their twanging, and Pretty Bessee, her name cut in twain, died upon the air. The throng of humble folk — largely made up of contestants for the prizes of the day, and of their friends and kindred — scurried to its appointed place, and with the issuing from the house gates of the May Queen and her court the festivities commenced.

An hour later, in the midst of a bout at quarterstaff between the Jamestown blacksmith and the miller from Princess Creek, a coach and four, accompanied by a horseman, crossed the neck, rolled through the street, and, entering the meadow, drew up a hundred feet from the ring of spectators.

The eyes of the commonalty still hung

upon every motion of the blacksmith and the miller, but by the people of quality the cudgelers were for the moment quite forgot. The head of the house of Jaquelin hurried over the grass to the coach door. "Ha, Colonel Byrd! When we heard that you were staying overnight at Green Spring, we hoped that, being so near, you would come to our merrymaking. Mistress Evelyn, I kiss your hands. Though we can't give you the diversions of Spring Garden, yet such as we have are at your feet. Mr. Marmaduke Haward, your servant, sir! Virginia has missed you these ten years. We were heartily glad to hear, t' other day, that the Golden Rose had brought you home."

As he spoke the worthy gentleman strove to open the coach door; but the horseman, to whom the latter part of his speech was addressed, and who had now dismounted, was beforehand with him. The door swung open, and a young lady, of a delicate and pensive beauty, placed one hand upon the deferential arm of Mr. Marmaduke Haward and descended from the painted coach to the flower-enameled sward. The women amongst the assembled guests fluttered and whispered; for this was youth, beauty, wealth, London, and the Court, all drawn in the person of Mistress Evelyn Byrd, bred since childhood in the politest society of England, newly returned with her father to his estate of Westover in Virginia, and, from her garlanded gypsy hat to the point of her silken shoe, suggestive of the rainbow world of *mode*.

Her father — alert, vivacious, handsome, with finely cut lips that were quick to smile, and dark eyes that smiled when the lips were still — followed her to the earth, shook out his ruffles, and extended his gold snuffbox to his good friend Mr. Jaquelin. The gentleman who had ridden beside the coach threw the reins of his horse to one of the negroes who had come running from

the Jaquelin stables, and, together with their host, the three walked across the strip of grass to the row of expectant gentry. Down went the town-bred lady until the skirt of her blue-green gown lay in folds upon the buttercups; down went the ladies opposite in curtsies as profound, if less exquisitely graceful. Off came the hats of the gentlemen; the bows were of the lowest; snuff-boxes were drawn out, handkerchiefs of fine holland flourished; the welcoming speeches were hearty and not unpolished.

It was a society less provincial than that of more than one shire that was nearer to London by a thousand leagues. It dwelt upon the banks of the Chesapeake and of great rivers; ships dropped their anchors before its very doors. Now and again the planter followed his tobacco aboard. The sands did not then run so swiftly through the hourglass; if the voyage to England was long, why, so was life! The planters went, sold their tobacco, — Sweet-scented, E. Dees, Orenoko, Cowpen, Non-burning, — talked with their agents, visited their English kindred; saw the town, the opera, and the play, — perhaps, afar off, the King; and returned to Virginia and their plantations with the last but one novelty in ideas, manner, and dress. Of their sons not a few were educated in English schools. Their wives and daughters, if for the most part they saw the enchanted ground only through the eyes of husband, father, or brother, yet followed its fashions, when learned, with religious zeal; and if they could manage to admiration their great, party-colored households, could also discuss china monsters, the King's mistresses, and last year's magazines. In Williamsburgh, where all men went on occasion, there was polite enough living: there were the college, the Capitol, and the playhouse; the palace was a toy St. James; the Governors that came and went almost as proper gentlemen, fitted to rule

over English people, as if they had been born in Hanover and could not speak their subjects' tongue.

So it was that the assembly which had risen to greet Mr. Jaquelin's latest guests, besides being sufficiently well born, was not at all ill bred, nor uninformed, nor untraveled. But it was not of the gay world as were the three whom it welcomed. It had spent only months, not years, in England; it had never kissed the King's hand; it did not know Bath nor the Wells; it was innocent of drums and routs and masquerades; had not even a speaking acquaintance with great lords and ladies; had never supped with Pope, or been grimly smiled upon by the Dean of St. Patrick's, or courted by the Earl of Peterborough. It had not, like the elder of the two men, studied in the Low Countries, visited the Court of France, and contracted friendships with men of illustrious names; nor, like the younger, had it written a play that ran for two weeks, fought a duel in the Field of Forty Footsteps, and lost and won at the Cocoa Tree, between the lighting and snuffing of the candles, three thousand pounds.

Therefore it stood slightly in awe of the wit and manners and fine feathers, curled newest fashion, of its sometime friends and neighbors, and its welcome, if warm at heart, was stiff as cloth of gold with ceremony. The May Queen tripped in her speech as she besought Mistress Evelyn to take the flower-wreathed great chair standing proudly forth from the humbler seats, and colored charmingly at the lady of fashion's smiling shake of the head and few graceful words of homage. The young man slyly noted the length of the Colonel's periwig, the quality of Mr. Haward's Mechlin, and the size of their shoe buckles, while their elders, suddenly lacking material for discourse, made shift to take a deal of snuff. The Colonel took matters into his own capable hands.

"Mr. Jaquelin, I wish that my tobacco at Westover may look as finely a fortnight hence as does yours to-day. There promise to be more Frenchmen in my fields than Germans at St. James. Mr. Cary, if I come to Denbigh when the peaches are ripe, will you teach me to make persico? Mr. Allen, I hear that you breed cocks as courageous as those of Tanagra. I shall borrow from you for a fight that I mean to give. Ladies, for how much gold will you sell the recipe for that balm of Mecca you must use? There are dames at Court would come barefoot to Virginia for so dazzling a bloom. Why do you patch only upon the Whig side of the face? Are you all of one camp, and does not one of you grow a white rosebush against the 29th of May? May it please your Majesty the May Queen, I shall watch the sports from this seat upon your right hand. Egad, the miller quits himself as though he were the moss-grown fellow of Sherwood Forest!"

The ice had thawed; and by the time the victorious miller had been pushed forward to receive the smart cocked hat which was the Virginian rendition of the crown of wild olive, it had quite melted. Conversation became general, and food was found or made for laughter. When the twelve fiddlers who succeeded the blacksmith and the miller came trooping upon the green, they played, one by one, to perhaps as light-hearted a company as a May Day ever shone upon. All their tunes were gay and lively ones, and the younger men moved their feet to the music, while a Strephon at the lower end of the lists seized upon a blooming Chloe, and the two began to dance "as if," quoth the Colonel, "the musicians were so many tarantula doctors."

A flower-wreathed instrument of his calling went to the player of the sprightliest air; after which awardment, the fiddlers, each to the tune of his own choosing, marched off the green to make room

for Pretty Bessee, her father the beggar, and her suitors the innkeeper, the merchant, the gentleman, and the knight.

The high, quick notes of the song suited the sunshiny weather, the sheen of the river, the azure skies. A light wind brought from the orchard a vagrant troop of pink and white petals to camp upon the silken sleeve of Mistress Evelyn Byrd. The gentleman sitting beside her gathered them up and gave them again to the breeze.

"It sounds sweetly enough," he said, "but terribly old-fashioned:—

'I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,

And beauty is beauty in every degree.'

That's not Court doctrine."

The lady to whom he spoke rested her cheek upon her hand, and looked past the singers to the blossoming slope and the sky above. "So much the worse for the Court," she said. "So much the better for"—

Haward glanced at her. "For Virginia?" he ended, with a smile. "Do you think that they do not weigh love with gold here in Virginia, Evelyn? It is n't really Arcady."

"So much the better for some place, somewhere," she answered quietly. "I did not say Virginia. Indeed, from what travelers like yourself have told me, I think the country lies not upon the earth. But the story is at an end, and we must applaud with the rest. It sounded sweetly, after all,—though it was only a lying song. What next?"

Her father, from his station beside the May Queen, caught the question, and broke the flow of his smiling compliments to answer it. "A race between young girls, my love,—the lucky fair who proves her descent from Atalanta to find, not a golden apple, but a golden guinea. Here come from the sexton's house the pretty light o' heels!"

The crowd, gentle and simple, arose, and pushed back all benches, stools, and chairs, so as to enlarge the circumference

of the ring, and the six girls who were to run stepped out upon the green. The youngest son of the house of Jaquelin checked them off in a shrill treble: —

"The blacksmith's Meg — Mall and Jenny from the crossroads tavern — the Widow Constance's Barbara — red-headed Bess — Parson Darden's Audrey!"

A tall, thin, grave gentleman, standing behind Haward, gave an impatient jerk of his body and said something beneath his breath. Haward looked over his shoulder. "Ha, Mr. Le Neve! I did not know you were there. I had the pleasure of hearing you read at Williamsburgh last Sunday afternoon, — though this is your parish, I believe? What was that last name that the youngster cried? I failed to catch it."

"Audrey, sir," answered the minister of James City parish; "Gideon Darden's Audrey. You can't but have heard of Darden. A minister of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, sir; and a scandal, a shame, and a stumbling-block to the Church! A foul-mouthed, brawling, learned sot! A stranger to good works, but a frequenter of tippling houses! A brazen, dissembling, atheistical Demas, who will neither let go of the lusts of the flesh nor of his parish, — a sweet-scented parish, sir, with the best glebe in three counties! And he's inducted, sir, inducted, which is more than most of the clergy of Virginia, who neither fight nor drink nor swear, can say for themselves!"

The minister had lost his gravity, and spoke with warmth and bitterness. As he paused for breath, Mistress Evelyn took her eyes from the group of those about to run and opened her fan. "A careless father, at least," she said. "If he hath learning, he should know better than to set his daughter there."

"She's not his own, ma'am. She's an orphan, bound to Darden and his wife, I suppose, — though she's not treated as a servant, either. They've given her

some schooling; and while people say that Darden beats his wife, I've never heard of his beating the girl. There's some story or other about her, but, not being curious in Mr. Darden's affairs, I have never learned it. When I came to Virginia, five years ago, she was a slip of a girl of thirteen or so. Once, when I had occasion to visit Darden, she waylaid me in the road as I was riding away, and asked me how far it was to the mountains, and if there were Indians between them and us."

"Did she so?" asked Haward. "And which is — Audrey?"

"The dark one — brown as a gypsy — with the dogwood in her hair. And mark me, there'll be Darden's own luck and she'll win. She's fleetier than a greyhound. I've seen her running in and out and to and fro in the forest like a wild thing."

Bare of foot and slender ankle, bare of arm and shoulder, with heaving bosom, shut lips, and steady eyes, each of the six runners awaited the trumpet sound that should send her forth like an arrow to the goal, and to the shining guinea that lay thereby. The spectators ceased to talk and laugh, and bent forward, watching. Wagers had been laid, and each man kept his eyes upon his favorite, measuring her chances. The trumpet blew, and the race was on.

When it was over and won, the May Queen rose from her seat and crossed the grass to her fine lady guest. "There are left only the prizes for this and for the boys' race and for the best dancer. Will you not give them, Mistress Evelyn, and so make them of more value?"

More curtsying, more complimenting, and the gold was in Evelyn's white hand. The trumpet blew, the drum beat, the fiddlers swung into a quick, staccato air, and Darden's Audrey, leaving the post which she had touched eight seconds in advance of the foremost of those with whom she had raced, came forward to receive the guinea.

The straight, short skirt of dull blue linen could not hide the lines of the young limbs; beneath the thin, white, sleeveless bodice showed the tint of the flesh, the rise and fall of the bosom. The bare feet trod the grass lightly and firmly; the brown eyes looked from under the dogwood chaplet in a gaze that was serious, innocent, and unashamed. To Audrey they were only people out of a fairy tale,—all those gay folk, dressed in silks and with curled hair. They lived in “great houses,” and men and women were born to till their fields, to row their boats, to doff hats or curtsy as they passed. They were not real; if you pricked them, they would not bleed. In the mountains that she remembered as a dream there were pale masses of bloom far up among the cliffs; very beautiful, but no more to be gained than the moon or than rainbow gold. She looked at the May party before which she had been called much as, when a child, she had looked at the gorgeous, distant bloom,—not without longing, perhaps, but indifferent, too, knowing that it was beyond her reach.

When the gold piece was held out to her, she took it, having earned it; when the little speech with which the lady gave the guinea was ended, she was ready with her curtsy and her “Thank you, ma’am.” The red came into her cheeks because she was not used to so many eyes upon her, but she did not blush for her bare feet, nor for her dress that had slipped low over her shoulder, nor for the fact that she had run her swiftest five times around the Maypole, all for the love of a golden guinea, and for mere youth and pure-minded ignorance, and the springtime in the pulses.

The gold piece lay within her brown fingers a thought too lightly, for as she stepped back from the row of gentlefolk it slid from her hand to the ground. A gentleman, sitting beside the lady who had spoken to her, stooped, and picking up the money gave it again into her

hand. Though she curtsied to him, she did not look at him, but turned away, glad to be quit of all the eyes, and in a moment had slipped into the crowd from which she had come. It was midday, and old Israel the fisherman, who had brought her and the Widow Constance’s Barbara up the river in his boat, would be going back with the tide. She was not loath to leave: the green meadow, the gaudy Maypole, and the music were good, but the silence on the river, the shadow of the brooding forest, the darting of the fishhawk, were better.

In the meadow the boys’ race and the rustic dance were soon over. The dinner at the Jaquelin house to its guests lasted longer, but it too was hurried; for in the afternoon Mr. Harrison’s mare Nelly was to run with Major Burwell’s Fearnought, and the stakes were heavy.

Not all of the company went from the banquet back to the meadow, where the humbler folk, having eaten their dinner of bread and meat and ale, were whiling away with sports of their own the hour before the race. Colonel Byrd had business at Williamsburgh, and must reach his lodgings there an hour before sunset. His four black horses brought to the door the great vermilion-and-cream coach; an ebony coachman in scarlet cracked his whip at a couple of negro urchins who had kept pace with the vehicle as it lumbered from the stables, and a light brown footman flung open the door and lowered the steps. The Colonel, much regretting that occasion should call him away, vowed that he had never spent a pleasanter May Day, kissed the May Queen’s hand, and was prodigal of well-turned compliments, like the gay and gallant gentleman that he was. His daughter made her graceful adieux in her clear, low, and singularly sweet voice, and together they were swallowed up of the mammoth coach. Mr. Haward took snuff with Mr. Jaquelin; then, mounting his horse,—it was supposed that he too

had business in Williamsburgh, — raised his hat and bade farewell to the company with one low and comprehensive bow.

The equipage made a wide turn; the ladies and gentlemen upon the Jaquelin porch fluttered fans and handkerchiefs; the Colonel, leaning from the coach window, waved his hand; and the horseman lifted his hat a second time. The very especial guests were gone; and though the remainder of the afternoon was as merry as heart could wish, yet a bouquet, a flavor, a tang of the Court and the great world, a breath of air that

was not colonial, had gone with them. For a moment the women stood in a brown study, revolving in their minds Mistress Evelyn's gypsy hat and the exceeding thinness and fineness of her tucker; while to each of the younger men came, linked to the memory of a charming face, a vision of many-acred Westover.

But the trumpet blew, summoning them to the sport of the afternoon, and work stopped upon castles in Spain. When a horse race was on, a meadow in Virginia sufficed.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCTIVE SCHOLARSHIP IN AMERICA.

THE idea of continental Europe in regard to the productive scholars of the New World can be as easily as briefly stated: there is none. A widely read German history of civilization says this about American scholarship: "American universities are hardly more than ordinary schools in Germany. It is true, they receive large sums of money from rich men; but they cannot attain to anything, because the institutions either remain under the control of the church, or the professors are appointed on account of their political or personal connections, not on account of their knowledge. The professors therefore have, naturally, more interest in money-making than in the advancement of science. Not a single one of these institutions has reached a scientific position." And if this expresses the opinion of the public at large, it must be admitted that the scholars are seldom much better informed. They see hundreds of American students coming over to Germany every year, and feel sure that they would not come in such streams if America had anything of com-

parable value to offer. American publications cross the ocean in a ridiculously small number; in the world of letters no Columbus has yet discovered the other side of the globe.

Is it necessary to defend myself against the suspicion that I share this European prejudice? I have my witness in print. Since I resigned my German professorship to enter Harvard University, I have heartily welcomed every opportunity to write for German readers about my delightful surprises in the academic world here, and about the contrast between the facts here and the fables current over there. Last summer I had a glorious opportunity. A well-known naturalist of Switzerland, whose voice is often heard in German magazines, came here for scientific purposes, and spent his vacation in various places. When he returned, he gathered his impressions in an essay published in the most widely read review, and condensed his opinions on American universities as follows: "The American universities are of unequal value; some are simply

humbly. They are all typically American, illustrating in every respect the American spirit: they have an essentially practical purpose. The American wishes to see quick returns in facts and successes; he has scarcely ever any comprehension of theory and real science. He has not yet had time to understand that scholarly truth is like a beautiful woman, who should be loved and honored for her own sake, while it is a degradation to value her only for her practical services: a Yankee brain of to-day cannot grasp that," — and so on. I published at once, in the same magazine, an extended reply. I demonstrated therein how easily the foreigner is misled by the use of the word "university" for institutions which are nothing but colleges, and that, therefore, a fair comparison with German universities is possible only for the dozen institutions which are adjusted to postgraduate work. I pointed out that in these leading universities the opportunities offered students are not inferior to those abroad; that the theoretical courses, not the practical ones, are favored by the students; and that, especially in impractical fields, as astronomy, geology, ethnology, Sanskrit, English philology, philosophy, very valuable work has been done. I claimed with full conviction that the doctor's degree of our best universities is superior to the average degree in Germany, and that our libraries and equipments are not seldom better than those on the other side. I showed with enthusiasm what an increasing number of scholarly magazines is sent out by our institutions, how great is the output of new books in every field, how the academies and scholarly associations flourish. Yes, I became pathetic, and sentimental, and ironical, and enthusiastic, and my friends maintained that I made my point; and yet in my heart I was glad that no one raised the other question, whether I really believed that American scholarship is to-day all

that it ought to be. I should have felt obliged to confess that I did not believe it; and as I speak now to Americans only, I may add here all that I forgot to tell my German readers.

I do not want to disclaim a single word of my German plea for the American world of learning. The situation is infinitely better than Europeans suppose it to be, — in certain branches of knowledge excellent work has been done; and yet I am convinced that the result stands in no proper relation to the achievements of American culture in all the other aspects of national life, and the best American scholars everywhere frankly acknowledge and seriously deplore it. Yes, America now has scholarship, as well as Germany, but it is just as when the Germans claim that they, as well as the Americans, play football; to be sure, they do play it, but in cut-aways and high collars. Many Americans consider that there is no harm in the condition of scholarship here, and some are even proud of it: a nation which has to "do" things ought not to care much for knowledge. But there are others who see the dangers of such an attitude. They believe that there is no ideal of learning and searching for truth which is too high for the American nation. They think, as Emerson said, "our days of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands draws to a close; the millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the remains of foreign harvests." And as the first necessary condition of such a change they seek a clear insight into the causes which lie at the root of this shortcoming. To these it may perhaps appear not quite useless to try to throw light on the causes from the one standpoint which is most natural to me, — from the standpoint of a comparison between the American and the German conditions for productive scholarship.

In America, as in Germany, the question of productive scholarship is essen-

tially a university question, as in both countries the chief advancers of knowledge have been at the same time professional daily teachers of academic youth. This relation is in itself not at all necessary, and certainly does not hold true for other countries, such as France and England. In England and in France, a great part of the finest scholarly work has been done by men who had no relations to academic institutions; and if they filled university positions, their rôle was, on the whole, a decorative one, while the real daily teaching was done by minor men. Here, as in Germany, the union of scholar and teacher in one person is the rule; the scholars who are not teachers are in both countries the exception. I do not overlook the fact that such exceptional cases exist on both sides; historians like Rhodes, Fiske, Lodge, Roosevelt, and others stand outside of academic life. In a similar way, we have some economists and some naturalists, especially those connected with the government institutions in Washington; there are some physicians and some inventors, some lawyers and some ministers, who aim, outside of the institutions of learning, toward real advancement of knowledge, and yet they form here, exactly as over there, such a small minority that they do not determine the character of the scholarship of the country, while in England and France they are its most important factor. Here, too, the work of the outsiders will be measured by the standards set by the universities. Every advantage and disadvantage, every reform and every danger for scholarship, is in America, therefore, as in Germany, first of all a university problem.

To give to our inquiry narrower limits, I shall omit from consideration the law school, medical school, and divinity school. The law schools especially are, on account of the differences of law, so absolutely unlike, here and abroad, that they must be totally eliminated. If we

thus confine ourselves, on the whole, to the humanistic and scientific studies, to philology and history, economics and philosophy, literature and the fine arts, mathematics and physics, biology and chemistry and geology, and so on, we compare similar matters. And on this basis now arises the question at issue: Why has Germany's productive scholarship attained the power to mould the thoughts of the world, while America's, so far, has not? Why are the German universities such fertile ground that in them even the smallest talent comes to flower, and the American universities such sterile ground that here often the finest energies are destined to wither?

One reason offers itself at once: in Germany, the very idea of a university demands productive scholarship as the centre and primary interest of all university activity; in America, it is an accessory element, a secondary factor, almost a luxury, which is tolerated, but never demanded as a condition. But this fact itself has deeper reasons, and we must understand the whole spirit of the universities there and here to understand why it is so, and why it must be so under the conditions that obtain today. In Germany, the spirit of the university is absolutely different from the preceding stage, the gymnasium; in America, the university work is mostly a continuation of the college work, without any essential qualitative difference. The postgraduate work is more difficult than the undergraduate work, the teachers are expected to know more, the subjects are more advanced and specialized; but all the changes are of quantitative character, and there is nothing new in principle. The university is a more difficult college, — a college which presupposes a greater amount of information, and where the best informed teachers of the country are teaching; but its spirit is exactly the college spirit, merely on a more elaborate scale of instruction.

In Germany, there is no greater dif-

ference than exists between the spirit of the university period and that of the school time. The gymnasium furnishes education and information; the university brings to the younger generation the scholarly scientific spirit. The gymnasium distributes the knowledge which has been collected; the university teaches the student to take a critical attitude toward all collected knowledge. The gymnasium teaches facts and demands textbooks; the university teaches method and presupposes all that can be found in books. The gymnasium gives to the boy of nineteen nothing different in principle from what the boy of nine receives; the university offers to the student of twenty something absolutely different from what he received a year before. The teacher of the gymnasium must therefore be a man who has learned a great deal, and has a talent for imparting what he has learned; the teacher of the university must be a master of method. But there is only one test to prove that a man has mastered the methods of a science: he must have shown that he is able to advance it. The teacher of the university is therefore, above all, a productive scholar, while to the gymnasium teacher productive scholarship is something non-essential.

This higher type of institution, this qualitatively new principle of instruction, has thus far not been completely realized in America. I am speaking, of course, of the ideal and of the theory. In practice, there are many German university professors whose lectures run down to mere school-teaching, and there are many brilliant American professors whose invaluable scholarly lectures and research courses are fully inspired by the highest university ideal. But while the former simply do not fulfill their duty, and remain below the level of public expectation, the latter transcend the official and generally accepted ideal of university life. The official ideal of the American university is, as it has been expressed

with emphasis, an institution in which "everybody can learn everything." And yet nothing is farther removed than this from that other university ideal, where not every one is admitted as a student, but only the one who has reached a maturity in which he can go over from mere learning to criticism; and where not everything is to be learned, but one thing alone, the highest intellectual grasp of the scholarly spirit. A young man who is mature enough to enter the university ought to be able to learn "everything" for himself; but the method of dealing with anything, not as a fact, but as a problem, he can gain only from a master. The college may teach "things;" the graduate school ought to teach the solution of problems. The college teaches dogmatically; the graduate school ought to train in critical thinking. The college is for intellectual boys; the university ought to be for intellectual manhood; as the college makes the students dependent upon the authorities, while the university ought to teach them to be self-dependent, to stand on their own feet.

This is the point where American intellectual culture betrays its limitation: American institutions do not show sufficient insight into the fundamental fact that the highest kind of knowledge is not wide, but self-dependent. Yes, Americans, who are so proud of their spirit of initiative and independence, too often overlook the fact that the highest independence of character can go hand in hand with the most slavish intellectual dependence, and that all which is merely "learned," all textbook information, all knowledge without mastery of method, is good for boys, but poor for intellectual men. And yet such a self-dependent attitude is never the result of a mere skeptical incredulity or of defiant contradiction of the authorities, but can be gained only by the fullest training in methodological criticism. No one, even in his special field, can really examine everything himself, but

he is not self-dependent till he fully knows how to do it; that is, till at least in one point he has proved to himself that he is able to go beyond all that mankind has hitherto known about it. If he is able to master the methods for one problem, then he has the power to do so for others; he may now follow others, but he knows that he does not follow simply because there is a chain on his leg which pulls him along. No amount of information can be substituted for training, and a university course which deals with the history of ten years from a really critical point of view is therefore more important than another which pictures a thousand years from a dogmatic standpoint. Self-dependence in knowledge thus never means ignoring the authorities, and even in the natural sciences does not come from a direct appeal to Nature, as the science teachers of the schools too often believe. Nature answers always only those questions which we ask her; and the whole history of science — that is, the authorities — must teach us first how to ask our questions of Nature. Self-dependence means the power to understand the authorities, and to deal with them critically.

As I have said, the only possible teacher for this highest kind of intellectual activity must be a scholar who is himself a master of scientific method, and as such a master only is the productive scholar tested. That is the reason why productive scholarship is the very informing spirit of German universities, and why no teacher is ever appointed as university doцент who has not proved his power over methods by publications which have at some point advanced human knowledge. Productive scholarship will never reach a really high level in America till it becomes the informing spirit of the American universities also; and it cannot be their spirit till the difference between the ideal of the university and the ideal of the college, between the dogmatic and the critical attitude in

knowledge, is fully grasped by the community. As long as the university is essentially a better equipped college on a more elaborate scale, the appointment of university teachers must be determined by the same considerations that influence the usual choice of a college teacher. As it is, — given, of course, the moral qualities, — a man is sought who has learned much about his subject and is a fine teacher. But whether he has produced anything of scholarly value is, on the whole, a secondary question.

The situation in our colleges is similar to that in the German gymnasiums. The gymnasium teacher is not at all unproductive. Most of his productions, to be sure, are just as in the colleges here, merely textbooks; but many gymnasium teachers publish scholarly investigations, and as almost every one has written his doctor's thesis, many go on with their productive university studies; some have published excellent books. And yet their publications are in a way their private affairs, not their official duty; their professional work can be conceived as complete without any effort in that direction; there are even principals of gymnasiums who look with a certain suspicion on the too productive teacher, because they are afraid that he may neglect his class duties, or may raise the level of instruction too high for the boys. But in any case, if productive scholarship were in the hands of these gymnasium teachers only, science and scholarship would be the same lukewarm affair that it is here in the hands of college men, — a professional luxury, relegated to the scarce leisure hours of an overworked man, who has little to gain from it, and whose career and professional standing are hardly influenced thereby.

How different the university man, if university instruction is rightly understood as the teaching of method, of criticism, of self-dependence! What other way is open to prove the possession of a

power than the use — and the successful use — of it? A singer who does not sing, a painter who does not paint, and a university scholar who does not advance human knowledge stand then on exactly the same level. Of course it is not necessary that the productive work should appear directly under the name of the author; here, as in Germany, some of the finest scholars put forth their thoughts through the publications of their advanced students, for whose work they take the responsibility. But if he does not publish in one way or another, directly or indirectly, theoretical assurances will not suffice. To say that a man might have advanced human knowledge, if he had not preferred to give all his time to teaching by lectures or by popular books and articles, is absurd, if he never had an opportunity to be tried. He might just as well say that he would have been skillful in walking the tight rope, if he had not preferred his life long to walk on the floor. The fact that he is a good teacher has, of course, no bearing on the point. If we want to find a man who is a master of critical methods, we cannot be satisfied if the man shows that he has much information, and skill in imparting it. For that we need the original mind, while the merely imitative thinker may make a most excellent teacher. Any one who has a personality, a forcible way of presentation, and an average intellect will be able to be a fine teacher of any subject at six weeks' notice. The student cannot judge whether the thoughts brought forward in the lecture are the instructor's own thoughts, or a rehash of the contents of half a dozen textbooks; or even if they are his own thoughts, whether they have any legs to stand on. Whether the teacher's thoughts are cheap reproductions or valuable critical studies can be determined only by a jury of his peers, and the only way to communicate with them is by publications. The teacher's papers and books alone decide whether he is or is not

in possession of that power of scholarly grasp which the university student is to learn from him, and thus whether he is or is not fit to be a university teacher.

No one ought to interpret this to mean a lack of appreciation for the receptive scholarship and the fine teaching qualities of a good college instructor who wants to be teacher only, or of a writer of pleasant and helpful popular books. I do not at all claim that his function is less noble, or that his achievement is less important for the community, and I know, of course, that "distribution" of knowledge is not at all an easy or mechanical task when it is well done; the really good teacher needs many gifts and qualities which may be absent in great scholars. I maintain merely that the two professions are different, — as different as that of the photographer from that of the artist. A good photographer is certainly a more useful being than a bad artist; but no photographer understands the meaning of art who thinks that he and Sargent are in principle doing the same thing. As long as productive scholarship is not recognized by the public consciousness as something absolutely different from receptive scholarship, its development must remain an accidental one, and can never reach the level which American civilization has reached in so many other directions, and which might be expected from the large external resources of the higher institutions of learning. That the outcome in important work is disappointing no one can deny; nor will any one seriously doubt that the ignorance of Europe in regard to American work will disappear rapidly as soon as really fundamental work is done. As soon as a Darwin or a Helmholtz, a Virchow or a Bunsen, a Spencer or a Pasteur or a Mommson, speaks in the smallest New England college, the whole world will find him out and listen; but he must speak, as his European colleagues have spoken, in the service of productive scholarship

only, while he will remain unheard if he follows the leadings of his surroundings, becomes merely a good teacher, writes textbooks and magazine essays and popular lectures.

There is another point on which I must not be misunderstood. In Germany, the gymnasium, as the place of receptive scholarship, and the university, as the place where the productive scholar teaches critical method, are sharply separated. I do not mean that this external separation is in itself necessary, or, under American conditions, either desirable or possible. Such a complete separation can be made only where the government guarantees an equality of standard, and where conditions are equal throughout the land. In the United States, the system of sliding scales, of infinitesimal differences, of transitions from low forms to higher ones without sharp lines of demarcation, has shown itself to be the soundest in all educational matters; the smallest institution must have the possibility of growing up to the highest requirements, and each local foundation must be able to adapt itself to special needs. In a country where the greatest educational progress comes through private initiative and through the slow raising of the standards of requirements in the social consciousness, the system of sliding transitions offers the best chance for healthful development; and the raising of the graduate schools to the plane of real universities can come only as the fruit of such a system, just as the present graduate school has developed itself naturally by that system out of the average college. What is necessary is only the development of the new ideal in the social mind. On the other hand, so long as the real principle is not acknowledged, the mere imitation of external forms or the artificial construction of new schemes cannot bring about an improvement. For instance, the dropping of the college department represents no progress at all, if the remainder is in itself on no higher

level than the average graduate school. The claim of an institution that it is in the lead because it has no college is without basis as long as its teachers are in no way superior, as productive scholars, to the average instructors of other universities. The omission of the lower forms is no gain, and has at present great disadvantages. I do not believe that the development of the highest forms is to be expected along this line. I remember I once saw in the Far West two rather poor little institutions in the same country. One called itself, modestly, a college; the other, a university. As I saw clearly that the university was lower in its standards of graduation, I asked the director about the designation; and he answered that they called themselves a university because they were of so much higher grade than the neighboring college. I asked him in what respect they were of higher grade, as they had no graduate school, no law school, and no medical school. "No," he said, "we have not all these, but we are higher because we have no preparatory school."

The functions of the student stand, of course, in immediate relation to the functions of the instructor. If the instructor gives information, the student is expected to learn facts; and he shows best by examinations whether or not he has succeeded. If the task of the instructor is to teach the method of scholarly criticism, the student aims at getting a scholarly grasp; and whether or not he has succeeded he can prove only by showing that in one little point, at least, he can advance human knowledge. Original research then becomes the backbone of his university work, and the publication of a doctor's thesis its natural goal. This aspect of student's work grows among us from year to year, and yet it has not won sufficient strength to stand alone against all attacks. There are still institutions which do their research work as a concession to a doubtful fashion, imported from Germany,

and necessary as an advertisement in the struggle of university competition; there are still a majority which do not believe in it at all; and there are still leading universities here which do not require the printing of the doctor's thesis. It is a very curious fact that the most effective argument brought forward here again and again, in the fight against the doctor's thesis, is the cheap scholarship of many of the German doctor dissertations. At the basis of this there is a misunderstanding, as the German doctor's thesis cannot be compared with the American one. In Germany, the doctor examination is, on the whole, a purely decorative affair for the gaining of a title which has not the slightest consequence for the career of a man, but only the social value of a personal address. All openings to the career of teacher, as well as to that of lawyer or physician, are dependent upon the very severe state examination, which shows clearly whether or not the candidate has acquired the scientific view of his subjects. The man who has passed the state examination may thus pass with a low mark the doctor examination, even if he presents merely a hasty, superficial piece of research, just to satisfy traditional regulations. As the degree has no practical bearing, and as it is always given with one of four marks, there is no danger in sometimes letting the thesis work run down. In America, however, the doctor examination is the one goal of the post-graduate studies; it is the one entrance gate to the best positions; and it has thus the function of the German doctorate together with that of the German state examination. The small group of men for whom the doctor's degree in Germany has a practical bearing is the circle of those who enter the university career; that is, those who seek to become priv-docents of a university, and not teachers of a gymnasium. The entrance upon a university career is indeed dependent upon the "doctor" only, and not upon the

state examination; but for this purpose it is required to gain the doctor's degree with one of the two highest marks, and no thesis which has been marked with *summa* or *magna cum laude* is of that cheap kind of thoughtless research which is so often shown here as a dreadful example. Only these excellent theses thus can fairly be compared with those in question for American universities, and they are certainly of a kind to encourage production and publication.

But more than that. Even if the dissertations were in themselves valueless for human knowledge, if they were unworthy of publication, if they were unnecessary as tests for the students, original research, with the goal of a definite special problem to be settled by really scientific methods, should continue to be nowhere more needed than here, as the one great stimulus which our graduates get to active scholarly interest. In Germany they find these incentives through all their lives, in a hundred forms; here everything comes together to work in the other direction, and to keep men away from the really scientific attitude. The small tasks of original research of the students in the university time are the little fountains in the woods, whose waters unite in the brook which is seen by the world; and only if they are plentiful will the brook ever become a river. It is well known that the beginnings of productive scholarship in this country, thirty or forty years ago, were due to those who came home from such research work in German universities, and that these beginnings have been reinforced and developed by the hundreds who have gone abroad for their studies during the last decades, till only recently the time has come when the American graduate can find the same opportunities in the best American universities. These stimulations of the student time are the real influences which will decide the future of American scholarship; and whoever belittles the value and retards

the development of the students' research and of the doctorate must understand that he is helping to destroy the real scholarship of the country, or to make it dependent upon that of other nations. At present there seems no occasion to fear for the standard of the degree; the standard is kept high, but the number of those who seek it is far too small. No one who intends to teach in a college, or even in a high school, ought to end his academic years before he has attained the degree. He has not, like the university teacher, to teach the methods of scholarship, and therefore is under no necessity to lead the life of a productive scholar, but the spark of active scholarship must have touched him; if he has remained throughout merely a receptive scholar, merely a good college boy, even with his Master of Arts, his teaching will be sterile drudgery.

I have said that after the student days everything militates against scholarly production, in this country; that our young man enters into a world which does not care for his original work. No one understands the conditions of productive scholarship here who does not consider the path which our young scholar has to follow. I have at present in my psychological seminary at Harvard twenty-six advanced graduate students, — on the average better prepared for scholarly work than the members of a seminary in a German university, as the men here are more mature from their more advanced age, and as the stricter regulation of attendance and course examinations has laid a larger basis of information. What can I now hope from these young men with regard to their chances of making use of their scholarly power in the next twenty years, compared with the chances which just such a set of young men would have in Germany? Over there, the best of them, the more talented ones, the more ambitious ones, and, I may at once add, the socially stronger ones would choose the career of

productive scholarship; and while the majority would be satisfied to jog along the road of the gymnasium teacher, doing the prescribed daily work, without any original effort, some would enter the university career as privatdozenten. There might be only three or four in such a group who were ready to do so, but none would feel disappointed if he knew that there was at least one among them in whom the seed would bring fruit. Once admitted to the university as such privatdozenten, they can teach as much as they want to, and, above all, can teach whatever they choose, it may be the most specialized topic they are interested in; they live in an academic atmosphere, devoted exclusively to productive thought, and so they wait till a vacancy of a professorship occurs, knowing that it will be filled by the man who has done the most valuable piece of scholarly work. Their whole ambition is thus directed toward the advancement of science. Of course the choice has to be made by men, and thus human prejudices and passions must enter. It is not always the best scholar who gets the place, — cliques and parties obscure the ideal there as everywhere; but at least the principle is safe, and certainly a local candidate has no advantage over any one else, for the outlook covers all docents who have entered the arena of scholarly literature. And further, while in democratic America the appointments are made by the president and by the trustees of the institutions, without the official coöperation of the faculty, in monarchical Germany no government can appoint a professor who has not been proposed by the faculty; that is, by the professional scholars, who have no more important interest than that of keeping high, by their coöperation, the level of productive scholarship in their university. All the academic premiums await there the young scholar who develops his scientific powers, and thus the institution of docents becomes the real backbone of German university work.

How different here! Our young men, when they have left our research courses, some of them with a fresh Ph. D. degree in their pockets, have no other prospect before them than to enter as instructors in a college. I do not speak of those who choose another profession, become perhaps school superintendents or technical specialists; nor do I speak of those whose work was not satisfactory enough to secure them a college position, and who must be contented with lower school positions. I speak of the best, — those who get all our blessings in the form of superlative letters to teachers' agencies and college presidents. Even these are satisfied when they get decent instructorships or assistant professorships in a college; and they are delighted if the college is by chance not too remote in the Southwest, and if it is not so denominational that they have to sacrifice their convictions, and if it is not so deep in debt that half of the promised salary cannot be paid on time. Let us take, again, the best cases. A good man goes into a good college. We all know what he has to expect.

He finds an abundance of work, which crushes by its quantity his good will to go on with scholarly interests. The young man who has to conduct twenty "recitations" a week, and to read hundreds of examination books, and to help on the administrative life of his place, begins by postponing his scientific work to the next year, and the year after next, when he shall be more accustomed to his duties. But after postponing it for a few years more his will becomes lame, his power rusty, his interest faded. The amount of work, however, seems to me the least important issue, and I think it a mistake to regard it as the chief obstacle to production. After all, the day has twenty-four hours, and the year has fifty-two weeks; a young man with full vitality can carry a heavy burden. I have known men who taught more than twenty hours weekly, and yet considered the

teaching as filling the leisure hours between the periods of real work, which was their scholarly production. Much more essential seems to me the quality of the duties. A young scholar ought to devote himself to special problems, where he can really go to the sources; instead of that, our young instructor has to devote himself to the widest fields, where it is impossible to aim at anything but the most superficial acquaintance. The experienced master can remain scholarly even when he gives the general elementary courses; the beginner, who has no chance ever to focus on one point, but must all the time teach merely the outlines of his subject, will quickly sink to a cheap, undignified interpretation. At first he is troubled in his scholarly conscience, remembering the spirit of the graduate school; but soon he grows accustomed to the prostitution of science, shame disappears, he gets satisfied with a method of thinking which makes his courses effective and his work easy, and the possibility of his own production fades out of sight. And he has plenty of excuses on his lips: the library of his college is so poor; his small laboratory gives him no opportunity; his salary is too meagre to let him buy books for himself. Above all, he wants to earn a little additional money. Scholarly papers in scientific magazines are not paid for. But several convenient roads are open. He may write a short textbook; as the students must buy it, the publisher can pay for it. Now the scholar knows that there is nothing more difficult, and nothing more easy, than to write textbooks. The great scholar, who has tried his power in scores of special investigations, may try, at the height of his work, to connect his thoughts about the whole field into one system, and to translate it into the simple terms of a book for beginners. That is the sort of textbook which helps the world: nothing is more difficult and more noble; every line written therein stands for pages. But if a beginner comes

and adds to twenty textbooks the twenty-first, it is scientific reporter work, enervating and ruinous for the scholarly seriousness of the author. Another way is that of popular lectures — preferably before women's clubs — and articles for popular magazines. All that is poison for the beginner, who loses the power to discriminate between what is solid and what is for effect increasingly as he moves away from the criticism of scholars, and addresses audiences which uncritically applaud every catchy phrase.

Yet the young sufferer who has all these motives consciously as his excuses, and who thinks that he could do original work if he had less lecturing and more money, is mostly unconscious of the strongest factor which pulls him down, as it is a negative factor, which is felt merely by comparison with the situation abroad. This negative factor is the absence of a decided premium upon scholarly production. If he is a fine man, with vitality, he wants to get on; the safest way is to climb up in his own institution, since the possibility of being called to other places depends largely upon chance. But in any case here the advancements and the appointments are made almost without any reference to original production. The men who busy themselves with administrative troubles, who are favorites with the elementary students, who are pleasant speakers, who show themselves industrious by manufacturing books for class use, win the premiums in the competition. And all these are merely the ideal factors: there are plenty of factors the reverse of ideal working besides. Yes, with the exception of the leading universities, he sees productive work so lightly valued that he must consider it a very unsafe investment of energy; and if his passionate zeal and ardent delight in searching out truth hold him fast to the path of scholarship, he feels dimly that he is damaging his chances with the trustees of his little college, and thus, in the

majority of cases, working against his own interest. What can be expected from the productive output of a young generation laboring under such conditions, compared with the possibilities in Germany, where in the twenty-one universities more than seven hundred privat-docents are at present working, every one of whom adjusts his teaching to his pleasure, — perhaps one or two hours a week on a subject in which he is absorbed; every one of whom has no other ambition, and really no other hope, than to draw the attention of the scholarly public to his scholarly productions, knowing that he loses his chances for advancement if he indulges in superficialities? It is just on account of this period of trial which lies before our young doctors that it becomes so essential to require the printing of the doctor's thesis. That little printed sheet has once for all brought the beginner before the scholarly world; and while his daily work belongs to his unappreciative surroundings, his intimate interests connect him in his lonely place with the great outer world of truth-seekers. He follows up the magazines to see the traces of his little publication, he remains interested to defend his budding theory, he goes on to develop the incomplete parts of it: and thus his dissertation becomes the one thread which binds him in his days of instructorship to the ideals of his graduate student time.

But let us take for comparison the most favorable case under our conditions. Our young man is vigorous and successful; he becomes a professor of a real university after ten or twenty years. Is he there finally in an atmosphere where the greatest possible output of all that his energies allow is encouraged by the conditions of the institution? Of course the situation is now more favorable for his serious work than in the small college: the standard is much higher, the atmosphere more dignified; the outer means for work, books, instruments, are

plentiful ; advanced students are ready to follow him ; his teaching is reduced to a very reasonable amount, — perhaps one or two hours a day. Everything seems encouraging, and yet he feels instinctively that the fullest stimulus which he had hoped for is even here not found ; he feels as if, under other conditions, more might be attained with his energies ; yes, even here it is as if he had to do his productive work, in a way, against outer influences which pull him back.

I return therewith to the point whence I started. Our friend who has successfully found his way from the little college to the university finds, perhaps with surprise, that, after all, here too, at all decisive points, the college spirit overcomes the university spirit ; that the whole academic community is controlled by the ideal of the perfect distribution of knowledge, and not by respect for productive scholarship and the imparting of method. He sees that the vital forces here also are the good teachers, and not the great thinkers. He sees himself, perhaps, in a faculty where real scholars mingle with men who have not the slightest ambition to advance human knowledge, but who have simply done on a great scale all that the men in his fresh-water college did on a narrow scale. He feels as if his productive scholarship were merely tolerated, or at least considered unessential, as no one demands it from the others as an essential condition of their presence. How surprised he is when he sees the alumni of the university meet, and listens to their speeches in praise of the *alma mater* ! He hears beautiful words about patriotism and liberal education, about athletics and gifts of money, about the glorious history and the gifted sons who have become men of public affairs ; but that the university is a place for productive scholarship he does not hear mentioned. He had thought that the advances of human knowledge by the members of his university were the milestones of its history, like the bat-

tles which a regiment has fought ; he had thought that, as in Germany, the great scholarly conquests of the members of the faculties were the common pride of the old students ; and now he sees that here too no one officially values his cherished ideals. They still remain his private luxury, apart from human ambition and social premiums. And his greatest disappointment comes when he sees that even here activity of productive scholarship adjusts itself to the financial situation, and that all the material conditions push the teachers away from productive scholarship just as strongly in the large university as in the little college where the instructor was paid like a car conductor.

Whenever, in Greek-letter societies, among solemn speeches, some one makes an academic oration about the profession of the scholar, one feature is never forgotten : the scholar does not care for money. That is certainly very uplifting, but it seems hardly true to any one who sees how the great majority of American professors seek money-making opportunities that have a varnish of scholarship, but no pretense of scholarly aims. In a hundred forms, of course, the temptation comes, and by a hundred means does it creep into the scholar's life, to absorb every hour of leisure which ought to belong to purely ideal pursuits. He will not do anything that will bring money, but he will do few things which bring no money ; and as the really scholarly books never bring any income, he deceives himself by all kinds of compromises, — writes popular books here and works for an encyclopædia there, makes schoolbooks and writes expert's testimonials, works in university extension and lectures before audiences whose judgment he despises. Some energetic men can stand all that without the slightest damage to their higher work ; for the greater number it means surrender as productive scholars. And yet it is all justified ; unjustified alone is the social

situation which forces upon a serious scholar such self-destructive activity, and unjustified is the proclamation of the maxim that the scholar ought not to care for a better material fate.

To be sure, it is most honorable in a scholar to accept such a situation in dignified silence; but often, while it is bad to speak about a thing, it may be worse not to speak about it. It must be said in all frankness that a financial situation in which America's best scholars — that is, those who are called to instructorships of the leading universities — are so poorly paid that they feel everywhere pushed into pursuits antagonistic to scholarship, thus crushing the spirit of productive scholarship, is not only an undignified state of things, but one of the greatest dangers to the civilization of the country. The scholar is not to be reproached as a greedy materialist for yielding. As long as the present situation of scholarship holds, the overwhelming majority of those who go into teaching will have only narrow private means, and yet they will seek a comfortable life, and they ought to seek it as a background for creative work. They do not envy the rich banker his yachts and horses and diamonds, but they want a home with æsthetic refinement, they want excellent education for their children, they want a library well supplied, they want pleasant social intercourse and refreshing summer life and comfortable travel: and they ought to have all that without doing more than their normal university teaching, being thus free to devote the essential part of their time and thought to the advancement of productive scholarship. Exactly that is the situation in Germany, and no similar freedom of mind can be reached here by the scholar if every university professor, called to his place for real university work, has not a salary which corresponds to the income of the leading professors abroad; that is, as money has about double value over there, a salary three to five times

higher than at present. But to reproduce the benefits of the German situation and its influence on scientific production, it is not enough to raise the level of salaries; it is, above all, desirable to stop the mechanical equality which exists here generally, and which shows most clearly that, administratively, the American university still stands fairly under the ideal of the old college type, where the schoolman reigns and the scholar is a stranger. The raising of the level of salaries may free the mind of the scholar from the search for opportunities to earn money, and thus from the corrupting influence of pseudo-scholarly temptations, but it is clearly a negative factor only; the inequality of salaries is a positive stimulus, provided that the highest salaries are really given to secure the services of the greatest scholars. In Germany, it not seldom happens that the income of one member of the faculty is five times larger than that of a colleague. There the school-teachers of the gymnasium have equal salaries, and their income grows according to seniority. That is entirely suitable, and a college cannot do otherwise. But to apply that principle to the valuation of scholarly production seems to the Germans not more logical than to fix the prices for all portrait painters according to the square inches of their canvas and their years of service. With them, many professors have much higher incomes than the highest officers of the state, who are their administrative superiors. Germany would never have reached that leading position in scholarship which is hers if she had treated her scholars like clerks or school-teachers, for whom the demand and supply can regulate the price mechanically, because the demand exists as a necessary one. The demand for higher scholarship has to be developed, and the supply has thus to be furthered beyond the present demand by a protective policy.

But America needs to offer large, even very large salaries on still another ground.

The freeing of the scholar's mind from financial cares, and the stimulation of his productive energies, by a system which gives the highest rewards to the best scholarly work, the New World would share with the Old; but there is a third reason, which holds for America alone. It is to my mind the most important factor; and I confess that I should not have cared to touch the difficult salary problem at all if this point, which will decide the future of American scholarship, were not involved. We need high salaries because at present they offer the only way open to give slowly to productive scholarship social recognition and social standing, and thus to draw the best men of the land. Without great social premiums America will never get first-rate men as rank and file in the university teaching staff; and with second-rate men productive scholarship which is really productive for the world can never be created.

The greater number of those who devote themselves to higher teaching in America are young men without means, too often also without breeding; and yet that would be easily compensated for if they were men of the best minds, but they are not. They are mostly men with a passive, almost indifferent sort of mind, without intellectual energy, men who see in the academic career a modest, safe path of life, — exactly the kind of men who in Germany become gymnasium teachers. But those who in Germany become docents of the university are for the most part of the opposite type; they are, on the whole, the best human material which the country has. They come mostly from well-to-do families, and seek the career because they feel the productive mental energy and the ambition to try their chances in a field of honor. Indeed, while the profession of the gymnasium teacher stands, in the social estimation of the German, below that of the lawyer and the physician, the banker and the wholesale mer-

chant, the high respect of the German for productive science and art brings it about that the profession of the university teacher, together with the aristocratic professions of officer and diplomat, stands as the most highly esteemed socially. Titles and decorations, as symbolic forms of public appreciation, add another to the outer stimulants to the greatest efforts. Thus the social honor of the career, the large income, and, above all, the delights of a life devoted purely to the clean enjoyment of production work together to draw into the nets of the universities the very best human material; and as, after all, personality is everywhere the decisive factor, the high quality of this human material secures the immense success of the work.

Nothing similar stands as yet as a temptation before the mind of the young American, and it would be to ignore the nature of man to believe that while all social premiums, all incentives for ambition and hopes, are absent, a merely theoretical interest will turn the youth to a kind of life which offers so little attraction. Can we really expect many brilliant young men of good families to enter a career which will for years demand from them superficial teaching in the atmosphere of a little college, with no hope, even in the case of highest success, of a salary equal to the income of a mediocre lawyer, and in a professional atmosphere in which the spirit of scholarly interest is suppressed by the spirit of school education? Our best young men must rush to law and banking, and what not. The type of man who in Germany goes into the university career is in this country the exception among the younger instructors. Those exceptions must become the rule before the whole level of production will be raised. As soon as the first-class men are drawn to it, no quantity of work will harm them; men of that stamp have the vitality to do first-class work under any circumstances. America cannot bring it about by means

of decorations and titles and, as in England, baronetcies; and it cannot start with social prestige, as social prestige is naturally only a consequence of first-class work and of the first-class men in it. High salaries are therefore, at present, the only means which the country has at its disposal.

I well remember a long conversation which I had with one of the best English scholars, who came over here to lecture when I had been only a short time in the country, and was without experience in American academic affairs. We spoke about the disappointingly low level of American scholarship, and he said: "America will not have first-class scholarship, in the sense in which Germany or England has it, till every professor in the leading universities has at least ten thousand dollars salary, and the best scholars receive twenty-five thousand dollars." I was distinctly shocked, and called it a pessimistic and materialistic view. But he insisted: "No, the American is not anxious for the money itself; but money is to him the measure of success, and therefore the career needs the backing of money to raise it to social respect and attractiveness, and to win over the finest minds." My English acquaintance did not convince me at that time, but the years have convinced me: the years which have brought me into contact with hundreds of students and instructors in the whole land; the years in which I have watched the development of some of the finest students, who hesitated long whether to follow their inclination toward scholarship, and who finally went into law or into business for the sake of the social premiums.

As soon as the best men are attracted and excellent work is really done, the development will be a natural one. On the one hand, the community will begin to understand the great meaning of productive scholarship, and its world-wide difference from receptive and distributing scholarship; university work will

thus get its social recognition, and the ambition to be a productive scholar — not merely a pleasant author — will be the highest stimulus in itself, and will secure for all time the highest standard. Then, also, the question of salaries will become quite secondary. America has no difficulty in filling the positions of ambassadors, even though the expenses are not seldom three times greater than the salaries. In the same way, Germany would be able to fill its professorial chairs if they brought no salary at all; the honor of the place rewards its holder, but at first this honor must be made clear to the community. On the other hand, as soon as the really best men go into the work, they must break that too narrow form which is the relic of an unproductive past: teaching in a college cannot be then any longer the necessary preparation for a real university position. Something like the German institution of the docent, which keeps the young scholar from the beginning in the large university, with work according to his own taste, must become the rule. That would interfere with the present system of counting all courses as equivalent for the degrees, and thus such a change would indirectly bring it about that all counting of courses for the graduate students would stop. The difference between college and university would then become still more marked. The graduate school would become more and more the place for real intellectual independence, and that would reinforce in the university teachers the spirit of scholarly production. And this, again, would set higher standards for those college teachers who feel the stimulus to creative scholarship; as candidates for the university professorships, these men would stand in line with the docents, as every vacant chair would be filled by the author of the most important contributions to human knowledge. Thus a mutual stimulation would bring about a new academic situation, in which Ameri-

can scholarship would become equal to the best European production ; but that condition can never be reached as long as the university keeps up artificially the forms and the spirit of the college.

Of course all such considerations lose their power and meaning as soon as the end and purpose is contested. Whoever imagines that productive scholarship is a kind of dreamy idleness, which is of no use for a busy nation, can have no interest in anything which goes beyond a liberal education, and he will be quite willing to import from Europe the material of new thoughts for that liberal education. This is not the place to repeat all the commonplaces which point out the utter absurdity of such a view. I do not care to demonstrate here that even material welfare, industry and commerce and war, health and wealth, are from year to year increasingly dependent upon the quiet work of scholars and scientists, — work done without direct practical aim, done merely for the honor of truth. And still less do I desire to enter upon sounding declarations that the real civilization of a nation is expressed, not by its material achievements, but by the energies which are working in it toward the moral life and the search for truth and the creation of beauty. I have spoken here only to those who agree that America must not stand behind any nation in its real productive scholarship, in its intellectual creation, in its power to mould the thoughts of the world.

The only sound objection seems the familiar one that Americans have no talent for scholarship. It has been said that, just as England has no great composer, America will never have a great scholar. I do not believe that. At the middle of the seventeenth century all the nations of Europe had great philosophers, — Bacon and Hobbes in England, Descartes and Malebranche in France, Grotius and Spinoza in Holland, Bruno and Campanella in Italy ; and only Germany had the reputation of having no

talent for philosophy. It was just before Leibnitz appeared on the horizon, and Kant and Fichte and Hegel followed, and Germany became the centre of philosophy. As soon as the right conditions are given, here too new energies will rush to the foreground. In carefully watching, year after year, American students, I am fully convinced that their talent for productive scholarship is certainly not less than that of the best German students. Compared with them, our students have an inferior training in hard systematic work, as their secondary school education is usually inferior ; but I do not wish to touch again upon that dangerous chapter. And secondly, they have infinitely poorer chances for scholarly work in their future, as I have fully pointed out. With a more strenuous preparatory training behind them, and a more favorable opportunity for productive work before them, these students would be the noblest material from which to develop American scholarship.

And I gain my strongest conviction and belief in American scholarship from the admiration for all that the scholars of the past and of the present have done. Indeed, it is with the fullest admiration that I look upon the personal achievements in scholarship all over the land. Not only in Harvard, where I see the memory of noble scholars like Agassiz and Peirce, Gray and Child, honored and imitated, and where in my own philosophical department colleagues of eminent creative power set the standard ; no, in the most different universities, and often even in small colleges, I have admired the productiveness of brilliant scholars. Yet I have always felt instinctively how much more of lasting value these scores of scholars might have produced, had not all the social factors, all the external conditions, all the public institutions and public moods, worked against them, and hindered and hampered their splendid work. Yes, I should not have written a line of these

considerations did I not hope that it will be clear to every one that all my criticism is directed merely against the system, and never against persons. American scholarship as a whole is so far weak, and not to be compared with America's achievements in technique and industry, in commerce and public education; inferior even to its poetry and architecture. But it is merely because the institutions are undeveloped; the best musicians cannot play a symphony on a fiddle and a drum. Yet it is wonderful how much they have done in the last twenty years against and in spite of the public spirit; how much, after all, has been produced while everything was crushing the zeal for production. This fact that America has done something, even under the most adverse circumstances, strongly inspires the hope that it will do great things when once the circumstances shall be as favorable as they are in Germany; that

is, when the university work is by its aims clearly separated from the work of the lower college classes, when the calls to university chairs are made first of all with reference to scholarly production, when the young scholar has a chance to remain as docent from the beginning in advanced university work, and when the social side of the profession is so developed that it attracts the best men of the country. The development of the institutions, on the other hand, has been such a rapid one in the last years that certainly the hope is justified that the last step will soon be taken: the time is ripe for it. Then the universities will become the soul of the country, and productive scholarship will be the soul of the universities; the best men will then enter into their service, and the productive scholarship of the country will also be gigantic in just proportion to its resources.

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

HERE is a thing our eyes beheld:
One day in later spring,
When birds were blithest on the wing,
And buds of rose and lily swelled,
And apple orchards, from a million vents,
Along the roadside poured their sweetest scents,
Through all our land
There passed a phantom band.

It was no vision seen by dreamer and by sage,
But hid from other men;
Nor legend's tale, by some forgotten pen,
Which tells in quaint, black-letter phrase
The marvel of a far-off age.
Nay, o'er our dusty, common ways
There passed the ghost
Of a great battle host.

A scanty troop of warriors gray and weird,
Hoary of hair and beard,

The Phantom Army.

With banners marred by rent and stain,
And fifes that played and drums that beat
The tune of some old ballad's fierce refrain,
In wavering line, with faded coats of blue,
Down some long, willow-shaded avenue,
Or country road or village street,
With measured footfall marched and disappeared.

And still, with each returning May,
Again that warlike vision passed this way,
As though the drumbeat of some mystic reveillé,
From all the hillsides of the North,
Summoned that band of veterans forth.

At dawn, the muster : over paths that wound
Through budding woods, amid the shadows dense
Of pine and hemlock, or through meadows fair,
Or o'er the peak of some still eminence,
Hastening to the appointed rendezvous,
Stray passers clad in uniform of blue.
And then, at noon, the march :
Down some great city's thundering avenue,
That hushed awhile its traffic-roar of sound,
Or underneath some gleaming, flowery arch,
Erected o'er some village square.
Then the dispersal, the departure, through
The starlight and the evening dew.

For thirty springs the cannon had not boomed
Our hills and vales among,
Nor the wild bugle sung
Its clarion war note in the settler's ear.
Upon the slope the cornel bloomed,
And leafy tops rung loud and long
With robin's glee and thrush's song.
But over all things hung,
Like a sea haze,
The memory of a bygone year
Of unobliterable battle days.

Beholding that array,
A sudden shadow o'er our senses sank,
And o'er our eyes a blur,
Until we saw no more the things that were,
But other scenes, strange, strange, and far away.
Lo, once again the dark Potomac's bank
With watch fires blazed beneath the evening sky ;
And o'er the Chattahooche's ford,
And by the Roanoke's mouth,
The blue-clad lines of battle poured.

Again the steed of Sheridan flashed by,
Bound for the faltering fight at Winchester;
Again the guns of Meade and Reynolds roared,
Stemming at Gettysburg the charging South.

That day, the ploughman on some Western plain,
Beside the Wabash or the Illinois,
Pacing behind his team, with lifted glance
Beheld before his dreaming eyes his son,
Returning from the battlefield, — the boy
Dead now these thirty years, killed at Bull Run.
The youth beheld his sire, at Shiloh slain.
The wife, upon some bare New England hill,
With blurred eyes gazing, saw as in a trance
Her long-lost soldier entering 'cross the sill.

At twilight, in some lighted shop or store,
Or by the lonely farmhouse door,
To little knots of neighbors drawing near,
Some scarred and wrinkled veteran
Would tell, with kindling eyes, of Shiloh's fight,
Or of the Wilderness and Seven Pines,
Or how he saw the President at Washington;
Or how, one night,
Marching a weary march beside the Rapidan,
As sunset fell, Grant rode along the lines, —
His staff around him, hat drawn low upon
A brow of care, — and seeing that grave, silent man,
From all the ranks broke forth a mighty cheer.

Swift is man's life, and like a roily stream,
Beneath the surface of the waters hoarse
Lie hid the things that bend and shape its course.
The hue and fashion of great days
Pass and are gone like voices in a dream.
Soon down some lengthening vista, borne before
A shouting city's gaze,
Will pass the last of them who wore
The good, blue uniform in the brave days of yore, —
The phantom army will be seen no more.

William Prescott Foster.

THE KU KLUX MOVEMENT.

WHOEVER can remember Mr. Edwin Booth in the character of Richelieu will doubtless recall his expression of the sudden change which comes over the melodramatic cardinal toward the end of the scene in which his house is invaded by the conspirators. While he is ignorant of his danger, his helplessness in the grasp of his swarming enemies, Richelieu is all majesty, all tragedy. But when he learns that every avenue of escape is barred, that even Huguet is false, that no open force will avail him, his towering mood gives place, not indeed to any cringing fear, but to subtlety and swift contriving. His eyes no longer blaze, but twinkle; his finger is at his chin; there is a semblance of a grin about his lips.

"All? — the lion's skin's too short to-night, —

Now for the fox's."

The simulated deathbed follows. The enemy, too powerful to be resisted, is outwitted and befooled.

Twenty-five years ago, when a negro inquired of his former master about "dem Ku Kluxes," the response he got was awe-inspiring. If a child of the household made the same inquiry of his elders, his question was put away with an unsatisfying answer and a look like Mr. Booth's in the play. Had the great cardinal lived south of Mason and Dixon's line in the late sixties, I fancy he would have found the Ku Klux Klan an instrument altogether to his liking.

The Southern child who, not content with the grin and the evasive answer of his father or his elder brother, sought further enlightenment from his fast friends of the kitchen and the quarters, heard such stories of the mysterious, sheeted brotherhood as eclipsed in his young fancy even the entrancing rivalry of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, and made

the journey back to the "big house" at bedtime a terrifying experience. Uncle Lewis would tell of a shrouded horseman who rode silently up to his door at midnight, begged a drink of water, and tossed off a whole bucketful at a draught. Uncle Lewis was sure he could hear it sizzling as it flowed down that monstrous gullet, and readily accepted the stranger's explanation that it was the first drop he had tasted since he was killed at Shiloh. Aunt Lou, coming home from the house of a neighboring auntie who was ill, and crossing a lonesome stretch near the graveyard, had distinctly seen a group of horsemen, motionless by the roadside, each with his head in his hand. Alec, a young mulatto who had once shown much interest in politics, had been stopped on his way from a meeting of his "'ciety" by a masked horseman, at least eight feet tall, who insisted upon shaking hands; and when Alec grasped his hand, it was the hand of a skeleton. Darkies who, unlike Uncle Lewis and Aunt Lou and Alec, had turned against their own white people and taken up with the Yankees, had been more roughly handled.

Somehow, in one such Southern boy's memories there is always a dim association of these Ku Klux stories with other stories of the older negroes about "patterrollers." Through them all there jingles the refrain, —

"Run, nigger, run!

De patterrollers ketch you."

When that boy went to college and joined a society that had initiations, the mystery and horror of the Ku Klux stories waned; but it was not until he read an account of the patrol system of slavery times that he saw the connection between Ku Klux and "patterrollers."

An organization that could so mystify all but the grown-up white men of a

Southern household certainly lost none of its mystery in the confused accounts that filled the newspapers of that day, and citizens of the Northern states, already tired of the everlasting Southern question, could not be expected to understand it. Congress, when it undertook to enlighten them, swelled its records with much impassioned oratory, and through its committees of investigation put into print first one and then thirteen bulky volumes, from which he who lives long enough to read it all may learn much that is true but not particularly important, much that is important if true, and somewhat that is both true and important. From the mass of it the Republican majority got matter sufficient to sustain one set of conclusions, leaving unused enough to sustain quite as strongly the entirely different conclusions at which the minority arrived. There remained much upon which American novelists, whether humorously or sensationally inclined, have drawn, and may continue to draw. Dr. Conan Doyle, seeking to "paint a horror skillfully," found the Klan a good nerve-racker, though it is to be hoped he did not attempt to digest the reports. Voluminous as they are, they need to be supplemented with material of a different sort — with such memories as the child of reconstruction times can summon up, with such written memoranda and cautious talk as can be won from Southerners of an older generation, with such insight as one can get into Southern character and habits of thought and life — before one can begin to understand what the Klan was, or how it came into existence, or what its part was in that great confusion officially styled the Reconstruction of the Southern states.

Without attempting any elaborate argument, we may, I think, take it for granted that the Ku Klux movement was an outcome of the conditions that prevailed in the Southern states after the war. It was too widespread, too

spontaneous, too clearly a popular movement, to be attributed to any one man or to any conspiracy of a few men. Had it existed only in one corner of the South, or drawn its membership from a small and sharply defined class, some such explanation might serve. But we know enough of its extent, its composition, and the various forms it took, to feel sure that it was neither an accident nor a scheme. It was no man's contrivance, but an historical development. As such, it must be studied against its proper background of a disordered society and a bewildered people. Various elements of the disorder and causes of the bewilderment have been set forth in the previous papers of this series. It will be necessary here to emphasize only one feature of the general misgovernment; namely, that the evil was by no means confined to the state governments, where the bolder adventurers and the more stupendous blunders were at work. The itching and galling of the yoke was worst in the lesser communities, where government touches the lives of individual men and women most intimately.

The mismanagement — to use the mildest word — of state finances can be shown in figures with reasonable clearness. The oppression of counties and towns and school districts is less easily exhibited, though it was in this way the heaviest burdens of taxation were imposed. The total increase in the indebtedness of the smaller political units under carpet-bag rule was, as a matter of fact, even greater than in the case of the state governments; and the wrong was done in plainer view of the taxpayer, by acts more openly and vulgarly tyrannical. So far as the taxpayer's feelings were concerned, piling up state debts had the effect which the mismanagement of a bank has on the stockholders. The piling up of county and town and school taxes was like thrusting hands visibly and forcibly into his pockets. It

is doubtful, however, if even the injury to his fortunes had so much to do with his state of mind as the countless humiliations and irritations which the rule of the freedman and the stranger brought upon the most imperious, proud, and sensitive branch of the English race.

If the white man of the lately dominant class in the South were permitted to vote at all, he might have literally to pass under bayonets to reach the polls. He saw freedmen organized in militia companies, expensively armed and gayly caparisoned. If he offered his own military services, they were sure to be rejected. He saw his former slaves repeating at elections, but he learned that he had no right of challenge, and that there was no penalty fixed by law for the crime. In the local courts of justice, he saw his friends brought, by an odious system of informers, before judges who were not merely incompetent or unfair, like many of those who sat in the higher courts, but often grotesquely ignorant as well, and who intrusted the execution of their instruments to officials who in many cases could not write an intelligible return. In the schools which he was so heavily taxed to support, he saw the children of his slaves getting the book-learning which he himself thought it unwise to give them from strangers who would be sure to train them into discontent with the only lot he thought them fit for, and the only sort of work which, in the world he knew, they ever had a chance to do. He saw the Freedmen's Bureau deliberately trying to substitute its alien machinery for that patriarchal relation between white employers and black workmen which had seemed to him right and inevitable. He saw the Loyal League urging freedmen to take up those citizenly powers and duties which he had never understood emancipation to imply, when he gave up his sword. In every boisterous shout of a drunken negro before his gate, in every insolent

glance from a group of idle negroes on the streets of the county seat, in the reports of fisticuffs with little darkies which his children brought home after school, in the noises of the night and the glare of occasional conflagrations, he saw the hand or heard the harshly accented voice of the stranger in the land. The biographer of the late Justice Lamar makes a picture which might convey to the reader some idea of the inevitable effect of these things on such men as the Southerners of those days were. It is a picture of the distinguished orator leaning over the ruinous fence in front of his home in a little Mississippi town, hatless, coatless, the great mass of his hair and beard neglected, returning with a surly nod the greetings of his acquaintance.

It seems astounding, nowadays, that the congressional leaders in reconstruction did not foresee that men of their own stock, so circumstanced, would resist, and would find some means to make their resistance effective. When they did make up their minds to resist, — not collectively or through any representative body, but singly and by neighborhoods, — they found an instrument ready to their hands.

When the Civil War ended, the little town of Pulaski, Tennessee, welcomed home a band of young men who, though they were veterans of hard-fought fields, were for the most part no older than the mass of college students. In the general poverty, the exhaustion, the lack of heart, naturally prevalent throughout the beaten South, young men had more leisure than was good for them. A Southern country town, even in the halcyon days before the war, was not a particularly lively place; and Pulaski in 1866 was doubtless rather tame to fellows who had seen Pickett charge at Gettysburg or galloped over the country with Morgan and Wheeler. A group of them, assembled in a law office one evening in May, 1866, were discussing ways and means

of having a livelier time. Some one suggested a club or society. An organization with no very definite aims was effected; and at a second meeting, a week later, names were proposed and discussed. Some one pronounced the Greek word "Kuklos," meaning a circle. From "Kuklos" to "Ku Klux" was an easy transition, — whoever consults a glossary of college boys' slang will not find it strange, — and "Klan" followed "Ku Klux" as naturally as "dumpty" follows "humpty." That the name meant nothing whatever was a recommendation; and one can fancy what sort of badinage would have greeted a suggestion that in six years a committee of Congress would devote thirteen volumes to the history of the movement that began in a Pulaski law office, and migrated later to a deserted and half-ruined house on the outskirts of the village.

In the beginning it was, in fact, no "movement" at all. It was a scheme for having fun, more like a college secret society than anything else. Its members were not "lewd fellows of the baser sort," but young men of standing in the community, who a few years earlier would also have been men of wealth. The main source of amusement was at first the initiation of new members, but later the puzzling of outsiders. The only important clause in the oath of membership was a promise of absolute secrecy. The disguise was a white mask, a tall cardboard hat, a gown or robe that covered the whole person, and, when the Klan went mounted, a cover for the horses' bodies and some sort of muffling for their feet. The chief officers were a Grand Cyclops, or president; a Grand Magi, or vice president; a Grand Turk, or marshal; a Grand Exchequer; or treasurer; and two Lictors. While the club adhered to its original aim and character, only men of known good morals were admitted. Born of the same instinct and conditions that gave birth to the "snipe hunt" and other hazing devices of Southern coun-

try towns, it was probably as harmless and as unimportant a piece of fooling as any to be found inside or outside of colleges.

The Klan was eminently successful. It got all the notoriety it wished, and very soon the youth of neighboring communities began to organize "dens" of their own. The mysterious features of the Klan were most impressive in rural neighborhoods. It spread rapidly in country districts. Probably it would have become a permanent secret society, not unlike the better known of the un-serious secret societies now existing, but for the state of Southern politics and the progress of reconstruction. These things, however, soon gave a tremendous importance to the Klan's inevitable discovery that mystery and fear have over the African mind twice the power they have over the mind of a white man. It was not the first time in history that what began in mere purposeless fooling ended in the most serious way. By the time Congress had thrown aside the gentle and kindly plan of reconstruction, which Lincoln conceived and Johnson could not carry out, the Ku Klux had taught the white men of Tennessee and neighboring states the power of secrecy over the credulous race which Congress was bent on intrusting with the most difficult tasks of citizenship. When Southern society, turned upside down, groped about for some means of righting itself, it grasped the Pulaski idea.

As it happened, Tennessee, the original home of the Klan, was the very state in which reconstruction began earliest; and though the process there was somewhat different from the experience of the cotton states, it was also the first state to find its social and governmental systems upside down. Tennessee was notable for its large Unionist population. The Unionists were strongest in the mountainous eastern half of the state, while the western half, dominant before the war, was strongly secessionist. The

first step in reconstruction was to put the east Tennesseans into power; and the leader of the east Tennessee Unionists was "Parson" Brownlow. Except for his Unionism, Brownlow is generally conceded to have been an extremely unfit man for great public responsibilities, and when he became governor the secessionists of Tennessee had to endure much the same sort of misgovernment which in other states was attributable to carpet-bag officials. By the time it was a year old the Klan had gradually developed into a society of regulators, using its accidental machinery and its accidentally discovered power chiefly to suppress the lawlessness into which white men of Brownlow's following were sometimes led by their long-nourished grudge against their former rulers, and into which freedmen fell so inevitably that no fair-minded historian can mete out to them the full measure of censure for it. In the Union League the Klan found its natural enemy; and it is quite probably true that, during the early period of their rivalry for control, more inexcusable violence proceeded from the League than from the Klan.

However, a survivor and historian of the Klan does not deny that even thus early the abuses inseparable from secrecy existed in the order. To suppress them, and to adapt the order to its new and serious work, a convention was held at Nashville early in 1867. The Klan, up to that time bound together only by a general deference to the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski "Den," was organized into the "Invisible Empire of the South," ruled by a Grand Wizard of the whole Empire, a Grand Dragon of each Realm, or state, a Grand Titan of each Dominion (Province), or county, a Grand Cyclops of each Den, and staff officers with names equally terrifying. The objects of the Klan, now that it had serious objects, were defined: they were to protect the people from indignities and wrongs; to succor the suffering,

particularly the families of dead Confederate soldiers; to defend "the Constitution of the United States, and all laws passed in conformity thereto," and of the states also; and to aid in executing all constitutional laws, and protect the people from unlawful seizures and from trial otherwise than by jury. Acts of the Brownlow legislature reviving the alien and sedition laws were particularly held in mind.

From this time the Klan put itself more clearly in evidence, generally adhering to its original devices of mystery and silence, but not always successfully resisting the temptation to add to these violence. On the night of July 4, by well-heralded parades, it exhibited itself throughout Tennessee, and perhaps in other states, more impressively than ever before. In Pulaski, some four hundred disguised horsemen marched and counter-marched silently through the streets before thousands of spectators, and not a single disguise was penetrated. The effect of mystery even on intelligent minds was well illustrated in the estimate, made by "reputable citizens," that the number was not less than three thousand. Members who lived in the town averted suspicion from themselves by appearing undisguised among the spectators. A gentleman who prided himself on knowing every horse in the county attempted to identify one by lifting its robe, and discovered that the animal and the saddle were his own!

The remaining facts in the history of the Ku Klux proper need no lengthy recital. The effectiveness of the order was shown wherever, by its original methods, it exerted itself to quiet disturbed communities. Wherever freedmen grew unruly, disguised horsemen appeared by night; and thereafter the darkies of the neighborhood inclined to stay under cover after daylight failed. But the order had grown too large, it was too widespread, the central authority was too remote from the local "dens," and the general scheme

was too easily grasped and copied, to permit of the rigid exclusion from membership of such men as would incline to use violence, or to cover with the mantle of secrecy enterprises of a doubtful or even criminal cast. In Tennessee, the Brownlow government was bitterly hostile, and in September, 1868, the legislature passed a statute, aimed entirely at the Ku Klux, which went beyond the later congressional statutes in the penalties it prescribed for every act that could possibly imply complicity in the "conspiracy," and in the extraordinary powers conferred upon officers and all others who should aid in detecting or arresting Ku Klux. The members of the order were practically outlawed, and naturally felt bound in self-defense to resort to methods which the central officers could not approve. In February, 1869, Governor Brownlow proclaimed martial law in several Tennessee counties, and the next day he ceased to be governor. The growing evils within the order, as well as the dangers which threatened it, doubtless made the wiser heads of the Klan ready to conclude that with the repeal of the alien and sedition laws and Brownlow's departure for the United States Senate its work in Tennessee was done. So, a few weeks later, by an order of the Grand Wizard, the Klan was formally disbanded, not only in Tennessee, but everywhere. It is generally understood that the Grand Wizard who issued that order was no less a person than Nathan Bedford Forrest. How many dens received the order at all, and how many of those that received it also obeyed it, will never be known, any more than it will be known how many dens there were, or how many members. However, the early spring of 1869 may be taken as the date when the Ku Klux Klan, which gave its name and its idea to the secret movement which began the undoing of reconstruction, ceased to exist as an organized body.

But the history of the original Ku

Klux Klan is only a part — and perhaps not the most important part — of the movement which in the North was called the Ku Klux conspiracy, and which in the South is to this day regarded, with a truer sense of its historical importance, whatever one may think of the moral question, as comparable to that secret movement by which, under the very noses of French garrisons, Stein and Scharnhorst organized the great German struggle for liberty. Of the disguised bands which appeared and disappeared throughout the South so long as the carpet-baggers controlled the state governments, it is probable that not one half were veritable Ku Klux. Some were members of other orders, founded in imitation of the Ku Klux and using similar methods. Others were probably neighborhood affairs only. Yet others were simply bands of ruffians, operating in the night-time, and availing themselves of Ku Klux methods to attain personal ends which, whether criminal or not, were in no wise approved by the leaders in the Ku Klux and other similar organizations. How large a proportion of the violence and crime attributed to the Ku Klux should rightly be attributed to these lawless bands it is, of course, impossible to say; but it is certain that a number of those taken in disguise proved to be men of such antecedents, so clearly identified with the radical party, that they could not possibly have been members of the Ku Klux, the Knights of the White Camellia, or any other of the orders whose *raison d'être* was the revolt against radical rule.

The Knights of the White Camellia was probably the largest and most important of the orders, — larger even than the true Ku Klux Klan. It was founded at New Orleans late in 1867 or early in 1868, and spread rapidly through the states lying east and west, from Texas to the Carolinas. A constitution adopted at New Orleans in June, 1868, pro-

vided for an elaborate organization by states, counties, and smaller communities, the affairs of the whole order being committed to a supreme council at New Orleans. The recollection of members, however, is to the effect that very little authority was really exercised by the supreme council or even by the state councils, that the county organizations were reasonably well maintained, and that in most respects each circle acted independently. The constitution and the oath and ceremonial of initiation commit the order to a very clear and decided position on the chief question of the day. Only white men, eighteen years of age or older, were admitted, and the initiate promised not merely to be secret and obedient, but "to maintain and defend the social and political superiority of the white race on this continent." The charge or lecture to the initiate set forth historical evidences of the superiority of the white race, made an argument for white supremacy, and painted the horrors of miscegenation. It enjoined fairness to negroes, and the concession to them of "the fullest measure of those rights which we recognize as theirs." The association, so the charge explained, was not a political party, and had no connection with any. The constitution, moreover, restricted the order from nominating or supporting candidates for office.

The "Pale Faces," the "Constitutional Union Guards," the "White Brotherhood," were other names borne by bands of men who did Ku Klux work. The majority of the congressional committee somehow got the idea that these were the real names, at different periods, of the one order which pervaded the entire South, and that "Ku Klux" was a name foisted upon the public, so that a member, when put upon the witness stand in a law court, might deny all knowledge of the organization. But the evidence of the existence of the true Ku Klux Klan, of its priority to all similar

organizations of any importance, and of the existence of other orders with different names, is now too strong to permit of any doubt. The comparative strength of the various associations; the connection, if any there was, between them; their membership; the differences in their characters, aims, and methods,—on these things it is not probable that any clear light will ever be thrown. Surviving members are themselves somewhat hazy on such questions. And indeed it is not of the first importance that they should be answered; for we have enough to show how the Ku Klux idea worked itself out, and with what results.

The working of the plan is exhibited more authoritatively than I could portray it in the memoranda of a gentle and kindly man, albeit a resolute wearer of a Confederate button, who, thirty years ago, was the absolute chief of the Knights of the White Camellia in a certain county in the heart of the Black Belt. Speaking of the county organization merely, he says:—

"The authority of the commander (this office I held) was *absolute*. All were sworn to obey his orders. There was an inner circle in each circle, to which was committed any particular work: its movements were not known to other members of the order. This was necessary, because, in our neighborhood, almost every Southern man was a member. At meetings of the full circle there was but little consideration as to work. The topic generally was law and order, and the necessity for organization. In fact, almost every meeting might have been public, so far as the discussions were concerned.

"For the methods employed: in some cases they were severe, even extreme, but I believe they were necessary, although there was much wrong done when commanders were not the right men. There was too good an opportunity for individuals to take vengeance

for personal grievances. A man, black or white, found dead in the road would furnish undisputed evidence that the Ku Klux Klan had been abroad. The officers of the law, even judges, were members; a jury could not be drawn without a majority of our men. In this county, no act of violence was committed by our circle. We operated on the terror inspired by the knowledge that we were organized. The carpet-baggers lived in constant dread of a visit, and were in great measure controlled through their fears. At one time, if one of our people threatened or abused a carpet-bagger, his house or stable would be fired that night.¹ . . . This occurred so often that it was impossible to separate the two events. Word was accordingly sent to a prominent carpet-bagger that if the thing happened again we would take him out at midday and hang him. There were no more fires.

"The negroes had meetings at some point every night, in obedience to the orders of the carpet-baggers, who kept them organized in this way. So long as their meetings were orderly we did not interfere; but when I got information that they were becoming disorderly and offensive, I ordered out a body of horsemen, who divided into squads, and stationed themselves where the negroes would pass on their way home. They were permitted to dress themselves in any fashion their fancies might dictate, but their orders were positive not to utter a word or molest a negro in any manner. I rarely had to send twice to the same neighborhood. Occasionally a large body was sent out to ride about all night, with the same instructions as to silence. While the law against illegal voting had no penalty for the offense (no doubt an intentional omission) negroes often voted more than once at the same election. They assembled in such

crowds at the polls that one had almost to fight one's way to deposit a ballot. A body of our men was detailed on election day to go early and take possession, with the usual order for silence. Few negroes voted that day; none twice. No violence.

"We put up with carpet-bag rule as long as we could stand it. Then a messenger was sent to each of them — they were filling all the county offices — to tell them we had decided they must leave. This was all that was needed. They had been expecting it, they said, and they left without making any resistance. Owing to some local circumstances, the circle at — was disbanded about the time of President Grant's proclamation, but we were not influenced by it in any degree. I think there were few cases of the disbandment of circles. The necessity for their existence expired with the exodus of the carpet-baggers."

That was the *modus operandi*, under a cautious and intelligent commander, in a neighborhood largely inhabited by men of birth and education. As it happens, the recollections of the commander are corroborated by one of the young men who obeyed his orders, now attorney general of the state, who adds that the proportion of "tomfoolery" to violence was about 1000 to 1. But even this straightforward recital of the successful performance of an apparently commendable work must make plain to any thoughtful reader the danger inseparable from the power of such an organization. In communities less intelligent, or where no such fit leader was chosen, the story was far different.

That violence was often used cannot be denied. Negroes were often whipped, and so were carpet-baggers. The incidents related in such stories as Tourgee's *A Fool's Errand* all have their counterparts in the testimony before

¹ Here he refers to the oiling and firing of the stables of that particular Southern household in which the boyish inquiries I have re-

ferred to made a beginning of the investigations on which this paper is based.

congressional committees and courts of law. In some cases, after repeated warnings, men were dragged from their beds and slain by persons in disguise, and the courts were unable to find or to convict the murderers. Survivors of the orders affirm that such work was done, in most cases, by persons not connected with them or acting under their authority. It is impossible to prove or to disprove their statements. When such outrages were committed, not on worthless adventurers, who had no station in Northern communities from which they came, but on cultivated persons who had gone South from genuinely philanthropic motives, — no matter how unwisely or tactlessly they went about their work, — the effect was naturally to horrify and enrage the North.

The white teachers in the negro schools were probably the class which suffered most innocently, not ordinarily from violence, but from the countless other ways in which Southern society made them aware that they were unwelcome and that their mission was disapproved. They themselves, in too many instances, disregarded the boundary lines between different social classes, as rigid and cruel in democracies as anywhere else, and by associating themselves with freedmen made it unreasonable for them to expect any kindly recognition from men and women who, under other conditions, might have been their friends. They too often not merely disregarded, but even criticised and attacked, those usages and traditions which gave to Southern life a charm and distinction not elsewhere found in America. A wiser and more candid study of the conditions under which their work must be done, an avoidance of all hostility to whatever they might leave alone without sacrifice of principle, would perhaps have tempered the bitterness of Southern resentment at their presence. We may also admit that the sort of education they at first offered the freedmen

was useless, or worse than useless, — that theirs *was* a fool's errand. But they should never have been confounded with the creatures who came, not to help the negro, but to use him. The worst work the Ku Klux ever did was its opposition to negro schools, and the occasional expulsion or even violent handling of teachers. There were adventurers in the schoolhouses, and probably there were honest men in the legislatures, the courts, the executive offices; but as a class the teachers were far better than the others. The failure to discriminate in their favor doubtless did more than anything else to confirm the minds of honest and well-meaning people of the North in the belief that it was the baser elements of Southern society, and not its intelligent and responsible men, who had set to work to overthrow the carpet-bag régime.

The Ku Klux movement was not entirely underground. Sheeted horsemen riding about in the night-time were not its only forces. Secrecy and silence were indeed its main devices, but others were employed. The life of the carpet-bagger was made wretched otherwise than by dragging him from his bed and flogging him. The scorn in which he was held was made plain to him by averted faces or contemptuous glances on the street, by the obstacles he encountered in business, by the empty pews in his neighborhood when he went to church. If his children went to school, they were not asked to join in the play of other children, and must perforce fall back upon the companionship of little darkies. He himself, if he took the Southern view of "difficulties," and held himself ready to answer an insult with a blow, was sure to be accommodated whenever he felt belligerent. Probably not one in ten of his neighbors had given up the creed of the duello, though its ceremonial was not often observed. As for the "scalawag," — the Southerner who went over to the radicals, — there was re-

served for him a deeper hatred, a loftier contempt, than even the carpet-bagger got for his portion. No alien enemy, however despicable, is ever so loathed as a renegade.

But the Invisible Empire, however its sway was exercised, was everywhere a real empire. Wisely and humanely, or roughly and cruelly, the work was done. The state governments, under radical control, made little headway with their freedmen's militia against the silent representatives of the white man's will to rule. After 1870, even the blindest of the reconstruction leaders in Congress were made to see that they had built their house upon the sands. During the winter of 1870-71, Southern outrages were the subject of congressional debates and presidential messages. In March, a Senate committee presented majority and minority reports on the result of its investigations in North Carolina. The majority found that there was an unjustifiable conspiracy, of a distinctly political nature, against the laws and against colored citizens. The minority found that the misgovernment and criminal exploiting of the Southern states by radical leaders had provoked a natural resistance and led to disorder and violence. In April, the first Ku Klux bill, "to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment," was passed; the President was empowered to use the troops, and even to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. In May, the second Ku Klux bill, "to enforce the right of citizens of the United States to vote," was passed. In October the President issued his proclamation. Troops were freely employed wherever there was an opportunity to use them, and the writ was suspended in nine counties of South Carolina. Hundreds of men were brought to trial before United States courts, under the two laws, and a number were convicted; but the leading men in the great orders were never reached. Northern writers have expressed the opinion that by the begin-

ning of 1872 the "conspiracy" was overthrown. Nevertheless, the joint committee proceeded with its labors, and in February presented its great report on The Condition of Affairs in the Late Insurrectionary States. Majority and minority differed, as before; but the volume of reports and the twelve volumes of testimony enabled the minority to set forth with more convincing fullness the true nature of carpet-bag rule. In May, a bill extending the President's extraordinary powers over the next session of Congress passed the Senate, but was lost in the House. How much the action of Congress and the President had to do with the disappearance of the Ku Klux it is impossible to say. But after 1872 the Ku Klux did, for the most part, disappear; and so, in one state after another, did the carpet-bagger and the scalawag. The fox's skin had served its turn before it was cast aside.

Such, in brief outline, was the Ku Klux conspiracy according to the Northern view, the revolt against tyranny according to the Southern view, which was the beginning of the end of reconstruction. It was the unexpected outcome of a situation unexampled, and not even closely paralleled, in history. To many minds it seemed to nullify the war, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the constitutional amendments which were meant to seal forever the victory of the North over the South, and of liberty over slavery. To minds just as honest it seemed to reassert the great principles of the American Revolution. The majority of the congressional committee conducted their investigations after the manner of prosecuting attorneys dealing with ordinary criminals. The minority felt themselves bound to consider whether "an indictment against a whole people" would lie. To the majority "Ku Klux" meant simply outlaws; the minority thought that the first Ku Klux in history were the disguised men who, against the law, threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor.

The two views of the movement, like the movement itself and all that led up to it, are part and parcel of that division which was marked by Mason and Dixon's line. It was a division of institutions; it was a division of interests; it was and still is a division of character and habits of thought. Northern men had one idea of the strife, and Southern men an entirely different idea. The Southerners did not and could not regard themselves as rebels forced to be loyal. They knew they were beaten, and they gave up the fight; but they did not understand that they were bound to coöperate in any further plans of their conquerors. President Lincoln had made it plain that if the Union arms prevailed slavery must go, and the Southerners, in their state conventions of 1865, formally abolished it. Secession had been tried, and had failed as a policy; they declared that they would not try it again. Left for a moment to themselves, they set to work on an arrangement that would enable them to use under freedom the same sort of labor they had used under slavery, and made a place in the new order for the blacks, whom they could not reduce to slavery again, but whom they felt to be unfit for citizenship. Then Congress interfered and undid their work, and they stood passive until they could see what the congressional scheme would be like. They found it bad, oppressive, unwise, impossible. They bore it awhile in silence. Then in silence they made up their minds to resist. What form could their resistance take? It must be revolutionary, for they had formally renounced the right of secession. It could not be open war, for they were powerless to fight. So they made a secret revolution. Their rebellion could not raise its head, so it went underground.

If one asks of the movement, "Was it necessary?" this much, at least, may be answered: that no other plan of resistance would have served so well. If one asks, "Was it successful?" the answer is plain.

No open revolt ever succeeded more completely. If one asks, "Was it justifiable?" the "yes" or "no" is harder to say. There must be much defining of terms, much patient separating of the accidental from the essential, much inquiry into motives. Describe the movement broadly as a secret movement, operating by terror and violence to nullify laws, and one readily condemns it. Paint all the conditions, enter into the minds and hearts of the men who lived under them, look at them through their eyes, suffer with their angry pain, and one revolts as their pride revolted. Weigh the broad rule, which is less a "light to guide" than a "rod to check," against the human impulse, and the balance trembles. One is ready to declare, not, perhaps, that the end justified the means, but that never before was an end so clearly worth fighting for made so clearly unattainable by any good means.

Nor does our hindsight much avail us. The end attained was mainly good. Southern society was righted. But the method of it survives in too many habits of the Southern mind, in too many shortcomings of Southern civilization, in too many characteristics of Southern life. The Southern whites, solidified in resistance to carpet-bag rule, have kept their solidarity unimpaired by any healthful division on public questions. Having learned a lesson, they cannot forget it. Seeing forms of law used to cloak oppression, and liberty invoked to countenance a tyranny, they learned to set men above political principles, and good government above freedom of thought. For thirty years they have continued to set one question above all others, and thus debarred themselves from full participation in the political life of the country. As they rule by fear, so by fear are they ruled. It is they themselves who are now befooled, and robbed of the nobler part of their own political birthright. They outdid their conquerors, yet they are not free.

William Garrott Brown.

THE TORY LOVER.¹

XXVI.

WHILE Wallingford coldly insisted that he should carry out the captain's instructions to the letter, the moment their boat touched the landing steps Dickson leaped over the side and ran up the pier. He had said, carelessly, that it was no use to risk several lives where one might serve; it was possible that they had been seen approaching, and he would go and play the scout, and select their buildings for firing. Both the lieutenants, Wallingford and Hall, took this breach of discipline angrily; there seemed to be an aggravating desire in Dickson's heart to put himself first now when it would count to his own gain. Their orders had been to leave the boat in his charge while the landing party was away; and in the next few moments, when he had disappeared into the narrow street that led up from the small pier, Wallingford grew uneasy, and went ashore himself. He climbed to the top of the pier, and then heard Dickson's voice calling at no great distance as if for help. As he started to run that way, he shouted to the men below to follow him.

His voice was lost in the noise of waves lapping and splashing about them against the pier; they heard his cry, but could not tell what it meant, or whether they should stay or go. The captain's orders had been strict that all three of the elder officers should not leave the boat at once. Young Hill, the midshipman, a fine brave fellow, now landed; but in the dim light he could see nobody, and returned. The discovery was then made that they had all their kindlings and tar in readiness, but there were no candles left in the two lanterns, and the bag of spare candles and tinder box which

the midshipman had in charge was no longer to be found in the boat. It had been laid next the thwart, and in crossing some rough water might have fallen overboard, though nobody could understand the accident.

They could only wait now, in mortification and distress, for Wallingford's return, and some minutes passed in a grievous uncertainty.

The lieutenant had much resented Dickson's show of authority, and feared the ill success of his errand; although he had no liking for the man, it was no time to consider personalities; they were all on duty, and must report to their commander. It was certainly dangerous for a man to venture ashore alone, and the first distant outcry set him running at the top of his speed, expecting the landing party to follow.

Wallingford was light-footed, and as he ran he heard Dickson's voice once more plainly, and then all was silent. He hurried along, keeping close to the walls of warehouses, and came next into a street of common, poor dwellings of the seafaring folk. Then he stopped and listened, and whistled a call familiar enough to Dickson or any man of the Somersworth and Berwick neighborhoods, as if they had strayed from each other hunting in the old York woods. There was no answer, and he turned to go back; he must rejoin his men and attend to duty, and Dickson must take care of himself. There were dark alleys that led from this narrow thoroughfare to the water side; he heard footfalls, and again stood listening in the shelter of a deep doorway, when a group of half-dressed men burst out of a side lane, armed, and with a soldier or two among them. They ran down the street toward the

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shore, and took a short way round a corner. Wallingford heard a word or two which made him sure they had been given warning; it flashed through his brain that this was Dickson's business and plan for revenge. If their own men were still in the boat or near it, — which seemed likely, since they had not followed him, — they would be safe enough, but danger threatened them all. There was a sound of gathering voices and frightened outcries and slamming doors beyond in the town, as if the whole place were astir, and the morning light was growing fast in the sky, and making a new day in the dark little street. There was nothing for Wallingford to do but to hurry back to the boat as best he might. In some of the neighboring houses they had heard the guard go by, and sleepy heads were appearing to learn the news. The lieutenant made haste. Just as he passed the side passage whence the men had come, Dickson himself appeared through an archway just beyond, and stopped to call, "Watch! Watch! The Yankees are in the town to set it burning! Watch! Watch!" he was crying at the top of his lungs, instead of that faint "*Help! Help!*" which had seemed to cry for mercy in Wallingford's ears, and had enticed him into peril of his life.

With one bound Wallingford leaped upon the scoundrel and caught him in a mighty clutch. There was the look of a fiend in Dickson's face, in the dim light, as he turned and saw the man he hated most, and the two clinched in a fury. Then Dickson remembered the straight knife in his belt, and as they fought he twisted himself free enough to get it in his hand and strike; next moment Wallingford was flat on the cobblestones, heavily fallen with a deep cut in his shoulder.

There were men running their way, and Dickson fled before them. He had been badly mauled before the trick of stabbing could set him free; the breath was sobbing out of his lungs from the

struggle, but he ran unhindered to the pier end, past the gaping townsfolk, and threw himself into the water, striking out for the boat, which had drawn well away from shore. There was a loud shout at his escape, but he was a good swimmer. They were watching from the boat, and when they saw that Dickson lagged, they drew nearer and dragged him in. It was all in a moment; there was firing at them now from the shore. Hall and the midshipman were at the very worst of their disappointment; they had failed in their errand; the whole thing was a fiasco, and worse.

Then Dickson, though sick and heavy from such an intake of salt water, managed to speak and tell them that Wallingford had waked the town, and had found the guardhouse at once; for the watch was out, and had even set upon himself as he returned. He had reconnoitred carefully and found all safe, when he heard a man behind him, and had to fight for his life. Then he heard Wallingford calling and beating upon the doors. They might know whether they had shipped a Tory, now! Dickson could speak no more, and sank down, as if he were spent indeed, into the bottom of the boat. He could tell already where every blow had struck him, and a faintness weakened his not too sturdy frame.

Now they could see the shipping all afire across the harbor as they drew out; the other boat's party had done their work, and it was near to broad day. Now the people were running and crying, and boats were putting out along the shore, and an alarm bell kept up an incessant ringing in the town. The Ranger's men rowed with all their might. Dickson did not even care because the captain would give the boat a rating; he had paid back old scores to the lofty young squire, his enemy and scorn; the fault of their failure would be Wallingford's. His heart was light enough; he had done his work well. If Wallingford was not already dead or bleeding to death like

a pig, back there in the street, the Whitehaven folk were like to make a pretty hanging of him before sunset. There was one pity, — he had left his knife sticking in the Tory's shoulder, and this caused a moment of sharp regret; but it was a plain sailor's knife which he had lately got by chance at Brest, and there were no witnesses to the encounter; his word was as good as Wallingford's to most men on their ship. He began to long for the moment when the captain should hear their news. "He 's none so great a hero yet," thought Dickson, and groaned with pain as the boat lurched and shifted him where he lay like ballast among the unused kindlings. Wallingford had given him a fine lasting legacy of blows.

XXVII.

The poor lieutenant was soon turned over scornfully by a musket butt and the toe of a stout Whitehaven shoe. The blood was steadily running from his shoulder, and his coat was all sodden with a sticky wetness. He had struck his head as he fell, and was at this moment happily unconscious of all his woes.

"Let him lie, the devil!" growled a second man who came along, — a citizen armed with a long cutlass, but stupid with fear, and resenting the loss of his morning sleep and all his peace of mind. They could see the light of the burning vessel on the roofs above. "Let's get away a bit further from the shore," said he; "there may be their whole ship's company landed and ranging the town."

"This damned fellow 'll do nobody any mischief," agreed the soldier, and away they ran. But presently his companion stole back to find if there were anything for an honest man and a wronged one in this harmless officer's pockets. There were some letters in women's writing that could be of no use to any one, and some tobacco. "'T is the best American sort," said the old citizen, who had once been

a sailor in the Virginia trade. He saw the knife sticking fast, and pulled it out; but finding it was a cheap thing enough, and disagreeable just now to have in hand, he tossed it carelessly aside. He found a purse of money in one pocket, and a handsome watch with a seal like some great gentleman's; but this was strangely hooked and ringed to the fob buttons, and the chain so strong that though a man pulled hard enough to break it, and even set his foot on the stranger's thigh to get a good purchase, the links would not give way. The citizen looked for the convenient knife again, but missed it under the shadow of the wall. There were people coming. He pocketed what he had got, and looked behind him anxiously; then he got up and ran away, only half content with the purse and good tobacco.

An old woman, and a girl with her, were peeping through the dirty panes of a poor, narrow house close by; and now, seeing that there was such a pretty gentleman in distress, and that the citizen, whom they knew and treasured a grudge against, had been frightened away, they came out to drag him into shelter. Just as they stepped forth together on the street, however, a squad of soldiers, coming up at double-quick, captured this easy prisoner, whose heart was beating yet. One of them put the hanging watch into his own pocket, unseen, — oddly enough, it came easily into his hand; and after some consideration of so grave a matter of military necessity, two of them lifted Wallingford, and finding him both long and heavy called a third to help, and turned back to carry him to the guard-house. By the time they reached the door a good quarter part of the townsfolk seemed to be following in procession, with angry shouts, and tearful voices of women begging to know if their husbands or lovers had been seen in danger; and there were loud threats, too, meant for the shaming of the silent figure carried by stout yeomen of the guard.

After some hours Wallingford waked, wretched with the smart of his wounds, and dazed by the first sight of his strange lodging in the town jail. There were no friends to succor him; he had not even the resource of being mistaken for a Tory and a friend of the Crown. There were at least three strutting heroes showing themselves in different quarters of the town, that evening, who claimed the honor of giving such a dangerous pirate his deathblow.

Some days passed before the officer in charge of this frightened seaport (stricken with sincere dismay, and apprehensive of still greater disaster from such stealthy neighbors on the sea) could receive the answer to his report sent to headquarters. Wallingford felt more and more the despair of his situation. The orders came at last that, as soon as he could be moved, he should be sent to join his fellow rebels in the old Mill Prison at Plymouth. The Whitehaven citizens should not risk or invite any attempt at his rescue by his stay. But, far from regretting his presence, there were even those who lamented his departure; who would have willingly bought new ribbons to their bonnets to go and see such a rogue hanged, wounded shoulder and all, on a convenient hill and proper gallows outside the town.

None of the heavy-laden barley ships or colliers dared to come or go. The fishing boats that ventured out to their business came home in a flutter at the sight of a strange sail; and presently Whitehaven was aghast at the news of the robbery of all my Lady Selkirk's plate, and the astonishing capture of his Majesty's guardship Drake out of Carrickfergus, and six merchantmen taken beside in the Irish Sea, — three of them sunk, and three of them sent down as prizes to French ports. The quicker such a prisoner left this part of the realm, the better for Whitehaven. The sheriff and a strong guard waited next morn-

ing at the door of the jail, and Wallingford, taken from his hard bed, was set on a steady horse to begin the long southward journey, and be handed on from jail to jail. The fresh air of the spring morning, after the close odors of his prison, at first revived him. Even the pain of his wound was forgotten, and he took the change gladly, not knowing whither he went or what the journey was meant to bring him.

At first they climbed long hills in sight of the sea. Notwithstanding all his impatience of the sordid jealousies and discomforts of life on board the *Ranger*, Roger Wallingford turned his weak and painful body more than once, trying to catch a last glimpse of the tall masts of the brave, fleet little ship. A remembrance of the good-fellowship of his friends aboard seemed to make a man forget everything else, and to put warmth in his heart, though the chill wind on the raise blew through his very bones. For the first time he had been treated as a man among men on board the *Ranger*. In early youth the heir of a rich man could not but be exposed to the flatteries of those who sought his father's favors, and of late his property and influence counted the Loyalists far more than any of that counsel out of his own heart for which some of them had begged obsequiously. Now he had come face to face with life as plain men knew it, and his sentiment of sympathy had grown and doubled in the hard process. He winced at the remembrance of that self-confidence he had so cherished in earlier years. He had come near to falling an easy prey to those who called him Sir Roger, and were but serving their own selfish ends; who cared little for either Old England or New, and still less for their King. There was no such thing as a neutral, either; a man was one thing or the other. And now his head grew light and dizzy, while one of those sudden visions of Mary Hamilton's face, the brave sweetness of her living eyes as if they

were close to his own, made him forget the confused thoughts of the moment before.

The quick bracing of the morning air was too much for the prisoner; he felt more and more as if he were dreaming. There was a strange longing in his heart to be back in the shelter and quiet of the jail itself; there began to be a dull roaring in his ears. Like a sharp pain there came to him the thought of home, of his mother's looks and her smile as she stood watching at the window when he came riding home. He was not riding home now: the thought of it choked his throat. He remembered his mother as he had proudly seen her once in her black satin gown and her best lace and diamonds, at the great feast for Governor Hutchinson's birthday, in the Province House, — by far the first, to his young eyes, of the fine distinguished ladies who were there. How frail and slender she stood among them! But now a wretched weakness mastered him; he was afraid to think where he might be going. They could not know how ill and helpless he was, these stout men of his guard, who sometimes watched him angrily, and then fell to talking together in low voices. The chill of the mountain cloud they were riding into seemed to have got to his heart. Again his brain failed him, and then grew frightfully clear again; then he began to fall asleep in the saddle, and to know that he slept, jolting and swaying as they began to ride faster. The horse was a steady, plodding creature, whose old sides felt warm and comfortable to the dreaming rider. He wished, ever so dimly, that if he fell they would leave him there by the road and let him sleep. He lost a stirrup now, and it struck his ankle sharply to remind him, but there was no use to try to get it again; then everything turned black.

One of the soldiers caught the horse just as the prisoner's head began to drag along the frozen road.

"His wound's a-bleeding bad. Look-

a-here!" he shouted to the others, who were riding on, their horses pressing each other close, and their cloaks held over their faces in the cold mountain wind. "Here, ahoy! our man's dead, lads! The blood's trailed out o' him all along the road!"

"He's cheated justice, then, curse him!" said the officer smartly, looking down from his horse; but the old corporal who had fought at Quebec with Wolfe, and knew soldiering by heart, though he was low on the ladder of promotion by reason of an unconquerable love of brandy, — the old corporal dropped on his knees, and felt Wallingford's heart beating small and quick inside the wet, stained coat, and then took off his own ragged riding cloak to wrap him from the cold.

"Poor lad!" he said compassionately. "I think he's fell among thieves, somehow, by t' looks of him; 't is an honest face of a young gentleman's iver I see. There's nowt for 't but a litter now, an' t' get some grog down his starved throat. I misdoubt he's dead as t' stones in road ere we get to Kendal!"

"Get him ahorse again!" jeered another man. "If we had some alegar now, we mought fetch him to! Say, whaar er ye boun', ye are sae dond out in reed wescut an' lace?" and he pushed Wallingford's limp, heavy body with an impatient foot; but the prisoner made no answer.

XXVIII.

There were several low buildings to the east of Colonel Hamilton's house, where various domestic affairs were established; the last of these had the large spinning room in its second story, and stood four-square to the breezes. Here were the wool and flax wheels and the loom, with all their implements; and here Peggy reigned over her handmaidens, one warm spring afternoon, with something less than her accustomed severity. She had just been declaring, in

a general way, that the idle clack of foolish tongues distressed her ears more than the noise of the loom and wheels together.

There was an outside stairway, and the coveted seat of those maids who were sewing was on the broad doorstep at the stairhead. You could look up the wide fields to the long row of elms by General Goodwin's, and see what might pass by on the Portsmouth road; you could also command the long green lane that led downhill toward the great house, also the shipyard, and, beyond that, a long stretch of the river itself. A young man must be wary in his approach who was not desiered afar by the sentinels of this pretty garrison. On a perfectly silent afternoon in May, the whole world, clouds and all, appeared to be fast asleep; but something might happen at any moment, and it behoved Hannah Neal and Phebe Hodgdon to be on the watch.

They sat side by side on the doorstep, each reluctantly top-sewing a new linen sheet; two other girls were spinning flax within the room, and old Peggy herself was at the loom, weaving with steady diligence. As she sat there, treading and reaching at her work, with quick click-clacks of the shuttle and a fine persistence of awkward energy, she could see across the river to Madam Wallingford's house, with its high elms and rows of shuttered windows. Between her heart and old Susan's there was a bond of lifelong friendship; they seldom met, owing to their respective responsibilities; they even went to different places of worship on Sunday; but they always took a vast and silent comfort in looking for each other's light at night.

It was Peggy's habit to sing softly at her work; once in a while, in her gentlest mood, she chanted aloud a snatch of some old song. There was never but one song for a day, to be repeated over and over; and the better she was pleased with her conditions, the sadder was her strain. Now and then her old voice,

weak and uncertain, but still unexpectedly beautiful, came back again so clear and true that the chattering girls themselves were hushed into listening. To-day the peace in her heart was such that she had been singing over and over, with plaintive cadences, a most mournful quatrain of ancient lines set to a still more ancient tune. It must have touched the chords of some inherited memory.

"O Death, rock me asleep,"

sang Peggy dolefully.

"O Death, rock me asleep,
Bring me to quiet rest;
Let pass my weary, guiltless ghost
Out of my care-full breast!"

The girls had seldom heard their old tyrant forget herself and them so completely in her singing; they gave each other a sympathetic glance as she continued; the noisy shuttle subdued itself to the time and tune, and made a rude accompaniment. One might have the same feeling in listening to a thrush at nightfall as to such a natural song as this. At last her poignancy of feeling grew too great for even the singer herself, and she drew away from the spell of the music, as if she approached too near the sad reality of its first occasion.

"My grandmother was said to have the best voice in these Piscataqua plantations, when she was young," announced Peggy, with the tone of a friend. "My mother had a pretty voice, too, but 't was a small voice, like mine. I'm good as dumb beside either of them, but there is n't no tune I ever heard that I can't follow in my own head as true as a bird. This one was a verse my grandmother knew, — some days I think she sings right on inside of me, — but I forget the story of the song: she knew the old story of everything." Peggy was modest, but she had held her audience for once, and knew it.

She now stopped to tie a careful weaver's knot in the warp, and adjust some difficulty of her pattern. Hitty Warren,

who was spinning by the door, trilled out a gay strain, as if by way of relief to the gloom of a song which, however moving and beautiful, could not fail to make the heart grow sad.

"I have a house and lands in Kent,"

protested Hitty's light young caroling voice,

"And if you 'll love me, love me now.

Two pence ha'penny is my rent,

And I cannot come every day to woo!"

Whereupon Hannah Neal and Phebe, who sang a capital clear second, joined in with approval and alacrity to sing the chorus:—

"Two pence ha'penny is my rent,

And I cannot come every day to woo!"

They kept it going over and over, like blackbirds, and Peggy clacked her shuttle in time to this measure, but she did not offer to join them; perhaps she had felt, too, some dim foreboding, that her own song comforted. The air had suddenly grown full of springtime calls and cries, as if there were some subtle disturbance; the birds were in busy flight; and one could hear faint shouts from the old Vineyard and the neighboring falls, where men and boys were at the salmon fishing.

At last the girls were done singing; they had called no audience out of the empty green fields. They began to lag in their work, and sat whispering and chuckling a little about their own affairs. Peggy stopped the loom and regarded them angrily, but they took no notice. All four had their heads close together now over a piece of gossip; she turned on her narrow perch and faced them. Their young hands were idle in their laps.

"Go to your wheel, Hitty Warren, and to your work, the pack of you! I begretch the time you waste, and the meals you eat in laziness, you foolish hussies!" cried Peggy, with distinctness. "Look at the house so short of both sheeting and table gear since the colonel took his great boatload of what we had in use

to send to the army! If it wa'n't for me having forethought to hide a couple o' heaping armfuls of our best Russian for the canopy beds, we 'd been bare enough, and had to content the gentlefolk with unbleached webs. And all our grand holland sheets, only in wear four years, and just coming to their softness, all gone now to be torn in strips for those that 's wounded; all spoilt like common work-house stuff for those that never slept out o' their own clothes. 'Twas a sad waste, but we must work hard now to plenish us," she gravely reproached them.

"Miss Mary is as bad as the colonel," insisted Hannah Neal, the more demure of the seamstresses, who had promptly fallen to work again. The handsome master of the house could do no wrong in the eyes of his admiring maids. They missed his kind and serious face, even if sometimes he did not speak or look when he passed them at their sewing or churning.

"A man knows nowt o' linen: he might think a gre't sheet like this sewed its whole long self together," said Phebe Hodgdon ruefully, as she pushed a slow needle through the hard selvages.

"To work with ye!" commanded Peggy more firmly. "My eye 's upon ye!" And Hitty sighed loud and drearily; the afternoon sun was hot in the spinning room, and the loom began its incessant noise again.

At that moment the girls on the doorstep cheerfully took notice of two manly figures that were coming quickly along the footpath of the spring pasture next above the Hamilton lands on the river side. They stooped to drink at the spring in the pasture corner, and came on together, until one of them stood still and gave a loud cry. The two sewing girls beckoned their friends of the spinning to behold this pleasing sight. Perhaps some of the lads they knew were on their way from the Upper Landing to Pound Hill farms; these river footpaths had already won some of the rights of im-

memorial usage, and many foot travelers passed by Hamilton's to the lower part of the town. A man could go on foot to Rice's Ferry through such byways across field and pasture as fast as a fleet horse could travel by the winding old Portsmouth road.

The two hurrying figures were strangers, and they came to the knoll above the shipyard. They were both waving their hats now, and shouting to the few old men at work below on the river bank.

Peggy was only aware of a daring persistence in idleness, and again began to chide, just as all the girls dropped their work and clattered down the outer stair, and left her bereft of any audience at all. She hurried to the door in time to see their petticoats flutter away, and then herself caught sight of the excited messengers. There was a noise of voices in the distance, and some workmen from the wharves and warehouses were running up the green slopes.

"There's news come!" exclaimed Peggy, forgetting her own weaving as she stumbled over the pile of new linen on the stair landing, and hurried after the girls. News was apt to come up the river rather than down, but there was no time to consider. Some ill might have befallen Colonel Hamilton himself, — he had been long enough away; and the day before there had been rumors of great battles to the southward, in New Jersey.

The messengers stood side by side with an air of importance.

"Our side have beat the British, but there's a mort o' men killed and taken. John Ricker's dead, and Billy Lord's among the missing, and young Hodgdon's dead, the widow's son; and there's word come to Dover that the Ranger has made awful havoc along the British coast, and sent a fortin' o' prizes back to France. There's trouble 'mongst her crew, and young Wallingford's deserted after he done his best to betray the ship."

The heralds recited their tale as they

had told it over and over at every stopping place for miles back, prompting each other at every sentence. From unseen sources a surprising crowd of men and women had suddenly gathered about them. Some of these wept aloud now, and others shouted their eager questions louder and louder. It was like a tiny babel that had been brought together by a whirlwind out of the quiet air.

"They say Wallingford's tried to give the Ranger into the enemy's hands, and got captured for his pains. Some thinks they've hung him for a spy. He's been watching his chance all along to play the traitor," said one news-bringer triumphantly, as if he had kept the best news till the last.

"'Tis false!" cried a clear young voice behind them.

They turned to front the unexpected presence of Miss Hamilton.

"Who dared to say this?" She stood a little beyond the crowd, and looked with blazing eyes straight at the two flushed faces of the rustic heralds.

"Go tell your sad news, if you must," she said sternly, "but do not repeat that Roger Wallingford is a traitor to his oath. We must all know him better who have known him at all. He may have met misfortune at the hand of God, but the crime of treachery has not been his, and you should know it, — you who speak, and every man here who listens!"

There fell a silence upon the company; but when the young mistress of the house turned away, there rose a half-unwilling murmur of applause. Old Peggy hastened to her side; but Miss Hamilton waved her back, and, with drooping head and a white face, went on slowly and passed alone into the great house.

The messengers were impatient to go their ways among the Old Fields farms, and went hurrying down toward the brook and round the head of the cove, and up the hill again through the oak pasture toward the houses at Pound Hill.

They were followed along the footpath by men and boys, and women too, who were eager to see how the people there, old Widow Ricker especially, would take the news of a son's captivity or death. The very torch of war seemed to flame along the footpath, on that spring afternoon.

The makers of the linen sheets might have been the sewers of a shroud, as they came ruefully back to their places by the spinning-room door, and let the salt tears down fall upon their unwilling seams. Poor Billy Lord and Humphrey Hodgdon were old friends, and Corporal Ricker was a handsome man, and the gallant leader of many a corn-husking. The clack of Peggy's shuttle sounded like the ticking clock of Fate.

"My God! my God!" said the old woman who had driven the weeping maids so heartlessly to their work again. The slow tears of age were blinding her own eyes; she could not see to weave, and must fain yield herself to idleness. Those poor boys gone, and Madam's son a prisoner, or worse, in England! She looked at the house on the other side of the river, dark and sombre against the bright sky. "I'll go and send Miss Mary over; she should be there now. I'll go myself over to Susan."

"Fold up your stents; for me, I can weave no more," she said sorrowfully. "'T is like the day of a funeral." And the maids, still weeping, put their linen by, and stood the two flax wheels in their places, back against the wall.

XXIX.

That evening, in Hamilton house, Mary felt like a creature caged against its will; she was full of fears for others and reproaches for herself, and went restlessly from window to window and from room to room. There was no doubt that a great crisis had come. The May sun set among heavy clouds, and the large

rooms grew dim and chilly. The house was silent, but on the river shores there were groups of men and boys gathering, and now and then strange figures appeared, as if the news had brought them hastily from a distance. Peggy had gone early across the river, and now returned late from her friendly errand, dressed in a prim bonnet and cloak that were made for Sunday wear, and gave her the look of a dignitary in humble disguise, so used to command was she, and so equipped by nature for the rule of others.

Peggy found her young mistress white and wan in the northwest parlor, and knew that she had been anxiously watching Madam Wallingford's house. She turned as the old housekeeper came in, and listened with patience as, with rare tact, this good creature avoided the immediate subject of their thoughts, and at first proceeded to blame the maids for running out and leaving the doors flying, when she had bidden them mind the house.

"The twilight lasts very late to-night, yet you have been long away," said Mary, when she had finished.

"'T is a new-moon night, and all the sky is lit," explained Peggy seriously. "'T will soon be dark enough." Then she came close to Mary, and began to whisper what she really had to say.

"'T is the only thing to do, as you told me before I went. Cæsar abased himself to row me over, and took time enough about it, I vowed him. I thought once he'd fatched himself to the door of an apoplexy, he puffed an' blowed so hard; but I quick found out what was in his piecemeal mind, an' then I heard folks talking on t' other bank. The great fightin' folks that stayed at home from the war is all ablaze against Mr. Roger; they say they won't have no such a Tory hive in the neighborhood no longer! 'Poor Madam! poor Madam!' says I in my mind, and I wrung my hands a-hearin' of it. Cæsar felt so bad when

he was tellin' of me, the tears was a-runnin' down his foolish ol' black face. He's got proper feelings, if he is so consequential. Likes to strut better'n to work, I tell 'em, but he's got proper feelin's; I shan't never doubt that no more," asserted Peggy, with emphatic approval.

"Yes," assented Mary impatiently, "Cæsar is a good man, but he is only one. What shall we do now?" Her voice was full of quivering appeal; she had been very long alone with her distressful thoughts.

Peggy's cheeks looked pink as a girl's in her deep bonnet, and her old eyes glittered with excitement.

"You must go straight away and fetch Madam here," she said. "I'd brought her back with me if it had been seemly; but when I so advised, Susan'd hear none o' me, 'count o' fearin' to alarm her lady. 'Keep her safe an' mistaken for one hour, will ye, so's to scare her life out later on!' says I; but Susan was never one to see things their proper size. If they do know Madam's fled, 't will be all the better. I want to feel she's safe here, myself; they won't damage the colonel's house, for his sake or your'n neither; they'd know better than to come botherin' round my doors. I'll put on my big caldron and get some water het, and treat 'em same fashion's they did in old Indian times!" cried Peggy, in a fury. "I did hear some men say they believed she'd gone to Porchmouth a'ready; and when they axed me if 't was true, I nodded and let 'em think so."

Mary listened silently; this excited talk made her know the truth of some fast-gathering danger. She herself had a part to play now.

"I shall go at once," she insisted. "Will you bespeak a boat?"

"Everything's all ready, darlin'," said the good soul affectionately, as if she wished to further some girlish pleasure. "Yes, I've done all I could out o' door.

The best boat's out an' layin' aside the gre't warehouse. Cæsar's stopped down there to mind it, though he begun to fuss about his supper; and there's all our own men ready to row ye over. I told 'em you was promised to the Miss Lords at the Upper Landing for a card party; I've let on to no uneasiness. You'll consider well your part; for me there's enough to do, — the best chamber warmed aright for Madam, for one thing; an' Phebe's up there now, gettin' over a good smart scoldin' I give her. I'll make a nice gruel with raisins an' a taste o' brandy, or a glass o' port juice, an' have 'em ready; 't will keep poor Madam from a chill. You'll both need comfort ere you sleep," she muttered to herself.

"I wonder if she will consent to come? She is a very brave woman," said Mary doubtfully.

"Darlin', listen to me: she *must* come," replied Peggy, "an' you must tell her so. You do your part, an' I'll be waitin' here till you get back."

The large boat which was Hamilton's river coach and four in peaceful times lay waiting in the shadow of the warehouse to do its errand. The four rowers were in their places: Peggy may have had a sage desire to keep them out of mischief. They were not a vigorous crew, by reason of age; else they would have been, like other good men, with the army. With her usual sense of propriety and effect, Peggy had ordered out the best red cushions and tasseled draperies for the seats. In summer, the best boat spread a fine red and green canopy when it carried the master and mistress down to Portsmouth on the ebb tide. The old boatmen had mounted their livery, such was Peggy's insistence and unaccountable desire for display. A plainer craft, rowed by a single pair of oars, was enough for any errand at nightfall, and the old fellows grumbled and shivered ostentatiously in the spring dampness.

Old Cæsar handed Miss Hamilton into her boat with all the more deference. She was wrapped in a cloak of crimson damask, with a hood to it, which her brother loved to see her wear in their gayer days. She took her place silently in the stern, and sat erect there; the men stole a glance at her now and then, and tugged willingly enough at their oars. There were many persons watching them as they went up the stream.

"'T will be a hard pinch to land ye proper at the upper wharves," said the head boatman. "The tide's far out, miss."

"I go to Madam Wallingford's," said Mary; and in the dusk she saw them cast sidewise glances at each other, while their oars lost stroke and fouled. They had thought it well that there should be a card party, and their young mistress out of sight and hearing, if the threats meant anything and there should be trouble that night alongshore. Miss Hamilton said nothing further, — she was usually most friendly in her speech with these old servants; but she thanked them in a gentle tone as she landed, and bade them be ready at any moment for her return. They looked at her with wonder, and swore under their breaths for mere astonishment, as she disappeared from their sight with hurrying steps, along the winding way that led up to the large house on the hill.

As Mary passed the old boathouse, and again as she came near the storehouses just beyond, she could see shadowy moving figures like ghosts, that were gone again in an instant out of sight, crouching to the ground or dodging behind the buildings as they saw her pass. Once she heard a voice close under the bank below the road; but it ceased suddenly, as if some one had given warning. Every dark corner was a hiding place, but the girl felt no fear now that there was something to be done.

There was no light in the lower story of the great house, but in Madam Wal-

lingford's chamber the firelight was shining, and by turns it darkened and brightened the windows. For the first time Mary felt weak at heart, but there was that within her which could drive out all fear or sense of danger. As she stood on the broad doorsteps, waiting and looking riverward, she smiled to see that Peggy had lighted their own house as if for some high festival. It had a look of cheerfulness and security there beyond the elms; she gave a sigh of relief that was like a first acknowledgment of fear. She did not remember that one person might have come safely from the boat, where two could not go back.

Again she struck the heavy knocker, and this time heard Rodney's anxious voice within, whispering to ask whether she were friend or foe before he timidly unbarred the door.

"They tell me there is some danger of a mob, my child." Madam Wallingford spoke calmly, as if this were some ordinary news. Mary had found her sitting by the fire, and kissed her cheek without speaking. The room was so quiet, and its lady looked so frail and patient, unconscious that danger hemmed them in on every side.

"I fear that this house may be burnt and robbed, like the Salem houses," she said. "Poor Rodney and the women are afraid, too. I saw that they were in a great fright, and forced the truth from them. I think my troubles have robbed me of all my strength. I do not know what I must do. I feel very old, Mary, and my strength fails me," she faltered. "I need my son — I have had dreadful news" —

"I have come to take you home with me to-night, dear," answered Mary. "Come, I shall wrap you in my warm red cloak; the night is chilly. These are Peggy's orders, and we must follow them. She would not have you frightened ever so little, if there is any danger. She is making you some hot drink this very minute, and I have brought our steady

boat with the four old rowers. They are waiting for us below."

"Good Peggy!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford, who saw the bright smile that lighted Mary's face, and was rallying all her force. "She was here herself this afternoon; I wish that I had seen her. We shall not obey her this once; you see that I cannot go. If there is an attack, I must be here to meet it, — the men may hear to reason; if there is no real danger, I am safe to stay," and she cast a fond look about the room.

Mary saw it with compassion; at the same moment she heard cries outside, as if some fresh recruits were welcomed to the gathering fray.

"My safety and the safety of our house lies in my staying here," said the lady, sitting straight in her great chair. "I am not easily made afraid; it is only that my strength failed me at the first. If God sends ruin and death this night, I can but meet it. I shall not go away. You were a dear child to come; you must make my kind excuses to Peggy. Go now, my dear, and Rodney shall put you in your boat." There was a proud look on Madam Wallingford's face as she spoke.

"I shall stay with you," answered Mary. "Alas, I think it is too late for either of us to go," she added, as her quick ears were aware of strange noises without the house. There was a sharp rapping sound of stones striking the walls, and a pane of glass fell shattering into the room.

"In Salem they took an old man from his dying bed, and destroyed his habitation. He had been a judge and a good citizen. If these be our own neighbors who think me dangerous, I must follow their bidding; if they be strangers, we must be in danger. I wish that you had not come, Mary!"

Mary was already at the window; the shutters were pushed back, and the sweet night air blew through the broken pane upon her face. The heavy sliding shut-

ter caught as she tried to stir it, and she saw that the moving crowd had come close about the house. At the sight of her figure they gave an angry roar; there were musket shots and a great racket of noise. "Come out, come out," they cried, "and take the oath!"

"So the mob has come already," said Madam Wallingford calmly, and rose from her seat. "Then I must go down. Is it a great company?"

"I could not have believed so many men were left," answered Mary bitterly. "They should be fighting other battles!" she protested, trembling with sudden rage. "Where go you, Madam?" for Madam Wallingford was hurrying from the room. As she threw open the door, all the frightened people of the household were huddled close outside; they fell upon their knees about her and burst into loud lamentations. They pressed as near their mistress as they could; it was old Rodney and Susan who had kept the others from bursting into the room.

"Silence among ye!" said Madam Wallingford. "I shall do what I can, my poor people. I am going down to speak to these foolish men."

"They have come to rob us and murder us!" wailed the women.

"Rodney, you will go before me and unbar the door!" commanded the mistress. "Susan shall stay here. Quiet this childishness! I would not have such people as these think that we lack courage."

She went down the wide staircase as if she were a queen, and Mary her maid of honor. Rodney was for hanging back from those who pounded to demand entrance, and needed an angry gesture before he took the great bar down and flung the door wide open. Then Madam Wallingford stepped forward as if to greet her guests with dignity, and Mary was only a step behind. There was a bonfire lit before the house, and all the portraits along the paneled hall seemed to

come alive in the blazing light that shone in, and to stand behind the two women like a guard.

"What do you wish to say to me?" asked Madam Wallingford.

"The oath! the oath!" they cried, "or get you hence!" and there was a shaking of firebrands, and the heads pressed closer about the door.

"You are Sons of Liberty, and yet you forbid liberty to others," said the old gentlewoman, in her clear voice. "I have wronged none of you." For very sight of her age and bravery, and because she was so great a lady, they fell silent; and then a heavy stone, thrown from the edge of the crowd, struck the lintel of the door, beside her.

"Is there no man among you whom you will choose to speak fairly with me, to tell your errand and whence you come?"

"We are some of us from Christian Shore, and some are Dover men, and some of us are men of your own town," answered a pale, elderly man, with the face of a fanatic; he had been a preacher of wild doctrines in the countryside, and was ever a disturber of peace. "We want no Royalists among us, we want no abettors of George the Third; there's a bill now to proscribe ye and stop your luxury and pride. We want no traitors and spies, neither, to betray the cause of the oppressed. You and your son have played a deep game; he has betrayed our cause, and the penalty must fall."

There was a shout of approval; the mob was only too ready to pour into the house.

"My son has put his name to your oath, and you know that he has not broken it, if some of you are indeed men of our own town," said the mother proudly, and they all heard her speak. "I can promise that this is true. Cannot you wait to hear the truth about him, or is it only to rob us and make a night of revel you have come? Do not pay sin with sin, if you must hold those to be sinners who are Loyalists like me!"

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"Burn the old nest!" cried an impatient voice. "She may be hiding some King's men, — who knows? Stop her prating, and let's to business; we are done with their royalties," and the crowd pushed hard. They forced the two women and old Rodney back into the hall; and at the sound of heavy treading, all the women on the stair above fell to shrieking.

Mary put herself before Madam Wallingford for safety's sake, and held up her hand. "Stop, stop!" she begged them. "Let me first take my friend away. I am Mary Hamilton, and you all know my brother. I ask you in his name to let us go in peace."

Her sorrowful face and her beauty for one instant held some of them irresolute, but from the back of the crowd a great pressure urged the rest forward. There was a little hush, and one man cried, "Yes, let them go!" but the wild and lawless, who were for crowding in, would not have it so. It was a terrible moment, like the sight of coming Death. There was a crash; the women were overpowered and flung back against the wall.

Suddenly there was a new confusion, a heavier din, and some unexpected obstacle to this onset; all at once a loud, familiar voice went to Mary's heart. She was crouching with her arms close about her old friend, to shield her from bruises and rough handling as the men pushed by; in the same moment there were loud outcries of alarm without. What happened next in the hall seemed like the hand of Heaven upon their enemies. Old Major Tilly Haggens was there in the midst, with others behind him, dealing stout blows among those who would sack the house. Outside on their horses were Judge Chadbourne and General Goodwin, who had ridden straight into the mob, and with them a little troop of such authorities as could be gathered, constables and tithing men; and old Elder Shackley in his scarlet cloak, Parson

Pike and Mr. Rollins, his chief parishioner, were all there, too. They rode among the brawling men as if they were but bushes, and turned their good horses before the house. The crowd quick lost its solid look; it now had to confront those who were not defenseless.

"We are Patriots and Sons of Liberty, all of us who are here!" shouted the minister, in a fine, clear voice. "We are none of us, old or young, for the King, but we will not see a Christian gentleman and kind neighbor made to suffer in such wise as this. Nor shall you do vengeance upon her son until there is final proof of his guilt."

"We can beat these old parsons!" shouted an angry voice. "To it, lads! We are three to their one!" But the elderly men on horseback held their own; most of them were taught in the old school of fighting, and had their ancient swords well in hand, ready for use with all manly courage. Major Tilly Haggens still fought as a foot soldier in the hall; his famous iron fist was doing work worthy of those younger days when he was called the best boxer and wrestler in the plantations. He came forth now, sweeping the most persistent before him out of the house.

"I'll learn ye to strike a poor lame old man like me! Ye are no honest Patriots, but a pack of thieves and blackguards! The worst pest of these colonies!" he cried, with sound blows to right and left for emphasis. He laid out one foe after another on the soft grass as on a bed, until there was no one left to vanquish, and his own scant breath had nearly left his body. The trampling horses had helped their riders' work, and were now for neighing and rearing and taking to their heels. The town constable was bawling his official threats, as he held one of the weaker assailants by the collar and pounded the poor repentant creature's back. It had suddenly turned to a scene of plain comedy, and the mob was nothing but a rabble of men and

boys, all running for shelter, such as could still run, and disappearing down toward the river shore.

The old judge got stiffly from his tall Narragansett pacer, and came into the hall.

"Madam Wallingford's friends stop here to-night," he told the old servant, who appeared from some dark corner. Poor Rodney was changed to such an ashen color that he looked very strange, and as if he had rubbed phosphorus to his frightened eyes. "You may tell your mistress and Miss Hamilton that there is no more danger for the present," added the judge. "I shall set a watch about the house till daylight."

Major Haggens was panting for breath, and leaned his great weight heavily against the wainscoting. "I am near an apoplexy," he groaned faintly. "Rodney, I hope I killed some of those devils! You may bring me a little water, and qualify it with some of Madam's French brandy of the paler sort. Stay; you must help me get to the dining parlor myself, and I'll consider the spirit-case. Too violent a portion would be my death; 't would make a poor angel of me, Rodney!"

Early in the morning, Judge Chadbourne and his neighbor Squire Hill, a wise and prudent man, went out to take the morning air before the house. They were presently summoned by Madam Wallingford, and spoke with her in her chamber. The broken glass of the window still glistened on the floor; even at sunrise the day was so mild that there was no chill, but the guests were struck by something desolate in the room, even before they caught sight of their lady's face.

"I must go away, my good friends," she declared quietly, after she had thanked them for their service. "I must not put my friends in peril," she added, "but I am sure of your kind advice in my sad situation."

"We wait upon you to say that it would be best, Madam," said the judge plainly. "I hear that New Hampshire as well as Massachusetts has an act of great severity in consideration against the presence or return of Loyalists, and I fear that you would run too much risk by staying here. If you should be proscribed and your estates confiscated, as I fear may be done in any case, you are putting your son's welfare in peril as well as your own. If he still be living now, though misfortunes have overtaken him, and he has kept faith, as we who know him must still believe, these estates which you hold for him in trust are not in danger; if the facts are otherwise" — and the old justice looked at her, but could not find it in his heart to go on.

Madam Wallingford sat pondering, with her eyes fixed upon his face, and was for some time lost in the gravest thoughts.

"What is this oath?" she asked at last, and her cheeks whitened as she put the question.

The judge turned to Mr. Hill, and, without speaking, that gentleman took a folded paper from among some documents which he wore in his pocket, and rose to hand it to the lady.

"Will you read it to me?" she asked again; and he read the familiar oath of allegiance in a steady voice, and not without approval in his tone: —

"I do acknowledge the United States of America to be free, independent and sovereign states, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his or their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office . . . which I now hold, with fidel-

ity, according to the best of my skill and understanding."

As he finished he looked at the listener for assent, as was his habit, and Judge Chadbourne half rose, in his eagerness; everything was so simple and so easy if she would take the oath. She was but a woman, — the oath was made for men; but she was a great landholder, and all the country looked to her. She was the almoner of her own wealth and her husband's, and 't were better she stood here in her lot and place.

"I cannot sign this," she said abruptly. "Is that the oath that Roger, my son, has taken?"

"The same, Madam," answered Mr. Hill, with a disappointed look upon his face, and there was silence in the room.

"I must make me ready to go," said Madam Wallingford at last, and the tears stood deep in her eyes. "But if my son gave his word, he will keep his word. I shall leave my trust and all his fortunes in your hands, and you may choose some worthy gentlemen from this side the river to stand with you. The papers must be drawn in Portsmouth. I shall send a rider down at once with a message, and by night I shall be ready to go myself to town. I must ask if you and your colleagues will meet me there at my house. . . . You must both carry my kind farewells to my Barvick friends. As for me," — and her voice broke for the first time, — "I am but a poor remainder of the past that cannot stand against a mighty current of change. I knew last night that it would come to this. I am an old woman to be turned out of my home, and yet I tell you the truth, that I go gladly, since the only thing I can hope for now is to find my son. You see I am grown frail and old, but there is something in my heart that makes me hope. . . . I have no trace of my son, but he was left near to death, and must now be among enemies by reason of having been upon the ship. No, no, I shall not sign your oath; take it

away with you, good friends!" she cried bitterly. Then she put out her weak hands to them, and a pathetic, broken look came upon her face.

"I was most brotherly, what you did for me last night, dear friends. You must thank the other gentlemen who were with you. I ask your affectionate remembrance in the sad days that come; you shall never fail of my prayers."

And so they left her standing in the early sunshine of her chamber, and went away sorrowful.

An hour later Mary Hamilton came in, bright and young. She was dressed and ready to go home, and came to stand by her old friend, who was already at her business, with many papers spread about.

"Mary, my child," said Madam Wallingford, taking her hand and trembling a little, "I am going away. There is new trouble, and I have no choice. You must stay with me this last day and help me; I have no one to look to but you."

"But you can look to me, dear lady." Mary spoke cheerfully, not understanding to the full, yet being sure that she should fail in no service. There was a noble pride of courage in her heart, a gratitude because they were both safe and well, and the spring sun shining, after such a night. God gives nothing better than the power to serve those whom we love; the bitterest pain is to be useless, to know that we fail to carry to their lives what their dear presence brings to our own. Mary laid her hand on her friend's shoulder. "Can I write for you just now?" she asked.

"I am going to England," explained Madam Wallingford quietly. "Judge Chadbourne and Mr. Hill both told me that I must go away. I shall speak only of Halifax to my household, but my heart is full of the thought of England, where I must find my poor son. I should die of even a month's waiting and uncertainty; it seems a lifetime since the news

came yesterday. I must go to find Roger!"

All the bright, determined eagerness forsook Mary Hamilton's face. It was not that the thought of exile was new or strange, but this poor wistful figure before her, with its frayed thread of vitality and thin shoulders bent down as if with a weight of sorrow, seemed to forbid even the hard risks of seafaring. The girl gave a cry of protest, as if she felt the sharp pain of a sudden blow.

"I have always been well enough on the sea. I do not dread the voyage so much. I am a good sailor," insisted Madam Wallingford, with a smile, as if she must comfort a weaker heart than her own. "My plans are easily made, as it happens; one of my own vessels was about to sail for West Indian ports. It is thought a useless venture by many, but the captain is an impatient soul, and an excellent seaman. He shall take us to Halifax, Susan and me. I thought at first to go alone; but Susan has been long with me, and can be of great use when we are once ashore. She is in sad estate on the ocean, poor creature, and when we went to England last I thought never to distress her so much again."

There was a shining light on the girl's face as she listened.

"I shall go with you, not Susan," she said. "Even with her it would be like letting you go alone. I am strong, and a good sailor. We must leave her here to take care of your house, as I shall leave Peggy."

Madam Wallingford looked at Mary Hamilton with deep love, but she lifted her hand forbiddingly.

"No, no, dear child," she whispered, "I shall not think of it."

"There may be better news," said Mary hopefully.

"There will be no news, and I grudge every hour that is wasted," said the mother, with strange fretfulness. "I have friends in England, as you know. If I once reach an English port, the way will

be easy. When prison doors shut they do not open of themselves, in these days, but I have some friends in mind who would have power to help me. I shall take passage from Halifax for Bristol, if I can; if no better vessel offers, I shall push on in the *Golden Dolphin* rather than court delay."

Mary stood smiling into her face.

"No, no, my dear," said Madam Wallingford again, and drew the girl closer. "I cannot let you think of such a thing. 'Tis your young heart that speaks, and not your wise reflection. For your brother's sake I could not let you go, still less for your own; 't would make you seem a traitor to your cause. You must stand in your own place."

"My brother is away with his troop. He begged me to leave everything here, and go farther up the country. The burning of Falmouth made him uneasy, and ever since he does not like my staying alone in our house," insisted Mary.

"There is knowledge enough of the riches of this river, among seamen of the English ports," acknowledged Madam Wallingford. "In Portsmouth there are many friends of England who will not be molested, though all our leaders are gone. Still I know that an attack upon our region has long been feared," she ended wistfully.

"I told my brother that I should not leave home until there was really such danger; we should always have warning if the enemy came on the coast. If they burnt our house or plundered it, then I should go farther up the country. I told Jack," continued Mary, with flushing cheeks, "that I did not mean to leave you; and he knew I meant it, but he was impatient, too. 'I have well-grown timber that will build a dozen houses,' he answered me,—and was rough-spoken as to the house, much as he loves it,—'but I shall not have one moment's peace while I think you are here alone. Yes, you must always look to Madam Wallingford,' he said more than once."

"Go now, my dear child; send me Susan, who is no doubt dallying in the kitchen!" commanded the mistress abruptly. "I must not lose a minute of this day. You must do as your brother bade you; but as for doing the thing which would vex him above everything else,—I cannot listen to more words. I see that you are for going home this morning; can you soon return to me, when you have ordered your affairs? You can help me in many small matters, and we shall be together to the last. I could not take you with me, darling," she said affectionately. "'T was my love for you—no, I ought to say 't was my own poor selfishness—that tempted my heart for the moment. Now we must think of it no more, either of us. You have no fellowship with those to whom I go; you are no Loyalist," and she even laughed as she spoke. "God bless you for such dear kindness, Mary. I think I love you far too much to let you go with me."

Mary's face was turned away, and she made no answer; then she left her friend's side, wondering at the firm decision and strong authority which had returned in this time of sorrow and danger. It frightened her, this flaring up of what had seemed such a failing light of life. It was perhaps wasting to no purpose the little strength that remained.

She stood at the window to look down the river, and saw the trampled ground below; it seemed as if the last night's peril were but the peril of a dream. The fruit trees were coming into bloom: a young cherry tree, not far away, was white like a little bride, and the pear trees were ready to follow; their buds were big, and the white petals showing. It was high water; the tide had just turned toward the ebb, and there were boats going down the river to Portsmouth, in the usual fashion, to return with the flood. There was a large gundelow among them, with its tall lateen sail curved to the morning breeze. Of

late the river had sometimes looked forsaken, so many men were gone to war, and this year the fields would again be half tilled at best, by boys and women. To country eyes, there was a piteous lack of the pleasant hopefulness of new-ploughed land on the river farms.

"There are many boats going down to-day," reported Mary, in her usual tone; "they will be for telling the news of last night at the wharves in Portsmouth. There will be a fine, busy crowd on the Parade."

Then she sighed heavily; she was in the valley of decision; she felt as if she were near to tearing herself from this dear landscape and from home,—that she was on the brink of a great change. She could not but shrink from such a change and loss.

She returned from her outlook to Madam Wallingford's side.

"I must not interrupt your business. I will not press you, either, against your will. I shall soon come back, and then you will let me help you and stay with you, as you said. When will your brig be ready?"

"She is ready to sail now, and only waits her clearing papers; the captain was here yesterday morning. She is the *Golden Dolphin*, as I have already told you, and has often lain here at our river wharves; a very good, clean vessel, with two lodgings for passengers. I have sent word that I shall come on board to-morrow; she waits in the stream by Badger's Island."

"And you must go from here"—

"To-night. I have already ordered my provision for the voyage. Rodney went down on the gundelov before you were awake, and he will know very well what to do; this afternoon I shall send down many other things by boat."

"I was awake," said Mary softly, "but I hoped that you were resting"—

"If the seas are calm, as may happen, I shall not go to Halifax," confessed the other; "I shall push on for Bristol.

Our cousin Davis is there, and the Russells, and many other friends. The brig is timber-laden; if we should be captured"—

"By which side?" laughed Mary, and a sad gleam of answering humor flitted over Madam Wallingford's face.

"Oh, we forget that my poor child may be dead already!" she cried, with sharp agony, next moment. "I think and think of his hurting wounds. No pity will be shown a man whom they take to be a spy!" and she was shaken by a most piteous outburst of tears.

Then Mary, as if the heart in her own young breast were made of love alone, tried to comfort Madam Wallingford. It was neither the first time nor the last.

XXX.

The bright day had clouded over, and come to a wet and windy spring night. It was past eight o'clock; the darkness had early fallen. There was a sense of comfort in a dry roof and warm shelter, as if it were winter weather, and Master Sullivan and old Margery had drawn close to their warm fireplace. The master was in a gay mood and talkative, and his wife was at her usual business of spinning, stepping to and fro at a large whirring wheel. To spin soft wool was a better trade for evening than the clacking insistence of the little wheel with its more demanding flax. Margery was in her best mood, and made a most receptive and admiring audience.

"Well, may God keep us!" she exclaimed at the end of a story. "T was as big a row as when the galleries fell in Smock Alley theatre. I often heard of that from my poor father."

Master Sullivan was pleased by his success; Margery was not always so easy to amuse, but he was in no mind for a conflict. Something had made his heart ache that day, and now her love and approval easily rescued him from

his own thought; so he went on, as if his fortunes depended upon Margery's favor and frankly expressed amusement:

"One night there was a long-legged apprentice boy to a French upholsterer: this was in London, and I a lad myself stolen over there from Paris with a message for Charles Radcliffe. He had great leanings toward the stage, this poor boy, and for the pride of his heart got the chance to play the ghost in Hamlet at Covent Garden. Well, 't was then indeed you might see him at the height of life and paradin' in his pasteboard armor. 'Mark me!' says he, with a voice as if you'd thump the sides of a cask. '*I'll mark you!*' cries his master from the pit, and he le'pt on the stage and was after the boy to kill him; and all the lads were there le'pt after him to take his part; and they held off the master, and set the ghost in his place again, the poor fellow; and they said he did his part fine, and creeped every skin that was there. He'd a great night; never mind the beating that fell to him afterward!"

The delighted listener shook with silent laughter.

"'T was like the time poor Denny Delane was in Dublin. I was there but the one winter myself," continued the master. "He came of a fine family, but got stage-struck, and left Trinity College behind him like a bird's nest. Every woman in Dublin, old and young, was crazy after him. There were plays bespoke, and the fashion there every night, all sparked with diamonds, and every officer in his fine uniform. There was great dressing with the men as you'd never see them now: my Lord Howth got a fancy he'd dress like a coachman, wig and all; and Lord Trimlestown was always in scarlet when he went abroad, and my Lord Gormanstown in blue. Oh, but they were the pictures coming in their coaches! You would n't see any officer out of his uniform, or a doctor wanting his lace ruffles! 'T was my

foolish young self borrowed all the lace from my poor mother that she'd lend me, and I but a boy; and then I'd go help myself out of her boxes, when she'd gone to mass. She'd a great deal of beautiful lace, and knew every thread of it by heart. I've a little piece yet that was sewed under a waistcoat. Go get it now, and we'll look at it; 't is laid safe in that second book from the end of the shelf. You may give it to the little lady, when I'm gone, for a remembrance; 't is the only — ah, well; I've nothing else in the world but my own poor self that was ever belonging to my dear mother!"

The old master's voice grew very sad, and all his gayety was gone.

"'Deed, then, Miss Mary Hamilton'll get none of it, and you having a daughter of your own!" scolded Margery, instantly grown as fierce as he was sad. Sometimes the only way to cure the master of his dark sorrows was to make him soothe her own anger. But this night he did not laugh at her, though she quarreled with fine determination.

"Oh me!" groaned the master. "Oh me, the fool I was!" and he struck his knee with a hopeless hand, as he sat before the fire.

"God be good to us!" mourned old Margery, "and I a lone child sent to a strange country without a friend to look to me, and yourself taking notice of me on the ship; 't was the King I thought you were, and you'd rob me now of all that. Well, I was no fit wife for a great gentleman; I always said it, too. I loved you as I don't know how to love my God, but I must ask for nothing!"

The evening's pleasure was broken; the master could bear anything better than her poor whimpering voice.

"There, don't look at a poor man as if he were the front of a cathedral," he begged her, trying again to be merry. But at this moment they were both startled into silence; they both heard the heavy tread of horses before the house.

"Come in, come in, whoever you are!" shouted Master Sullivan, as he threw open the outer door. "Are ye lost on the road, that ye seek light and lodging here?"

The horses would not stand; the night was dark as a dungeon; the heavy rain blew in the old man's face. His heart beat fast at the sound of a woman's voice.

"By great Jupiter, and all the gods! what has brought you here, Mary Hamilton, my dear child?" he cried. "Is there some attack upon the coast? 'Tis the hand of war or death has struck you!"

The firelight shone upon Mary's face as she entered, but the wind and rain had left no color there; it was a wan face, that masked some high resolve, and forbade either comment or contradiction. She took the chair to which the master led her, and drew a long breath, as if to assure herself of some steadiness of speech.

A moment later, her faithful friend, Mr. John Lord, opened the door softly, and came in also. His eyes looked troubled, but he said nothing as he stood a little way behind the others in the low room; the rain dropped heavily from his long coat to the floor. The Sullivans stood at either side the fireplace watching the pale lady who was their guest. John Sullivan himself it was who unclasped her wet riding cloak and threw it back upon the chair; within she wore a pretty gown of soft crimson silk with a golden thread in it, that had come home in one of her brother's ships from Holland. The rain had stained the breast of it where the riding cloak had blown apart; the strange living dyes of the East were brightened by the wet. The two old people started back, as if they believed that she had sought them because she was hurt to death. She lifted her hand forbiddingly; her face grew like a child's that was striving against tears.

"Dear friends, it is not so bad as you think; it is because I was so full of hope

that I must come to you," she said to the anxious, kind old faces. There was such a sweetness in the girl's voice, and her beautiful dress was so familiar, so belonging to the old quiet times and happy hospitalities, that the two men felt a sharp pain of pity, and because there was nothing else to do they came nearer to her side. Master Sullivan looked questioningly at young Mr. Lord, but old Margery found instinctive relief in a low, droning sort of moan, which sometimes lifted into that Irish keening which is the voice of fear and sorrow. She was piling all her evening fagots at once upon the fire.

"Speak now!" said the master. "If my old heart knows the worst, it can begin to hope the best. What is it that could not wait for the morning of such a night as this?"

"There is bad news," replied Mary; "there are letters come from the Ranger. They have attacked a large seaport town on the coast of England, and spread great alarm, though their chief projects were balked. They have fought with an English frigate in the Irish Sea, and taken her captive with some rich prizes. Roger Wallingford was left ashore in Whitehaven. They believe on the ship that he tried to betray his companions and warned the town; but he was badly wounded ashore, and thrown into prison. There is a great rising of the Patriots against Madam Wallingford, who is warned to leave the country. They threatened her very life last night." Mary was standing now, and the bright firelight, sprung afresh, made her look like a red flame. The master made a strange outcry, like a call for hidden help, and looked hastily at the walls of the room about him, as if he sought some old familiar weapons.

"I am going away with her for a time," said Mary, speaking now without any strain or quiver in her voice. "My brother does not need me, since he is with the army, and Mr. Lord knows our

business here, if any be left. Peggy can stand bravely for me in the house. Dear master!" and she came close to the old man's side; her young slender body was almost as tall as his; she put her arm about his neck and drew down his head so that he must look into her upturned face. "Dear master," she said, in a low voice, "you told me once that you still had friends in England, if the worst should come to Roger, and I think now that the worst has come."

"You may bring the horses at once," said the master, turning quickly to Mr. Lord. "Stay, Margery; you must light your old lantern and give it him; and I would wrap you and hold it for him to rub them off with a wisp of thatch, and let them have a mouthful of corn to satisfy their minds."

Mary felt for that one moment as if Hope were like an old frail friend with eyes of living fire; she had known no other father than the master, when all was said. He put her hand gently away from her unconscious clinging hold of his shoulder, and, with a woman's care, took the wet cloak, as he placed her again in his own chair, and spread its dry inner folds to the fire, so that they might warm a little.

Then, without speaking, he went to the shelf of books, and took from one of them a thin packet of papers.

"I am an old man," he said gently. "I have been fearful of all this, and I made ready these things, since it might some day please God to let me die. I heard of the fray last night. You will find letters here that will serve you. Come, warm you now by the fire, and put them in the bosom of your gown. I think you will find them something worth; but if you keep their words in your heart or near it, 't will be far the best. And burn them quick if there is need; but you shall read them first, and send their messages by word of mouth, if need be. Listen to me now; there are a few things left for me to say."

Mary's face was full of a sweet relief; she did not thank him, save with one long look, and put the packet where he had bidden her. She looked into the fire as she listened to his counsels, and suddenly was afraid of tears, the errand being safely done. So she sprang to her feet.

"Forgive me, sir, for this new trouble!"

She spoke with a different impulse and recognition from any she had known before, and looked brave as a young soldier. This was a friend who knew indeed the world whither she was going.

"Why should you not come to me?" asked the master. "'Men were born for the aid and succor of men,'" he added, with a smile. "You have not learned your Rabelais, my little lady."

The horses had come up; they trod the ground outside impatiently. She knelt before the old man humbly, and he blessed her, and when she rose she kissed him like a child, and looked long in his face, and he in hers; then she put on her heavy cloak again, and went out into the rainy night.

Next day, in Portsmouth, Madam Wallingford, pale and stately, and Susan, resolute enough, but strangely apathetic, put off into the harbor from Langdon's wharf. They were accompanied to the shore by many friends, whose hearts were moved at so piteous a sight. When the mistress and maid were safe on the deck of the Golden Dolphin, Mary Hamilton stood there before them; the beauty of her young face was like some heavenly creature's.

"I know that you said last night, when I was for bidding you farewell, that you should see me again. I have been thinking all this morning that you were prevented," whispered Madam Wallingford tenderly. They were long in each other's arms. "I have a few things left to say; it is impossible to remember all proper messages, at such short warning.

Let them keep the boat for Miss Hamilton, until the last moment before we sail," she said to the captain.

"They are heaving up the anchor now," the captain answered. "I do not like to lose this breeze to get us out of the river."

Mary was impatient to speak; she cast a smiling glance at Susan, who wore a timid look, not being used to plots, or to taking instructions from any but her mistress.

"Dear friend," cried Mary then, "you must let me have my way! I could not let you go alone. I tried to think as you bade me, but I could not. I am going with you wherever you may go: I think it is my right. You have short time now to give Susan your last charges,

as I have given mine to Peggy. I stay with you, and Susan goes ashore. Please God, some short weeks or months may see us sailing home again up the river, with our errand well done!"

"I could not stand against them, Madam," and Susan looked more apprehensive than triumphant, though she was grateful to Heaven to be spared a voyage at sea. Her mistress was not one to have her own plans set aside. "I listened well, Madam, to all you said to Rodney and the maids. They are good girls, but they need a head over them. And I could do nothing against Miss Mary: for Peggy, that has a love for great ploys to be going on, and the world turned upside down, has backed her from the first."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(To be continued.)

AN AGE OF INK.

OF all the ages ever known,
Of Brass or Bronze, of Brick or Stone,
The blackest and the worst, I think,
Is this pestiferous Age of Ink.

In volume vast the torrent pours,
Its volumes blocking all outdoors;
And fed and fattened as it flows
With verses scanned and potted prose,
Though all would dam it,—and some do,—
The Deluge still is *après nous*.

Lured to the brink women and men
A moment pause—then dip a pen.

If, deep of keel and broad of beam,
Some mighty monster stem the stream,
Green paths and pastures boys forsake
To founder in the Kipling wake.
And girls!—not gunners nor marines
So swift could flood the magazines.
Through many-storied novelettes
Their hero strides, in pantalets.
Haughty of mien, pallid of brow,
And would be bad—if he knew how.

Pity they've not a special pen, —
 That women must line up with men;
 In the same field they harrow so, —
 She with her Rake, he with his Hoe;
 And wonder wakes with every screeed,
 If all are writing, who's to read?
 "And *you!*" I hear some scribbler say.
 Oh yes, I'm there, — exhibit A.
 But one must live; small is my store;
 A wolf stands darkening the door:
 He must be driven to his den,
 And so I prod him with my pen.
 When children for new grammars cry,
 Can parents stand unheeding by?
 Nay; my pluperfect babes I kiss,
 Then dash off verses much like this.
 If any are my special pride,
 Excursion tickets I provide, —
 That if none else the moral see,
 At least it will come home to me.
 But my envelopes, as their crest,
 Bear never the "return request,"
 That in detail superfluous gives
 The street whereon the Poet lives,
 The door outside of which, elate,
 His Muse a minuet treads in state,
 With broidered skirt and lifted head —
 Inside a cake walk does for bread.
 Though few may know where Sappho sung,
 Or Ossian once his wild harp hung,
 And Homer's birthplace be in doubt,
 My sins and songs soon find me out,
 And with a promptness none would guess
 Turn up, and at the right address.
 If this do not, I'll say and think
 There's one redeeming thing in Ink.

Charles Henry Webb.

MOOSILAUKE.

WHEN a man sets forth on an out-of-door pleasure trip, his prayer is for good weather. If he is going to the mountains, he may well double his urgency. In the mountains, if nowhere else, weather is three fifths of life.

My first run to New Hampshire the

present season (I say "first" by way of encouraging in myself the hope that this early visit may not prove to be the only one) was made under smooth, high clouds, which left the distance clear, so that the mountains stood up grandly beyond the lake as we ran along its western shore.

Not a drop of rain fell till I stepped off the car at Warren. At that moment the world grew suddenly dark, and before I could get into the open carriage the clouds burst, and with a rattling of thunderbolts a deluge of rain and hail fell upon us. There was no contending with such an enemy, though a good woman across the way, seeing our plight, came to the door with offers of an umbrella. I retreated to the station, while the driver hastened down the street to put his team under shelter. So a half hour passed. Then we tried again, and half frozen, in spite of a winter overcoat and everything that goes with it (the date was May 17), I reached my destination, five miles away, at the foot of Moosilauke.

All this would hardly be worth recounting, perhaps (the story of travelers' discomforts being mostly matter for skipping), only that it was the beginning of a cold, rainy "spell" that hung upon us for four days. Four sunless days out of seven seems an unrighteous proportion. The more I consider it, the truer seems the equation just now stated, that mountain weather is three fifths of life. For those four days I did not even see Moosilauke, though I knew by hearsay that the summit house was visible from our back doorstep.

My first brief walk before supper should reasonably have been in the clearer valley country; but if reason spoke I did not hear it, and my feet—which seem to feel that they are old enough by this time to know their master's business—took of their own motion an opposite course, straight toward the mountain forest, up through the cattle pasture, in which, under a pile of logs, the snow lay deep. The woods, from the inside, had the appearance of early March: only the merest sprinkling of new life,—clintonia leaves especially, with here and there a round-leaved violet, both leaves and flowers,—upon a ground still all defaced by the hand of Winter. Dead leaves make an agreeable carpet, as they

rustle cheerfully-sadly under one's feet in autumn; but there was no rustle here; the snow had pressed every leaf flat and left it sodden. One thing was evident: I had not arrived too late. The "bud-crowned spring" was yet to "go forth."

The next morning it was not enough to say that *it* was cloudy. That impersonal expression, as I believe this mode of speech is called, would have been quite inadequate. *We* were cloudy. In short, the cloud was literally around us and upon us. As I went out of doors, a rose-breasted grosbeak was singing in one direction, and a white-throated sparrow in another, both far away in the mist. It was strange that they should sing, thus wrapped in darkness, I was ready to say. But I thought myself that their case was no different from my own. It was comparatively clear just about me, while the fog shut down like a curtain a rod or two away, leaving the rest of the world dark. So every bird stood in a ring of light, and sang to think himself so much better off than all his fellows!

This time I took the downward road, turning to the left, and found myself at once in pleasant woods, with hospitable openings and bypaths; a birdy spot, or I was no prophet, though just now but few voices were to be heard, and those of the commonest. Here stood new-blown anemones, bellworts, and white violets, an early flock, with one painted trillium lording it over them; a small specimen of its kind, but big enough to be king (or shepherd) in such company. A brook, or perhaps two, with the few birds, sang about me, invisible. I knew not whither I was going, and the all-embracing cloud deepened the mystery. Soon the road took a sudden dip, and a louder noise filled my ears. I was coming to a river? Yes, I was presently on the bridge, with a raging mountain torrent, eighty feet, perhaps, underneath, foaming against the boulders; a bare, perpendicular cliff on one side, and perpendicular spruces and hemlocks draping a similar cliff on

the other side. It was Baker's River, I was told afterward, — the same that I had looked at here and there from the car window. It was good to see it so young and exuberant; but even a young river need not have been in such haste, I thought. It would get to the sawmills soon enough, and by and by would learn, too late, that it is only a short course to the sea.

Once over the bridge, the road climbed quickly out of the narrow gorge, and at the first turn brought me in sight of a small painted house, with a small orchard of thrifty-looking small trees behind it. Here a venerable collie came running forth to bark at the stranger, but yielded readily to the usual blandishments, and after sniffing again and again at my heels, just to make sure of knowing me the next time, went back, contented, to lie down in his old place before the windows. He was the only person that spoke to me — the only one I met — during the forenoon, though I spent the whole of it on the highway.

Another patch of woods, where a distant Canadian nuthatch is calling (strange how I love that nasal, penetrating voice, whose quality my reasoning taste condemns), and I see before me another house, standing in broad acres of cleared land. This one is not painted, and, as I presently make out, is uninhabited, its old tenant gone, dead or discouraged, and no new one looked for; an "abandoned farm," such as one grows used to seeing in our northern country. It is beautiful for situation, one of those sightly places which the city-worn passer-by in a mountain wagon pitches upon at once as just the place he should like to buy and retire to — *some day*; in that autumn of golden leisure of which, now and then,

"When all his active powers are still,"

he has a pleasing vision. Oh yes, he means to do something of that kind — *some day*; and even while he talks of

it he knows that "*some day*" is "*next day after never*."

A few happy barn swallows go skimming over the grass, and a pair of robins and a pair of bluebirds seem to be at home in the orchard; which they like none the worse, we may be sure, — the bluebirds, at least, — because, along with the house and the barn, it is falling into decay. What are apple trees for, but to grow old and become usefully hollow? Otherwise they would be no better than so many beeches or butternuts. It is impossible but that every creature should look at the world through its own eyes; and no bluebird ever ate an apple. A purple finch warbles ecstasically, a white-throated sparrow whistles in the distance, and now and then, from far down the slope, I catch the notes of a hermit thrush.

A man grows thoughtful, not to say sentimental, in such a place, surrounded by fields on which so many years of human labor have been spent, so much ploughing and harrowing, planting and reaping, now given up again to nature. Here was the garden patch, its outlines still traceable. Here was the well. Long lines of stone wall still separate the mowing land from the pasturage; and scattered over the fields are heaps of boulders, thrown together thus to get them out of the grass's way. About the edges of every pile, and sometimes through the midst of it, have sprung up a few shrubs, — shadbushes, cherries, willows, and the like. Here they escape the scythe, as we are all trying to do. "Give us room that we may dwell!" — so these children of Zion cry. It is the great want of seeds, so many millions of which go to waste annually in every acre, — a place in which to take root and (harder yet) to keep it. And the birds, too, find the boulder heaps a convenience. I watch a savanna sparrow as he flits from one to another, stopping to sing a strain or two from each. Even this humble, almost voiceless artist needs a

stage or platform. The lowliest sparrow ever hatched has some rudiments of a histrionic faculty; and it is hard to do one's best without posing a little.

What further uses these humble stone heaps may serve I do not know; no doubt they shelter many insects; but it is encouraging to think how few things a farmer can do that will not be of benefit to others beside himself. Surely the man who piled these boulders for the advantage of his hay crop never expected them to serve as a text for preaching.

The cloud drops again, and is at its old tricks of exaggeration. A bird that I take for a robin turns out to be a sparrow. Did it look larger because it seemed to be farther away? Or is it seen now as it really is, my vision not being deceived, but rather corrected of an habitual error? The fog makes for me a newer and stranger world, at any rate; I am farther from home because of it; another day's travel would scarcely have done more for me. And for all that, I am not sorry when it rises again, and the hills come out. How beautiful they are! They will hardly be more so, I think, when the June foliage replaces the square miles of bare boughs which now give them a blue-purple tint, interrupted here and there by patches of new yellow-green poplar leaves—a veritable illumination, sun-bright even in this sunless weather—or a few sombre evergreens.

I am going nowhere, although I have discovered by this time that the road, if it were followed far enough, would take me over Mount Cushman to North Woodstock. Cumbered with wet-weather garments as I am, that would be too long a jaunt. I shall walk till I turn back, and am contented to have it so. As I get away from the farm, the mountain woods on either side of me seem to be filled with something like a chorus of rose-breasted grosbeaks. Except for a few days at Highlands, North Carolina, some years ago, I have never seen so

many together. A grand migratory wave of them must have broken on the mountains within a night or two. As far as music is concerned, they have the field mostly to themselves, though a grouse beats his drum at short intervals, and now and then a white-throat whistles. There is no bird's voice to which a fog is more becoming, I say to myself, with a pleasing sense of having said something new. To my thinking, the white-throat should always be a good distance away (perhaps because in the mountains one grows accustomed to hearing him so); and the fog puts him there, with no damage to the fullness of his tone.

Looking at the flowers along the wayside,—a few yellow violets and a patch of spring-beauties, and little else,—I notice what seems to be a miniature forest of curious tiny plants growing in the gutter. At first I see only the upright, whitish stalks, an inch or two in height, each bearing at the top a globular brown knob. Afterward I discover that the stalks, which, examined more closely, have a crystalline, glassy appearance, spring from a leaf-like or lichen-like growth, lying prostrate upon the wet soil. The plant is a liverwort, or scale-moss, of some kind, I suppose (but this is guesswork), and may be a *Pellia*, to judge from the plate in Gray's Manual. Whatever it is, it is growing here by the mile. How few are the things we see! And of those we see, how few there are concerning which we have any real knowledge,—enough, even, to use words about them! (When a man can do that concerning any class of natural objects, no matter what they are or what he says about them, he passes with the crowd for a scholar, or at the very least for a "close observer.") But to tell the shameful truth, my mood just now is not inquisitive. I should like to know? Yes; but I can get on without knowing. There are worse things than ignorance. Let this plant be what it will. I should be little the wiser for being able to name

it. I have no body of facts to which to attach this new one; and unrelated knowledge is almost the same as no knowledge at all. At best it is quickly forgotten. So my indolence excuses itself.

The road begins to climb rather sharply. Unless I am going to the top and beyond, I have gone far enough. So I turn my back upon the mountain; and behold, the cloud having lifted again, there, straight before me down the road and across the valley, is the house from which I set out, almost or quite the only one in sight. After all, I have gone but a little way, though I have been long about it; for I have hardly begun my return before I find myself again approaching the abandoned farm. Downhill miles are short. Here a light shower comes on, and I raise my umbrella. Then follows a grand excitement among a flock of sheep, whose day, perhaps, needs enlivening as badly as my own. They gaze at the umbrella, start away upon the gallop, stop again to look ("There are forty looking like one," I say to myself, smiling at my propensity for quoting Wordsworth), and are again struck with panic. This time they scamper down the field out of sight. Another danger escaped! Shepherds, it is evident, are not so effeminate as to carry umbrellas. Probably they do not wear spectacles, — happy men, — and so are not in danger of being blinded by a few drops of moisture.

Two heifers are of a more confiding disposition, coming close to look at the stranger as he sits on the doorsill of the old barn. Their curiosity concerning me is perhaps about as lively as mine was touching the supposed liverworts. Like me they stand and consider, but betray no unmannerly eagerness. "Who is he, I wonder?" they might be saying. "I never saw him before." But their jaws still move mechanically, and their beautiful eyes are full of a peaceful satisfaction. A cud must be a great

alleviation to the temper. With such a perennial sedative, how could any one ever be fretted into nervous prostration? As a matter of fact, I believe that cows never suffer from that most distressing malady. The secret of health and happiness is to be always employed, but never hurried. I have seen chewers of gum who seemed to have learned the cows' lesson.

While the heifers are still making up their minds about me I turn to examine a couple of white-crowned sparrows, male and female, — I wonder if they really are a couple? — feeding before the house. I hope the species is to prove common here. Three birds were behind the hotel before breakfast, and one of them sang. The quaint little medley, sparrow song and warbler song in one, is still something of an event with me, I have heard it so seldom and like it so well; and whether the birds sing or not, they are musical to look at.

When I approach the painted house, on my way homeward, the fat old collie comes running out again, barking. This time, however, he takes but one sniff. He has made a mistake, and realizes it at once. "Oh, excuse me," he says quite plainly. "I did n't recognize you. You're the same old codger. I ought to have known." And he is so confused and ashamed that he runs away without waiting to make up.

It is a great mortification to a gentlemanly dog to find himself at fault in this way. I remember another collie, much younger than this one, with whom I once had a minute or two of friendly intercourse. Then, months afterward, I went again by the house where he lived, and he came dashing out with all fierceness, as if he would rend me in pieces. I let him come (there was nothing else to do, or nothing else worth doing), but the instant his nose struck me he saw his error. Then, in a flash, he dropped flat on the ground, and literally licked my shoes. There was no at-

titude abject enough to express the depth of his humiliation. And then, like the dog of this morning, he jumped up, and ran with all speed back to his doorstep.

Another descent into the gorge of Baker's River, and another stop on the bridge (how gloriously the water comes down!), and I am again in the pretty, broken woods below the hotel. Here my attention is attracted by an almost prostrate but still vigorous yellow birch, like the one that stood for so many years by the road below the Profile House, in the Franconia Notch. Somehow the tree got a strong slant in its youth, and has always kept it, while the branches have all grown straight upward, at right angles with the parent trunk, as if each were trying to be a tree on its own account. The Franconia Notch specimen became a landmark, and was really of no small service; a convenience to the hotel proprietors, and a means of health to idle boarders, who needed an incentive to exercise. "Come, let's walk down to the bent tree," one would say to another. The average American cannot stroll; he has never learned; if he puts his legs in motion, he must go to some fixed point, though it be only a milestone or a huckleberry bush. The infirmity is most likely congenital, a taint in the blood. The fathers worked, — all honor to them, — having to earn their bread under hard conditions; and the children, though they may dress like the descendants of princes, cannot help turning even their amusements into a stint.

And the sapient critic? Well, instead of carrying a fishing rod or walking to a bent tree, he had come out with an opera glass, and had made of his morning jaunt a bird-cataloguing expedition. Considered in that light, the trip had not been a brilliant success. In my whole forenoon I had seen and heard but twenty-eight species. If I had stayed in my low-country village, and walked half as far, I should have seen

twice as many. But I should not have enjoyed myself one quarter as well.

The next day and the next were rainy, with Moosilauke still invisible. Then came a morning of sunshine and clear atmosphere. So far it was ideal mountain weather; but the cold wind was so strong at our level that it was certain to be nothing less than a hurricane at the top. I waited, therefore, twenty-four hours longer. Then, at quarter before seven on the morning of May 23, I set out. I am as careful of my dates, it seems, as if I had been starting for the North Pole. And why not? The importance of an expedition depends upon the spirit in which it is undertaken. Nothing is of serious consequence in this world except as subjective considerations make it so. Even the North Pole is only an imaginary point, the end of an imaginary line, as old geographies used to inform us, pleonastically, — as if "position without dimensions," a something without length, breadth, or thickness, could be other than imaginary. I started, then, at quarter before seven. Many years ago I had been taken up the mountain road in a carriage; now I would travel it on foot, spending at least an hour upon each of its five miles, and so see something of the mountain itself, as well as of the prospect from the summit.

The miles, some longer, some shorter, as I thought (a not unpleasant variety, though the fourth stage was excessively spun out, it seemed to me, perhaps to make it end at the spring), are marked off by guideboards, so that the newcomer need not fall into the usual disheartening mistake of supposing himself almost at the top before he has gone halfway. As for the first mile, which must measure near a mile and a half, and which ends just above the "second brook" (every mountain path has its natural waymarks), I had been over it twice within the last few days, so that the edge of my curiosity was dulled; but,

with one excuse and another, I managed easily enough to give it its full hour. For one thing, a hairy woodpecker detained me five or ten minutes, putting such tremendous vigor into his hammering that I was positively certain (with a shade of uncertainty, nevertheless, such as all "observers" will understand; there is nothing so true as a paradox) that he must be a *pileatus*, till at last he showed himself. "Well, well," said I, "guessing is a poor business." It was well I had stayed by. The forest was so nearly deserted, so little animated, that I felt under obligation to the fellow for every stroke of his mallet. Though a man goes to the wood for silence, his ear craves some natural noises, — enough, at least, to make the stillness audible.

The second mile is of steeper grade than the first, and toward the close brought me suddenly to a place unlike anything that had gone before. I named it at once the Flower Garden. For an acre, or, more likely, for two or three acres, the ground — a steep, sunny exposure — was covered with plants in bloom: Dutchman's-breeches (*Dicentra cucullaria*), — bunches of heart-shaped, cream-white flowers with yellow facings, looking for all the world as if they had been planted there; round-leaved violets in profusion; white violets (*blanda*); spring-beauties; adder's-tongue (dog's-tooth violet); and painted trillium. A pretty show; pretty in itself, and a thousand times prettier for being come upon thus unexpectedly, after two hours of woods that were almost as dead as winter.

Only a little way above this point were the first beds of snow; and henceforward till I came out upon the ridge, two miles above, the woods were mostly filled with it, though there was little in the road. About this time, also, I began to notice a deer's track. He had descended the road within a few hours, as I judged, or since the last rainfall, and might have been a two-legged, or even a one-legged

animal, so far as his footsteps showed. I should rather have seen *him*, but the hoofprints were much better than nothing; and undoubtedly I saw them much longer than I could possibly have seen the maker of them, and so got out of them more of companionship. They were with me for two hours, — clean up to the ridge, and part way across it.

Somewhere between the third and fourth mileboards I stopped short with an exclamation. There, straight before me, over the long eastern shoulder of Moosilauke, beyond the big Jobildunk Ravine, loomed or floated a shining snow-white mountain top. Nothing could have been more beautiful. It was the crest of Mount Washington, I assumed, though even with the aid of a glass I could make out no sign of buildings, which must have been matted with new-fallen snow. I took its identity for granted, I say. The truth is, I became badly confused about it afterward, such parts of the range as came into view having an unfamiliar aspect; but later still, on arriving at the summit, found that my first idea had been correct.

That sudden, heavenly apparition gave me one of those minutes that are good as years. Once, indeed, in early October, I had seen Mount Washington when it was more resplendent: freshly snow-covered throughout, and then, as the sun went down, lighted up before my eyes with a rosy glow, brighter and brighter, till the mountain seemed all on fire within. But even that unforgettable spectacle had less of unearthly beauty, was less a work of pure enchantment, I thought, than this detached, fleecy-looking piece of aerial whiteness, cloud stuff or dream stuff, yet whiter than any cloud, lying at rest yonder, almost at my own level, against the deep blue of the forenoon sky.

All this while, the birds, which had been few from the start, — black-throated greens and blues, Blackburnians, oven-birds, a bay-breast, blue yellow-backs, sis-

kins, Swainson thrushes, a blue-headed vireo, winter wrens, rose-breasted grosbeaks, chickadees, grouse, and snowbirds, — had grown fewer and fewer, till at last, among these stunted, low-branched spruces, with the snow under them, there was little else but an occasional myrtle warbler ("The brave myrtle," I kept saying to myself), with its musical, soft trill, so out of place, — the voice of peaceful green valleys rather than of stormy mountain tops, — yet so welcome. Once a gray-checked thrush called just above me. These impenetrable upper woods are the gray-cheeks' summer home, — a good one; but I heard nothing of their wild music, and doubted whether they had yet arrived in full summer force.

It was past eleven o'clock when I came out at the clearing by the woodpile, with half the world before me. From this point it was but a little way to the bare ridge connecting the South Peak — up the shoulder of which I had been trudging all the forenoon — and the main summit. This, with its little hotel, which looked as if it were in danger of sliding off the mountain northward, was straight before me across the ravine, a long but easy mile away.

On the ridge I found myself all at once in something like a gale of ice-cold wind. Who could have believed it? It was well I had brought a sweater; and my next move must be to put it on. A lucky clump of low evergreens not far ahead offered me shelter. There, squatting behind the trees, I took off my hat, my coat, and my spectacles (the last with special precautions, having broken my only spare ones two days before), and wormed my way into the most comfortable of all garments for such a place, — as good, at least, as two overcoats. Now let the wind whistle, especially as it was at my back, and was bearing me triumphantly up the slope. So I thought, bravely enough, till the trail took a sudden shift, and the gale caught me on an-

other tack. Then I sang out of the other corner of my mouth, as I used to hear country people say. I no longer boasted, but saved my breath for better use.

Wind or no wind, it is an exhilaration to walk here above the world. Once a bird chirps to me timidly from the knee-wood close by. I answer him, and out peeps a white-throat. "*You here!*" he says. "So early!" At my feet is plenty of Greenland sandwort, — faded, winter-worn, gray-green tufts, packed among the small boulders. Whatever lives here must sit low and hang on. And with it is the shiny-leaved mountain cranberry, — *Vaccinium Vitis-Idæa*. Let me never omit that pretty name. Neither cranberry nor sandwort shows any sign of blossom or bud as yet; but it is good to know that they will both be ready when the clock strikes. I can see them now, pink and white, just as they will look in July, — nay, just as they will look a thousand years hence.

Again my course alters, and the wind lets me lean back upon it as it lifts me forward. Who says we are growing old? The years, as they pass, may turn and look at us meaningly, as if to say, "You have lived long enough;" yet even to us the climbing of a mountain road (though by this time it must be a road, or something like it) is still only the putting of one foot before the other.

So I come at last to the top, and make haste to get into the lee of the house, which is tightly barred, of course, just as its owners left it seven or eight months ago. The wind chases me round the corners, one after another; but by searching I discover a nook where it can hit me no more than half the time. Here I sit and look at the mountains, — a glorious company: Mount Washington and its fellows, with all their higher parts white; the sombre mass of the Twins on this side of them; and, nearer still, the long, sharp, purple crest of dear old Lafayette and his southern neighbors. So many I can name. The rest are moun-

tains only ; a wilderness of heaped-up, forest-covered land ; a prospect to dilate the soul.

My expectation has been to stay here for two hours or more ; but the wind is merciless, and after going out over the broad, bare, boulder-sprinkled summit till I can see down into Franconia (which looks pretty low and pretty far off, though I make out certain of the buildings clearly enough), I begin to feel that I shall enjoy the sight of my eyes better from some sheltered position on the upper part of the road. Even on the ridge, however, I take advantage of every tuft of spruces to stand still for a bit, looking especially at the mountain itself, so big, so bare, and so solid : East Peak, South Peak, and *the* Peak, as they are called, although neither of them is in the slightest degree peaked, with the great gulf of Jobildunk—in which Baker's River rises—wedged between them. If the word Moosilauke means a "bald place," as it is said to do, then we have here another proof of the North American Indian's genius for fitting words to things.¹

Even to-day, windy and cold as it is, a butterfly passes over now and then (mostly red admirals), and smaller insects flit carelessly about. Insects are capable mountaineers, as I have often noticed. The only time I was ever on the sharp point of Mount Adams, where my companion and I had barely room to stand together, the air about our heads was black with insects of all sorts and sizes, a veritable cloud ; and when we unscrewed the Appalachian Club's brass bottle to sign the roll of visitors, we found that the signers before us, after putting down a date and their names, had added, "Plenty of bugs." And surely I was never pestered worse by black flies than once, years ago, on this very summit of Moosilauke. All the hours of a long, breathless, tropical July

day they made life miserable for me. Better a thousand times such a frosty, man-compelling wind as I am now fleeing from.

Once off the ridge, I can loosen my hat and sit down in comfort. The sun is good. How incredible it seems that the air is so furiously in motion only fifty rods back ! Here it is like Elysium. And almost I believe that this limited prospect is better than the grander sweep from the summit itself,—less distracting and more restful. So half a loaf may be better than a whole one, if a man cannot be contented without trying to eat the whole one. A white-throat and a myrtle warbler sing to me as I nibble my sandwich. They are the loftiest spirits, it seems. I take off my hat to them.

Already I am down far enough to hear the sound of running water ; and every rod brings a new mountain into view from behind the long East Peak. One of the best of them all is cone-shaped Kearsarge, topped with its house. Now the white crest of Washington rises upon me,—snow with the sun on it ; and here, by the fourth mileboard, are a few pale-bright spring-beauties,—five or six blossoms only. They have found a bit of earth from which the snow melted early, and here they are, true to their name, with the world about them all a wintry desolation. If it is time for myrtle warblers, why not for them ? Now I see not only Washington, but the mountains with it, all strangely foreshortened, so as to give the highest peak a most surprising preëminence. No wonder I was in doubt what to call it. In days past I have walked that whole ridge, from Clinton to Adams ; and glad I am to remember it. A man should do such things while he can, letting his heart cheer him.

A turn in the road, and straight below eracy which follows the white man's addiction to the punning habit.

¹ And if New Hampshire people will call the mountain "Moose Hillock," as, alas, they will, then we have here another proof of the degen-

me lies my deserted farmhouse. Another turn, and I lose it. In ascending a mountain we face the path; in descending we face the world. I say this because at this moment I am looking down a charming vista, — forest-covered mountains, row beyond row. But for the gravel under my feet I might be a thousand miles from any human habitation. Presently a Swainson thrush whistles. By that token I am getting away from the summit, though the world is still all wintry, with no sign of bud or blossom.

And look! What is that far below me, facing up the road? A four-footed animal of some kind. A bear? No; I raise my glass, and see a porcupine. He has his mobile, sensitive nose to the ground, and continues to smell, and perhaps to feed, as I draw nearer and nearer. By and by, being very near, and still unworthy of the creature's notice, I roll a stone toward him. At this he shows a gleam of interest. He sits up, folds his hands, — or puts his fore paws together over his breast, — looks at me, and then waddles a few steps toward the upper side of the road. "I must be getting out of this," he seems to think. But he reconsiders his purpose, comes back, sits on end again and folds his hands; and then, the reconnaissance being satisfactory, falls to smelling the ground as before. I can see the tips of his nostrils twitching. There must be something good under them. Meantime, with my glass up, I come closer and closer, till I am right upon him. If porcupines can shoot, I must be in danger of a quill. Another step or two, and he waddles to the lower side of the road. He is a vacillating body, however; and once more he turns to sit up and fold his hands. This time I hear him rattling his teeth, but not very fiercely, — nothing to compare with the sound of an angry woodchuck; and at last, when I cluck to him, he hastens his steps a little, as much, perhaps, as a porcupine can, and disappears in the brush,

dragging his ridiculous, sloping, straw-thatched hinder parts — a combination of lean-to and L — after him. He has never cultivated speed or decision of character, having a better defense. So far as appearances go, he is certainly an odd one.

There are no blossoms yet, nor any promise of any, but once in a while a bright Atalanta (red admiral) butterfly flits before me. I wonder if I could capture one by the old schoolboy method? I am moved to try; but my best effort — not very determined, it must be confessed — ends in failure. The creature gets away without difficulty, though she drops no golden apples.

At last I come to a few adder's-tongues, the first flowers since the five or six spring-beauties a mile and a half back. I am approaching the Flower Garden, it appears. Here is a most lovely bank of yellow violets, a hundred or two together, a real bed of them. Nobody ever saw anything prettier. Here, also, is the showy purple trillium, not so badly overgrown as it sometimes is, in addition to all the flowers that I noticed on the ascent. A garden indeed. I pull up a root of Dutchman's-breeches, and sit down to examine the cluster of rice-like pink kernels at the base of the stem. Excellent fodder they must make for animals of some kind. "Squirrel-corn" is an apt name, I think, though I believe it is applied, not to this species, but to its relative, *Dicentra Canadensis*.

The whole plant is uncommonly clean-looking and pretty, with its pale, finely cut leaves and its delicate, waxy bloom; but looking at it, and then at a bank of round-leaved violets opposite, I say once more, "Those are *my* flowers." Something in the shade of color is most exactly to my taste. The very sight of them gladdens me like sunshine. But before I get out of the garden, as I am in no haste to do (if it was attractive this morning, it is doubly so now, after those miles of snow banks), I am near to

changing my mind ; for suddenly, as my eye follows the border of the road, it falls upon a small blue violet, the first one of that color that I have seen since my arrival at Moosilauke. It must be my long-desired *Selkirkii*, I say to myself, and down I go to look at it. Yes, it is not leafy-stemmed, the petals are not bearded, and the leaves are unlike any I have ever seen. I take it up, root and all, and search carefully till I find one more. If it is *Selkirkii*, as I feel sure it is,¹ then I am happy. This is the one species of our eastern North American violets that I have never picked. It completes my set. And it is especially good to find it here, where I was not in the least expecting it. With the two specimens in my pocket I trudge the remaining two miles in high spirits. The violets are no newer to me than the liverwort specimens on Mount Cushman were, but they have the incompa-

nable advantage of things long looked for, — things for the lack of which, so to speak, a pigeonhole in the mind has stood vacant. Blessed are they who want something, for when they get it they will be glad.

The weather below had been warm and still, a touch of real summer. So said the people at the hotel ; and I knew it already ; for, as I came through the cattle pasture, I saw below me a new, strange-looking, brightly illuminated grove of young birches. "Were those trees there this morning?" I thought. A single day had covered them with sunny, yellow-green leaves, till the change was like a miracle. Indeed, it *was* a miracle. May the spring never come when I shall fail to feel it so. Then I looked back at the summit. Was it there, no farther away than that, that so icy a wind chased me about? — or had I been in Greenland?

Bradford Torrey.

MANDELL CREIGHTON, BISHOP OF LONDON.

IN heroic times, when a monarch was about to make a solemn adventure into strange dominions, he chose one of the wisest and noblest of his subjects, and sent him forward as a herald. Those who indulge such fancies may have seen a mysterious revival of this custom in the fate which removed the admirable Bishop of London exactly eight days before his Queen was called upon to take the same dread journey. If ceremonial had demanded, at the approach of such an event, a sacrifice of the most honored, the most valued, the most indispensable, many alternatives would have occurred to those on whom the wretched duty of choice would have fall-

en, but it is certain that among the first half dozen of such precious names would have been found that of a churchman, Mandell Creighton. His wholesome virtues, his indefatigable vigor, the breadth of his sympathy, the strenuous activity of his intellect, pointed him out as the man who more than any other seemed destined to justify the ways of the national church in the eyes of modern thought, the ecclesiastic who more than any other would continue to conciliate the best and keenest secular opinion.

In Creighton, in short, a real prince of the Church seemed to be approaching the ripeness of his strength. He seemed preparing to spend the next quarter of a century in leading a huge and motley flock more or less safely into tolerably green pastures. Here,

¹ And so it was ; for though I felt sure, I wanted to be sure, and submitted it to an expert.

then, we thought we had found, what we so rarely see in England, a political prelate of the first rank. With all this were combined gifts of a literary and philosophical order, a lambent wit, a nature than which few have been known more generous or affectionate, and a constitution which seemed to defy the years. No wonder, then, if Creighton had begun to take his place as one of the most secure and precious of contemporary institutions. In the fullness of his force, at the height of his intellectual meridian, he has suddenly dropped out of the sky. And with all the sorrow that we feel is mingled the homely poignancy of a keen disappointment.

I.

Mandell Creighton was the son of Robert Creighton, timber merchant of Carlisle, and of Sarah Mandell, his wife. On both sides he came of sound Cumberland stock. He was born at Carlisle, on the 5th of July, 1843. He went to school at Durham, and in 1862 he was elected "postmaster" of Merton College, Oxford; that is to say, a scholar supported on the foundation. He spent the next thirteen years at the university; and this period forms one of the most important of the sharply marked stages into which Creighton's life was divided. Oxford, Embleton, Cambridge, Peterborough, London, — it is very seldom that the career of a modern man is subdivided by such clean sword cuts through the texture of his personal habits. But it was the earliest of these stages which really decided the order and character of the others. It is easy to think of a Creighton who was never Bishop of Peterborough; it is already becoming difficult to recollect at all clearly the one who was Dixie Professor at Cambridge. But to think of Creighton and not think of Oxford is impossible. From the beginning of his career to the close of it he exhaled the spirit of that university.

Those who knew Creighton as Bishop

of London may feel that they knew him as a young tutor at Oxford. Those whose friendship with him goes back further than mine tell me that as quite a young undergraduate he had exactly the same manner that we became accustomed to later. He never changed in the least essential matter; he grew in knowledge and experience, indeed, but the character was strongly sketched in him from the very first. Boys are quick in their instinctive observation, and almost as a freshman Creighton was dubbed "the Professor." At Merton they were fond of nicknames, and they liked them short; it followed that the future Bishop of London, during his undergraduate days, was known among his intimates as "the P." He wore glasses, and they gleamed already with something of the flash that was to become so famous. In those earliest days, when other boys were largely playing the fool, Creighton was instinctively practicing to play the teacher. Already, indeed, he was scholastic in the habit of his mind, although never, I think, what could, with even an undergraduate's exaggeration, be styled "priggish." I have heard of the zeal with which, at a very early age, quite secretly and unobtrusively, he would help lame (and presumably idle) dogs over educational stiles. He was not a cricketer, but he took plenty of strenuous exercise in the form of walking and rowing. He sought glory in the Merton boat, and it is still remembered that he was an ornament to a certain nautical club, composed of graduates, and called the Ancient Mariners. But the maniacal lovers of athletic exercise can never quote Creighton as one of their examples.

When he became a don — fellow and tutor of his college — the real life of Creighton began. The chrysalis broke, and the academic butterfly appeared. With a certain small class of men at Merton he was, I believe, for a very short time, unpopular. It was a college

illustrious for the self-abandonment of high spirits, and Creighton had a genius for discipline. But he was very soon respected, and his influence over each of his particular pupils was tremendous. It is interesting to note that while everybody speaks of Creighton's "influence" over himself or others, no one ever seems to recall any "influence" from without acting upon Creighton. As to the undergraduates brought under his care from 1866 onwards, there is probably not one surviving who does not recollect the young tutor with respect, and few who do not look back upon him with affection. As a disciplinarian he was quick and firm; he was no martinet, but the men under his charge soon understood that they must work hard and behave themselves. From each he would see that he got the best there was to give.

He had great courage; it was always one of his qualities. One of the most remarkable exhibitions of it, I think, was his custom — while he was a fellow at Merton, and afterwards when he was professor at Cambridge — of holding informal meeting in his rooms, at which he allowed any species of historical conundrum to be put to him, and enforced himself to give a reasonable answer to it. The boys would try to pose him, of course; would grub up out-of-the-way bits of historical erudition. Creighton was always willing "to face the music," and I have never heard of his being drawn into any absurd position. Few pundits of a science would be ready to undergo such a searching test of combined learning and common sense.

Of Creighton's particular pupils, in those early days, two at least were destined to hold positions of great prominence. In none of the obituary notices of the Bishop of London, so far as I saw, were his interesting relations with Lord Randolph Churchill so much as mentioned. A few months after Creighton was placed on the governing body of Merton, Lord Randolph made his ap-

pearance there as an undergraduate. He was conspicuous, in those days, as an unpromising type of the rowdy nobleman. Nobody, not even his own family, believed in a respectable future for him; but Creighton, with that singular perspicacity which was one of his more remarkable characteristics, divined better things in Lord Randolph at once. A friend was once walking with the tutor of Merton, when down the street came swaggering and strutting, with a big nosegay at his buttonhole and a mustache curled skywards, Lord Randolph Churchill, dressed, as they say, "to kill." The friend could not resist a gesture of disdain. but Creighton said: "You are like everybody else: you think he is an awful ass! You are wrong: he is n't. You will see that he will have a brilliant future, and what's more definite, a brilliant political future. See whether my prophecy does n't turn out true." All through the period of Lord Randolph Churchill's amazing harvest of wild oats Creighton continued to believe in him. I recollect challenging his faith in 1880, when Lord Randolph was covering himself, after his second election for Woodstock, with ridicule. He replied: "You think all this preposterous conduct is mere folly? You are wrong: it is only the fermentation of a very remarkable talent." Of course he was right; and as he lived to rejoice in the rush of his meteor heavenwards, he lived to lament the earthward tumble of all the sparks and sticks. Another undergraduate of eminence, to whose care Creighton was specially appointed, was the Queen's youngest son, Leopold, Duke of Albany, to whom he gave private lessons in history and literature, and over whose mind he exercised a highly beneficial influence. It was Prince Leopold who first introduced Creighton's name to the Queen, and started her interest in his ecclesiastical career.

It was not until he became a don at

Merton, in 1866, that Creighton really formed a group of intimate friends. Then, immediately, his talents and his conversation opened to him the whole circle of the best minds of Oxford. No one could be more attractive in such a society. His affectionate nature and his very fresh and vigorous intellect made him the most delightful of companions, and he was preserved by a certain inherent magnanimity from the pettiness which sometimes afflicts university coteries. From the very first it was understood that he would be an historian (although, by the irony of examinations, he had gained only a "second-class" in modern history), but it was not clearly seen how this obvious native bent would be made to serve a profession. Suddenly, to everybody's great surprise, in 1870 he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1873. The reasons which led him to take so unexpected a step have been frequently the subject of conjecture. I shall presently, in endeavoring to form a portrait of his character, return to a consideration of this most interesting and important question.

He was now, at the age of thirty, one of the most individual types which Oxford, then abounding in men of character, could offer to the observation of a visitor. He was already one of the features of the society; he was, perhaps, more frequently and freely discussed than any other Oxonian of his years. He was too strong a man to be universally approved of: the dull thought him paradoxical, the solemn thought him flippant; already there was the whisper abroad that he was "not a spiritually minded man." But the wise and the good, if they sometimes may have doubted his gravity, never doubted his sincerity; nor would there be many ready to denounce their own appreciation of good company by declaring his conversation anything but most attractive.

It was soon after he became a priest

—it was in the early summer of 1874—that I first met Creighton. I was on a visit to Walter Pater and his sisters, who were then residing in the suburbs of Oxford, in Bradmore Road. To luncheon on Sunday came a little party of distinguished guests,—Henry Smith and his sister, Max Müller, Bonamy Price (I think), and lastly Mr. and Mrs. Creighton; for he had married two years before this. Much the youngest person present, I kept an interested silence; most of the talk, indeed, being fitted for local consumption, and, to one who knew little of Oxford, scarcely intelligible. During the course of the meal, at which Creighton scintillated with easy mastery, I caught his hawk's eye fall upon me once or twice; and when it was over, and the ladies had left us, he quitted his own friends, and coming over to me proposed a walk in the garden. I cannot say that this brilliant clergyman, of doubtful age and intimidating reputation, was quite the companion I should have ventured to choose. But we descended on to the greensward; and as, through that long golden afternoon, we walked up and down the oblong garden, I gave myself more and more unreservedly to the charm of my magnetic companion, to his serious wit and whimsical wisdom, to the directness of his sympathy, and to the firmness of his grasp of the cord of life. I was conscious of an irresistible intuition that this was one of the best as well as one of the most remarkable men whom I was ever likely to meet; and our friendship began in that hour.

II.

From the first it seemed inevitable to count Creighton among men of letters, and yet the outward evidence of his literary life was very scanty to the close of his Oxford period. In all his spare time he was preparing for his future work, and perhaps he was already publishing anonymously some of his papers; but the fact remains that his

name did not appear on a title-page until he was leaving Oxford, in 1875. I fancy that the difficulty he found in concentrating his attention on literature was one of several reasons which so suddenly took him to Northumberland in that year. He had already begun to plan his *magnum opus*, The History of the Papacy, but he was struck with the impossibility of combining the proper composition of such a work with the incessant duties of a college tutor. Hence, to most people's intense surprise, it was one day abruptly announced that Creighton had accepted the remote vicarage of Embleton. He had given no one an opportunity of advising him against the step, but it was known that he had strengthened his determination by taking counsel with Henry Smith. That wisest of men had urged upon him the necessity, if he was to enlarge his sphere of activity, and to rise to a really commanding position in the Church, of his seeing the other side of clerical life, the parochial. With the academic side Creighton was sufficiently familiar; what he needed now was the practically pastoral. Those who lamented that he should be snatched from the gardens and classrooms of Oxford, and from their peripatetic ingenuities, had to realize that their charming friend was a very strong man, predestined to do big things, and that the time had come when solitude and fixity were needful for his spiritual development.

So Creighton went off to Embleton; and one remembers the impression among his friends that it was something worse for them, in the way of exile, than Tomi could have been for the companions of Ovid. But there was a great deal to mitigate the horrors of exile. In the first place, Embleton was the best of all the livings in the gift of Merton College, and in many respects delightful, socially as well as physically. The vicarage was a very pleasant house, nested in tall trees, which were all the more precious because of the general bareness

and bleakness of the gray Northumbrian landscape. A mile away to the east, broadly ribboned by rolling lion-colored sands, is the sea, — the troubled Euxine of those parts, — with a splendid ruin, the keep of Dunstanborough Castle, crouching on a green crag. To the west, dreary flat lands are bounded, toward evening and on clear mornings, by the far-away jags of the Cheviot Hills. On the whole, it is a bright, hard, tonical country, lacking the voluptuous beauties of the south, but full of attraction to a strong and rapid man. It is a land but little praised, although it has had one ardent lover in Mr. Swinburne, that "flower of bright Northumberland," that "sea bird of the loud sea strand," who sings the strenuous Tale of Balm. It always seemed to me that this landscape, this bleak and austere Northumbrian vigor, exactly suited the genius of Creighton. It made a background to him, at all events; and if I paint his full-length portrait in my mind's eye, it is always with the tawny sands and dark gray waters of Embleton Bay against that falcon's head of his.

The social attractions of the Northumbrian parish were singularly many. Creighton found himself in the centre of a bouquet of county families, not a few of which preserved in the present the fine traditions of a long hospitable past. The county called, of course, on the new vicar, and was not slow to discover that he was a man of power and charm. But there were two of the acquaintances so formed which ripened rapidly into friendships of great importance to the Oxford historian. Some five miles south of Embleton vicarage lay Howick, the home of that veteran Whig statesman, the third Earl Grey, who survived until long after Creighton left Northumberland, and who died, at the age of ninety-two, in 1894. Much nearer and within his own parish, he had as neighbor Sir George Grey of Falldon, Lord John Russell's Home Secre-

tary, and father of the present Sir Edward Grey; he died in 1882. With these two aged politicians, of high character and long experience, Creighton contrived to form relations which in the case of the Falldon family became positively intimate. The old Lord Grey, although he welcomed the vicar and delighted in his conversation, lived somewhat above the scope of practical mortal friendship; but his nephew, the present earl, — then the hope of politicians, and known as Mr. Albert Grey, — was one of the most frequent visitors at the vicarage.

At Oxford Creighton had found it impossible to devote himself to sustained literary work. The life of the tutor of a college is so incessantly disturbed, so minutely subdivided, that it is difficult indeed for him to produce the least example of a work of "long breath." In Northumberland, it was not that time was unoccupied, — wherever Creighton was, there occupation instantly abounded, — but it was at least not frittered and crumbled away with hourly change of duty. Hence, directly we find him at Embleton his literary work begins; and it is during those nine Northumbrian years that he appeals to us preëminently as a man of letters. He began with several little books, of the kind then much advocated by the historians with whom he had thrown in his lot, such as Freeman and Green. It was, in fact, for a series edited by Green that Creighton wrote his earliest published work, a little *History of Rome*, in 1875. The next year saw the publication of no fewer than three of his productions, two at least of which, *The Age of Elizabeth* and *The Life of Simon de Montfort*, remain highly characteristic specimens of his manner. Meanwhile he was writing anonymously, but largely, in various periodicals, such as the *Saturday Review* and the *Athenæum*, to the last of which he was for twelve years a steady contributor. In a variety of ways he was laboring to se-

cure the recognition of the new science of history as he had accepted it from the hands of Stubbs and Freeman.

His own magnum opus was all the time making steady progress, and in 1882 were published the first two volumes of *The History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation*. Of this book the fifth and last volume was sent from Peterborough in 1894. It is a massive monument of learning; it is the work by which Creighton, as a pure man of letters, will longest be remembered; it is such a solid contribution to literature as few scholars are fortunate enough to find time and strength to make. The scope of the book was laid down by himself: it was "to bring together materials for a judgment of the change which came over Europe in the sixteenth century, to which the name of 'the Reformation' is loosely given." He passed, in his five volumes, from the great schism in the Papacy to the dissolution of the Council of Trent. It cannot be said that Creighton's *History of the Papacy* is a very amusing work. It was not intended to entertain. It seems to leave out, of set purpose, whatever would be interesting, and it tells at length whatever is dull. It was Creighton's theory, especially at this early period, that history should be crude and unadorned; not in any sense a product of literary art, but a sober presentation of the naked truth. Yet even the naked truth about what happened (let us say) under Pope John XXII. should, one would have supposed, have been amusing. But Creighton was determined not to stoop to the blandishments of anecdote or the siren lure of style.

At no time of his life were the mental and moral faculties of Creighton more wholesomely exercised than during the latter part of his residence in Embleton. In after years he pressed too much into his life: he was always "on the go" at Cambridge, always rushing about at Peterborough, while in London he simply lost control of the brake altogether,

and leaped headlong toward the inevitable smash. At Embleton, with his parish and his extra-parochial work, his private pupils and his books, his Oxford connection as public examiner and select preacher, and all the rest of his intense and concentrated activity, the machine, though already going at a perilous rate, had not begun to threaten to get beyond the power of the strong and spirited rider to stop at will. I was lucky enough, at this very moment of his career, to have an opportunity of studying closely the character and habits of my friend. In 1882 one of my children was ordered to a bracing climate, and Creighton suggested that nothing could possibly brace more tightly than the bright Northumbrian shore. He found us lodgings in the village of Embleton, and we sojourned at the door of his vicarage through the closing summer and the autumn of that year. Thus, without presenting the embarrassment of guests, who have to be "considered," we saw something of our fierce, rapid, alert, and affectionate vicar every day, and could study his character and mind at ease. We could share his rounds, romp with his children and our own, and engage at nights in the formidable discipline of whist.

Of all my memories of those days, — bright, hard, hot autumn days, with Creighton in the centre of the visual foreground, — the clearest are those which gather about tremendous walks. He was in his element when he could tear himself away from his complicated parochial duties, and start off, with his mile-devouring stride, full of high cheerfulness, and primed for endless discussion of religion and poetry and our friends. He was a really pitiless pedestrian, quite without mercy. I remember one breathless afternoon, after hours upon the march, throwing myself on the heather on the edge of Alnwick Moor, and gasping for a respite. Silhouetted high up against the sky, Creighton shouted: "Come on! Come on!" And it was

then that anguish wrung from me a gibe which was always thereafter a joke between us. "You ought to be a caryatid," I cried, "and support some public building! It's the only thing you're fit for!"

He was particularly fond of driving or taking the railway to a remote point, and making a vast round on foot, preferably along some river bed. Thus have we ascended the Aln, and thus descended the more distant Blackadder in Berwickshire, and thus have we skirted the infinite serpentings of the Till from Chillingham to Fowberry Towers. But of all the wild and wine-colored Northumbrian streams, it was the enchanting Coquet which Creighton loved the best. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft reminds me of an occasion when he was staying with me at Embleton, and Creighton took us for a whole day's tramp up the Coquet to Brinkburn Priory. The river rolls and coils itself as it approaches the sea, and, to shorten our course, the future bishop commanded us to take off our shoes and stockings, and ford the waters. There was a ridge of sharp stones from bank to bank, with depth of slightly flooded river on either side. He strode ahead like a St. Christopher, with strong legs naked from the knee, but he did not offer to take us on his back. On strained and wounded feet we arrived at last at the opposite shore, only to be peremptorily told that we need not trouble to put on our shoes and stockings, since we should have to ford the river again, after just a mile of stubble. Gentle reader, have you ever walked a mile barefoot in stubble? When we reached the foaming Coquet again, the ridged stones of the ford seemed paradise in comparison. Truly the caryatid of Embleton was forged in iron.

III.

The call to leave the moors and sandhills of Northumberland came abruptly and in an unexpected form. A remote benefactor of the University of Cam-

bridge, and of Emmanuel College in particular, Sir Wolstan Dixie, of Christ's Hospital, had left a considerable sum of money, which it was now determined to use by founding a chair of ecclesiastical history. In 1884 this chair was finally established, and all that remained was to discover the best possible first professor. A board of electors, which contained Lightfoot, Seeley, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and Mr. Bryce, very carefully considered the claims of all the pretendants, and at last determined to do an unusual thing, namely, to go outside the university itself, and elect the man who at that moment seemed to be, beyond question, the most eminent church historian in England. That this should be Creighton offers interesting evidence of the steady way in which his literary and scholastic gifts had been making themselves felt. He was not the Cambridge candidate, but Cambridge accepted him with a very good grace. Accordingly he returned to academic life, and at the same time enjoyed the advantage of becoming familiar with the routine of a university other than that in which he was brought up. But while he was a professor at Cambridge for seven years, and was all that time entirely loyal to his surroundings, Creighton was too deeply impressed by an earlier stamp ever to be other than an Oxford man translated to the banks of the Cam.

At the very same time that Creighton became Dixie Professor, the present writer was elected to a post at Cambridge, and for five years we were colleagues in the university. Creighton's position included the advantages of a senior fellow at Emmanuel College, and he had rooms there, which, however, he very rarely occupied. He took a house for his family about a mile out of Cambridge, in the Trumpington direction, and he did his best, by multiplying occasions of walking out and in, to keep up his habits of exercise. But he certainly missed the great pedestrian activities of Embleton.

His lectures were delivered in the hall of Emmanuel College, and I believe that they were fairly well attended, as lectures go at Cambridge, by young persons of both sexes who were struggling with those cruel monsters, the History Tripos and the Theology Tripos. But this formed, I must not say an unimportant, but I will say an inconspicuous part of Creighton's daily life, which, in a few months, became complicated with all sorts of duties. The year after he came to Cambridge, he rose a step on the ladder of clerical promotion by receiving from the Queen a canonry at Worcester Cathedral. After this, like the villains in melodrama, he lived "a double life," half in Cambridge, half in Worcester.

The year 1886 was one of marked expansion in the fame and force of Creighton. In the first place, Emmanuel College nominated him to represent her at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard College, and on this occasion he paid his first visit to America. This was an event of prime importance to so shrewd and sympathetic an observer. I remember that he expressed but one disappointment, when he returned, namely, that he had not been able to go out West. He was charmed with the hospitality and the culture of the East, but, as an historian and a student of men, he wanted to see the bed rock of the country. One rather superfine ornament of Massachusetts society lamented to him that he must find America "so crude." "My dear sir," said Creighton, in his uncompromising way, "not half so crude as I want to find it. We don't travel over the Atlantic for the mere fun of seeing a washed-out copy of Europe." I recollect observing with interest that what Creighton talked of, in connection with America, when he returned, were almost entirely social and industrial peculiarities, neither blaming nor approving, but noting them in his extremely penetrating way.

It was in 1886, too, that he began the

work by which he became best known to the ordinary cultivated reader, namely, the foundation and editorship of the *English Historical Review*, which he carried on for five years with marked success. Perhaps no single book has done so much as this periodical did, in Creighton's capable hands, to familiarize the public with the principles of our newer school of scientific historians. At the same time he was writing incessantly in other quarters. To the Cambridge period belonged the third and fourth volumes of *The History of the Papacy* (1887), as well as the *Cardinal Wolsey* (1888), and several volumes of a more ephemeral character. Already, in the last preface to the *Papacy*, there comes an ominous note: "The final revision of the sheets has been unfortunately hurried, owing to unexpected engagements." Of the rush of "unexpected engagements" his friends were now beginning to be rather seriously conscious. Whatever was to be done, as of old, Creighton seemed to be man-of-all-work to do it. One finds among his letters of this period the constant cry of interruption. He has been on the point of finishing this or that piece of work, and it is not done. "I had a bad day again yesterday," he writes from Worcester, "as I was chartered to lionize the British Association over the Cathedral. Why do all 'associations' resolve themselves mainly into ugly women with spectacles?" I see that some of his friends think that the Cambridge-Worcester period was a restful one; I cannot say that this is how it struck me at the time.

It closed, at all events, in 1891. Magee, the famous Bishop of Peterborough, was made Archbishop of York in January, and about the same time Creighton received from the Queen a canonry at Windsor. He left Worcester in consequence, but he never resided at Windsor, since, before he could settle in there, he was called to fill the vacant see of Peterborough. Here, then, at last, he had

started upon the episcopal career which was to carry his fame so far. He did not accept the great change in haste, although he must long have been prepared for it. We have been told, on hysterical authority, that Creighton spent a day "in great grief, trying hard to find reasons which would justify him in refusing Peterborough." This, of course, is sheer nonsense; this is the sort of conventional sentiment which was particularly loathsome to Creighton. There was no question of "grief" with him, no ultimate doubt that he must one day be a bishop; but there was cause for very careful consideration whether this was the particular time, and Peterborough the particular place, or not. As a matter of fact, the appointment rather awkwardly coincided with the earliest intimation he had had that his iron constitution was not absolutely impermeable to exhaustion and decay. It was in April, 1891, that he was first known to declare that he was "rather feeble from overwork," and before he entered upon his new duties he spent some time of absolute rest and seclusion at Lower Grayswood, the Haslemere home of his lifelong friend, Mrs. Humphry Ward.

He entered upon his episcopal duties, in fact, in no very high spirits. He took a dark view of this as, he supposed, the turning point in, or rather the sword cut which should end, his literary career. The first time that I saw him after his settling in to his new work, — it was in the dim, straggling garden of his palace, late one autumn afternoon, — almost the first thing I said to him was, "And how about *The History of the Papacy*?" "There's a volume nearly ready for press," he replied, "but how am I to finish it? Do you happen to know a respectable German drudge who would buy the lease of it for a trifle?" "But surely you will, you must bring this book of yours to a close, after so many years! Your holidays, your odds and ends of time" — "I have no odds and ends, —

I ought to be at this minute arranging something with somebody ; and as to my holidays, I shall want every hour of them to do nothing at all in. Do you know," he said, gripping my arm, and glancing round with that glittering aquiline gleam of his, "do you know that it is very easy not to be a bishop, but that, if you are one, you can't be anything else? Sometimes I ask myself whether it would not have been wiser to stay where I was ; but I think, on the whole, it was right to come here. One is swept on by one's fate, in a way ; but one thing I do clearly see, — that it is an end of me as a human being. I have cut myself off. My friends must go on writing to me, but I shan't answer their letters. I shall get their books, but I shan't read 'em. I shall talk about writing books myself, but I shan't write 'em. It is my friends I miss ; in future my whole life will be spent on railway platforms, and the only chance I shall have of talking to you will be between the arrival of a train and its departure."

These words proved to be only in part applicable to Peterborough. For the first year, his time seemed to be indeed squandered in incessant journeyings through the three counties of his diocese. But after the summer of 1892 he became less migratory, and indeed for long periods stationary in his palace. He had resigned the editorship of the *English Historical Review* into the hands of Dr. S. R. Gardiner as soon as he was made bishop ; and for some years it seemed as though all literary work had come to a stop. But by degrees he grew used to the routine of his episcopal duties, and his thoughts came back to printer's ink. The fifth volume of the *Papacy* got itself published without the help of any "German drudge ;" in 1894 appeared the *Hulsean lectures on Persecution and Toleration* ; and in 1896 he published the most popular and the most pleasingly written of all his books, his charming monograph on Queen Eliza-

beth. Then came London, and swallowed up the historian in the active, practical prelate.

So far as the general public is concerned, the celebrity of Creighton began with his translation to the see of London, on the promotion of Dr. Temple to the primacy, in January, 1897. It was in the subsequent four years that he contrived to set the stamp of his personality on the greatest city of the world, and to impress a whole nation with his force of character. The obituary notices which filled every journal at the time of his death abounded in tributes to his ability as Bishop of London, and in anecdotes of his conversation and his methods in that capacity. He arrived in his monstrous diocese at a time of disturbance and revolt ; he followed a prelate who had not troubled himself much about ritual. Creighton set two aims before him, in attempting to regulate his tempestuous clergy : he wished to secure "a recognizable type of the Anglican services," and "a clear understanding about the limits of permissible variation." How he carried out these purposes, and how far he proceeded in the realization of his very definite dreams, are matters which a thousand pens can speak of with more authority than mine.

But he attempted the physically impossible, and he flung his life away in a vain effort to be everywhere, to do everything, and to act for every one. No wonder that Lord Salisbury described Creighton as "the hardest-worked man in England." His energy knew no respite. There should have been some one sent to tell him, as the Bishop of Ostia told St. Francis of Assisi, that his duty to God was to show some compassion to his own body. An iron constitution is a dangerous gift, and the Bishop of London thought his could never fail him. But all through 1899, in his ceaseless public appearances, at services, meetings, dinners, installations, and the like, one noticed a more and more hun-

gry look coming in the hollow cheeks and glowing eyes. In the summer of 1900 he collapsed, a complete wreck in health, and, after a very painful illness, he died on the 14th of January, 1901. The sorrow with which the news of his decease was received was national, and the most illustrious of the thousands who sent messages of sympathy was Queen Victoria, who, only eight days later, was to follow the great bishop whose career she had watched with so deep an interest.

IV.

The character and temperament of Dr. Creighton were remarkable in many respects, and were often the subject of discussion among those who knew him little or knew him ill. There is a danger that, in the magnificence of the closing scenes of his life, something of his real nature may be obscured; that he may be presented to us as such a model of sanctity and holy pomp as to lose the sympathy which human qualities provoke. There is another danger: that, in reaction against this conventionally clerical aspect, the real excellence of his heart may be done less than justice to. I would, therefore, so far as it lies in my power, draw the man as I saw him during a friendship of six-and-twenty years, without permitting myself to be dazzled or repelled by the dignity which the crosier confers. To do this, I must go back to the original *crux* in the career of Creighton, — his taking of orders as a young man at Oxford.

To comprehend the position, one must first of all recollect how very "churchy" Oxford was between 1860 and 1870. At that time, it will be remembered, there was scarcely any scope for the energies of a resident don unless he was a clergyman. It must be admitted, I think, that Creighton's nature was not so "serious" at that time as it steadily became as years went on. I am prepared to believe that he took orders to a great extent for college reasons. He

had an instinctive love of training and teaching, and these were things for which a priest had more scope than a layman at Oxford. There is no use in minimizing the fact that his going into the Church caused the greatest surprise among his friends, nor in pretending that at that time he seemed to have any particular vocation for the holy life. He was just a liberal — one would have said almost anti-clerical — don, of the type which had developed at Oxford toward the close of the sixties as a protest against academic conservatism. I remember that Pater, discussing Creighton about 1875, said, "I still think, no doubt that he would have made a better lawyer, or even soldier, than priest."

Those who judged him thus overlooked certain features in his character which, even at this early period, should have emphasized Creighton's calling for the sacerdotal life. His intense interest in mankind, his patient and scrupulous observation of others, not out of curiosity so much as out of a desire to understand their fate, and then to ameliorate it, — this pointed him out as a doctor of souls. And his extreme unselfishness and affectionateness, — no sketch of his character can be worth a rush which does not insist upon these. He was always hurrying to be kind to some one, combining the *bonitas* with *celeritas*. Love for others, and a lively, healthy, humorous interest in their affairs, was really, I should say, the mainspring of Creighton's actions. Voltaire says somewhere, "Il faut aimer, c'est ce qui nous soutient, car sans aimer il est triste d'être homme;" and Creighton, who combined something of Voltaire with something of St. John the Evangelist, would have said the same. And it was on the love of his fellow men that he built up the unique fabric of his ecclesiastical life.

And this brings us to the everlasting question, which never failed on the lips of critics of Creighton, — Was he, as they say, "a spiritually minded man"?

This, too, I think we may afford to face with courage. In the presence of his lambent wit, his keenness of repartee, a certain undeniable lightness in his attitude to many subjects which are conventionally treated with solemnity, a general jauntiness and gusto in relation to mundane things, it must be conceded that the epithet which suited him was hardly this. He lacked unction; he was not in any sense a mystic; we cannot imagine him snatched up in an ecstasy of saintly vision. Creighton's feet were always planted firmly on the earth. But if I resign the epithet "spiritually minded," it is only that I may insist upon saying that he was "spiritually souled." He set conduct above doctrine: there is no doubt of that. The external parts of the religious life interested him very much. He had an inborn delicacy which made it painful to him to seem to check the individuality of others, and this often kept him from intruding his innermost convictions upon others. But no one can have known him well who did not perceive, underlying all his external qualities, — his energy, his eagerness, his practical wisdom, his very "flippancy," if you will, — a strenuous enthusiasm and purity of soul.

As a preacher, Creighton improved after he became a bishop. In earlier days, he had been dull and dry in the pulpit; of all exercises of his talent, I used to think this the one in which he shone the least. But he was an interesting lecturer, an uncertain although occasionally felicitous orator, and an unrivaled after-dinner speaker. To the end, his talent in the last-mentioned capacity was advancing, and on the very latest occasion upon which he spoke in public, — at the banquet given last summer by the Lord Mayor on the occasion of the completion of the Dictionary of National Biography, — although his face looked drawn and wasted, he was as fascinating as ever. His voice had a peculiar sharpness of tone, very agreeable to

the ear, and remarkably useful in punctuating the speaker's wit. On all ceremonial and processional occasions Creighton rose to the event. He could so hold himself as to be the most dignified figure in England; and this was so generally recognized that when, in 1896, the archbishops had to select a representative of the English Church to attend the coronation of the Czar, their choice instantly fell upon the Bishop of Peterborough. Accordingly he proceeded, in great splendor, to Moscow, and he did honor to the Church of England by being a principal feature of the show. He was not merely one of the most learned as well as perhaps the most striking of the foreign bishops present, but he was unquestionably the most appreciative. He made great friends with the great prelates, and he was treated with exceptional favor. The actual chapel where the coronation took place was very exiguous, and the topmost potentates alone could find room in it. It was not characteristic of Creighton, however, to be left out of anything, and the other foreign representatives, to their expressed chagrin, saw the Bishop of Peterborough march into the holy of holies without them, between two of the officiating archimandrites.

To those who never saw Dr. Creighton, some picture of his outward appearance may not be unwelcome. He was noticeably tall, lean, square-shouldered. All through his youth and early middle age his frame was sinewy, like that of a man accustomed to athletic exercises, although he played no games. His head was held erect, the cold blue-gray eyes ever on the alert. His hair was red, and he wore a bushy beard, which was lately beginning to turn grizzled. The clearness of his pink complexion and the fineness and smoothness of his skin were noticeable quite late on in his life. The most remarkable feature of his face, without doubt, was his curious mouth, sensitive and mobile, yet constantly clos-

ing with a snap in the act of will. Nothing was more notable and pleasing than the way in which his severe, keen face, braced by the aquiline nose to a disciplinarian austerity, lightened up and softened with this incessantly recurrent

smile. Such, in outward guise, was one of the strangest and the most original and the most poignantly regrettable men whom England has possessed and lost in the last years of the nineteenth century.

Edmund Gosse.

AMERICAN PROSE STYLE.

I.

AMERICAN literature, excellent as it is by way of its poetry, is excellent much more by way of its prose. Received opinion, however, stands for the converse. Conscious that in emotion, invention, and inspiration poetry naturally is higher than prose, the professional critics exalt American poetry. America, they say, has produced excellent poetry. America, they admit, has produced also good prose. But America, they insist, has not produced, æsthetically viewed, a first-rate prose "style." The instructors in our American schools and colleges echo the opinions of the professional critics, either explicitly, or implicitly by confining, on the whole, critical appreciation of American literature to its poetry. Yet, despite professional and academic tradition, the right of American literature to an honorable place in the literature of the world is gained for it by way of its prose. American poetry is unoriginal, imitative, desultory, occasional; except in theme, it has contributed to the poetry of the world nothing distinctly American. At its best, American poetry, too, ranks only somewhat higher than third-class. The poetry of Bryant, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier falls below that of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Browning, which in turn falls below that of Milton and Shakespeare. American prose, on the contrary, is in many respects definitely ori-

ginal. In the development of the modern ideal of prose style American prose writers certainly have had a share. They have sustained the ideal of staid and temperate thought and feeling in the form and substance of prose; they have added to prose style the peculiar quality and temper of the American mood or spirit, — a quality which is the expression of vivid faith and splendid cheer, and for which I have no better name than "manliness."

Hitherto, such criticism as has been directed upon American prose has followed the conventional method applied to the criticism of poetry. It has aimed primarily at appreciation of the structural qualities of American prose style, — the niceties or peculiarities of its form, diction, and idiom, — or at appreciation of its emotional and moral values. It has worked as if style truly were structural, a matter of adroit management of diction, idiom, logic, and emotion, on the part of an individual who must, at all hazards, express his personal selfhood, and not rather, or at least as much, the characteristic utterance — through an individual as spokesman — of a people. Scientific criticism, on the other hand, — criticism historical and comparative, — will discover that American prose, from Franklin to Lowell, has many qualities which rank on a somewhat equal footing with the best prose of England and of France; and that it has many expressive qualities which are unsurpassed by

the prose of England, or of France, or of Germany. The diction, for example, of American prose, although plain, is pure; its idiom is wholly modern; its sentence structure is simple, direct, coherent. American prose, again, even in its characteristic humor at its best, has a high seriousness; it is rich in ideas, devoid of mere visions and mysticism; it has sometimes grace and ease, sometimes dignity and noble simplicity, sometimes sonority and exaltation; it has self-reliance and a natural cheerfulness. American prose, in short, is thoroughly sane, human, social. In this respect, if it does not surpass the prose of England, of France, and of Germany, it is itself unsurpassed. But, indeed, just criticism will discover that in one quality American prose surpasses the prose of England, of France, and of Germany; a quality it is that appeals most to the sort of temper which it best expresses, — the temper, namely, for which, as I have said, I have no better name than "manliness." What invites us, then, most of all to an historical and comparative criticism of American prose style is the fact that in its prose rather than in its poetry the spirit of the American people, as a peculiar people, has expressed itself most originally and most characteristically.

II.

We shall the better appreciate the genius of American prose style if we apply to it Pater's distinction regarding style in general. The difference between "good" and "great" art, especially literary art, as the freest, most comprehensive, and most intimate instrument of expression, is, according to Pater, a difference due to the psychological faculties active or dominant in creating art, — a difference in quality corresponding to the difference between "mind" and "soul." American prose style has not in an eminent degree the qualities of *mind*: it is not a highly intellectualized product, elaborate and finished in structure; it

does not intimate always, in the choice of a word, in the turn of a phrase, in the rhythm and harmony of a period, that an artist has been consciously at work; it does not, by conscious æsthetic elaboration of the materials of style, deliberately aim, by thus obtrusively striking the personal note, to give only to the elect choice sensation. But while American prose at its best does not seek overæsthetic elaboration, yet the prose of Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne especially, and of Longfellow, and of Lowell, is somewhat æsthetically elaborated, — sometimes in structure, sometimes in music and color; and the prose of Franklin, Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau (later style), Emerson, Holmes, Lowell (later style), Parkman, and Lincoln is sane and well ordered. American prose, however, has eminently the qualities of *soul*, or the qualities which, to use Arnold's phrase, spring from a "noble and profound application of ideas to life," — high-mindedness, cheerfulness, courage, faith, and tenacity of intuition, — all those qualities which fitted American prose to utter, as it did, the life of the common people, to enlarge that life and to sustain it.

But while we may apply to American prose Pater's distinction, we have only half completed our description, and have as yet explained nothing. For the qualities of soul which belong to American prose belong also to the prose of England and of Germany, if not to that of France; and while, indeed, a peculiar soul quality preëminently distinguishes American prose, we are not interested so much in describing this quality as in discovering its source and origin. Just criticism, therefore, will not merely note and describe the characteristic quality of American prose style, but also will seek the cause of it and explain it.

A prose writer who cares exceedingly for the æsthetic elaboration of style, either in respect to form in general or in respect to special effects by way of diction and phraseology, necessarily strikes the

personal "note," and appeals only to the cultivated few. His art, too, is greatly in danger of developing into æstheticism, a cult of art for art's sake; or, if imagination and passion be lacking, into a craft which aims to secure, at the expense of all else, perfection in the mechanism of style. In either case, the art of prose style, becoming thus too highly intellectualized, specialized, and personal, becomes artificial, wayward, irresponsible, unsocial. But, on the other hand, the prose writer who cares exceedingly for the qualities of art which touch the heart, fire the imagination, and move the will may strike in another way the personal note — appeal only to the few, or to none — either through a too mystical romanticism which misses the value of the real, or through a too earthly realism which misses the value of the ideal. His utterance, in short, may stand for either an unreal optimism or an equally unreal pessimism, — for acquiescence or for despair, both of which are unnatural, irresponsible, unsocial.

Now, American prose has in it pre-eminently those very soul qualities which tend to develop into mere preaching or into mere dreaming, into a forlorn and negative criticism of life or into empty transcendentalism. Yet in virtue of the American national mood — incarnate, if anywhere, in America's prose writers — American prose remained sane and effective. That supreme quality which it possesses as does no other prose style — the quality of manliness — springs naturally from men who, as Arnold said of Sophocles, saw life steadily and saw it whole; or who, to put it colloquially, could not be humbugged either by the real or by the ideal; and whose utterance had its origin, not in a cult or a craft, but in a common inward consciousness, first, of a right to speak, and secondly, of a duty and a privilege to speak, as if "called" by time and circumstance to guide and sustain the common life of the American people. The distinctly

American prose writers, from Franklin to Whitman, were not — in fact, could not be — men of letters as such. They were not first and primarily authors, and secondarily citizens. They were, on the contrary, primarily citizens of a more or less real commonwealth, called by virtue of gift and importunity to the business of authorship. They were fundamentally "citizen-authors;" in them citizenship and authorship possessed for the first time, at least in the history of modern literature, a real identity. So that from these American citizen-authors springs naturally a citizen-literature, — a literature in which, at all hazards, a message must be conveyed to the assembly of the people, but conveyed, if possible, in such form as to be clearly heard, profoundly felt, and well received. These citizen-authors, in fine, created the effectiveness and enduring quality of the distinctly American prose style, — a style of which the "note" is highly impersonal, but responsible, human, and social.

III.

In order to complete our description and explanation of American prose style, we must discover the deeper social causes that created the citizen-authors of America and their literature. If, admittedly, the distinctly American prose writers are not men of letters as such, or "stylists" in the narrow æsthetic sense of the term, this is not to be explained, as it so often is, either by submitting that American prose writers have been too much influenced by the English prose stylists of the eighteenth century, or by asserting that the development of American literature in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has had the same general social causes as the development of British literature in these same centuries. The first alternative has the ready plausibility of a half truth; the second alternative is wholly untrue to history. For what just criticism is called upon to explain is, first, the fact that American

prose style has its own peculiar quality or temper over and above the quality which is easily apparent in the imitation of the mechanism of the eighteenth-century style, and which mere imitation of mechanism could not bring about; and secondly, the fact that the Americans have turned to prose rather than to poetry for an instrument of adequate and characteristic expression. The slightest reflection will show that the alleged causes are not the real ones.

Of the best distinctly American prose writers, which one, either in the content or in the form of his writings, has held slavishly to the English prosaists of the eighteenth century, adding nothing out of his own individuality? Certainly not Franklin, with whom American prose as such really begins. Certainly not Irving, despite the fact that some of his themes are English, and that his style and spirit are like the style of Addison and the spirit of Goldsmith. Irving's charm and power were, in his own day, fresh in literature. Certainly not Emerson, whose *American Scholar* was, as Holmes happily says, the American "intellectual declaration of independence," and whose thought and method of composition were utterly unlike those of the eighteenth century. Certainly, too, not Poe, Hawthorne, and Longfellow: all three are in spirit romantic, and the first two care somewhat greatly for æsthetic elaboration of diction and structure. And certainly not Thoreau, Holmes, and Lowell: the first has the simplicity, plainness, and abruptness of one who is very near to Nature's heart; Holmes writes as if conversing; while Lowell is so full of exuberant life and so broadly cultured as to care more for vigor and nobility of thought than for simple grace and ease.

The influence of the eighteenth-century English prose style on American prose style, we may not forget, is, as we shall see, accidental, and, although permanent, is superficial. The matter of

American prose could not, indeed, be essentially English; American life and its environment — highly un-English — would not permit it. And as for the structure of American prose, for style as such, American imitation of English models was confined merely to the simple *mechanism* of style. As regards diction and idiom, for example, American prose at its best is, on the whole, English only in purity and modernness, not in characteristic plainness and simplicity; not, as Franklin said in the first instance of his grandfather's poetry, — not in "decent plainness and manly freedom." Except when the mighty issues involved necessarily create exaltation of style, as in the case of Webster, or when the thought as such, the message itself, literally weighs down upon the form of the thought, as in the case of Emerson "enamored of moral perfection," American prose writers, evidently with an eye on the plain truth and the value of their own utterance, are simply prudent enough to adopt a style which is clear, vigorous, and expressive, rather than elegant. That American prose writers "adopted" rather than "imitated" — except in its merest mechanism — the eighteenth-century ideal of English prose style, the ideal of staid and temperate thought and feeling, is too plain to need elaboration. Political and social antecedents, both in England and America, did not favor the invention of an original prose style. Political and social development in America demanded the readiest use of the most available and most flexible — as it were the "democratic" — instrument of expression. And finally, when in America such an instrument was first (or most) in demand, in England, fortunately for American thought and life, a good prose style had been perfected. In American life and thought, in short, there was no necessity for inventing a new prose style, and there was every necessity for adopting a style ready to hand, a style — as,

fortunately, it happened in the case of mechanism of the English prose style of the eighteenth century — facile, direct, simple, unsentimental, anti-mystical.

To explain why the distinctly American prose writers adopted or imitated the mechanism of the eighteenth-century English prose style, we have but to realize that from its very beginning the needs of American life, which were religious, political, and social, and not æsthetic as such, and which were immediately pressing, called for the ready use of the most available style. The style wanted actually existed; and although it may seem fantastical to put it thus, there can be no doubt that, had it not existed when wanted, American prose writers would have invented a style suited to plain and vigorous expression. That American prose writers adopted the mechanism of the eighteenth-century English prose style must, from this point of view, appear wholly as an accidental matter.

There remains still unexplained the problem why prose rather than poetry is the natural or characteristic American medium of expression, and why American prose, from Franklin to Lowell, in quality or temper, is, as English prose from the death of Dryden to that of Arnold is not, highly impersonal, but responsible, human, and social. The explanation of these facts comes as an answer to the question, What state of society in general naturally creates, or assists in creating, prose rather than poetry, and what state of society — what political, social, and spiritual aspiration in particular — demands in what is written sanity, vivid faith, cheerfulness, courage, or manliness?

Poetry is the work of the few and the gifted, — of those whose heart and imagination have fed on abstract ideals, on visionary gleams of nature and of life. Its office is to sing of life and love, of joy and sorrow, of noble passions and deeds, of "the mighty hopes which make us men;" to awaken in the heart of

man a longing for the priceless goods of the spirit; to bequeath to men ideals of ineffable experience. Coming from the few and the gifted, the appeal of poetry, even if enthusiastic, is still special and exclusive. Poetry is winged, and flies far in advance of the ideals it bequeaths. Poetry, indeed, can only bequeath ideals; in due season men of the world may realize them. But both the existence of the poet, gifted as he is, and the making of poetry, imply freedom from the struggle for existence and from the practical conduct of life, — "leisure," as Plato and Aristotle have it, in order that the poet may thereby be able to turn from the real and present to contemplate and brood on the ideal and remote; in order that he may sing out his passion for the ideal. But the state of American society from its very beginning was eminently such as to express itself in a passion for deeds; the fit poetry of American life was the unimaginative poetry of action. So far, indeed, metaphor aside, as poetry was produced in America, either it was based on an accident of fortune which rendered it very poor in kind, or, if it were excellent, it was based on the necessary freedom and leisure which in the process of time had come to the gifted in America. But withal poetry could not be the natural and characteristic utterance of the American people; leisure and freedom were never the characteristic mode of American life.

Prose, on the other hand, may easily become the natural mode of utterance of the many. So far as the mechanism of prose style is concerned, prose differs from conversation only in having a more orderly and formal, a more logical structure. Prose, too, is pedestrian in its movement, walks the earth, and is easily adapted to the practical conduct of life and its concrete ideals. For the writing of prose, if æsthetic demands are not in sight, special gift is not needed; all that is required is fine good sense, or homely taste, in revising or reconstruct-

ing thought and feeling in terms of plainness or simplicity, coherency, and directness. But prose, like every other form of creation, must have an adequate incentive. In American life there was an adequate incentive, namely, a common, immediate, and vivid interest, amongst men of good average intelligence, in a social ideal.

Both poetry and prose equally may be the natural literature of social idealism. That prose rather than poetry became the natural and characteristic American mode of utterance was determined wholly by the quality of American idealism. From colonial days to the third quarter (inclusive) of the nineteenth century idealism was always in the religious, political, and social atmosphere of America; but it was an idealism wholly unlike that which in England and France, in the nineteenth century, was but irresponsible and wild-eyed enthusiasm. American idealism, occupied as it was with the present and with what was to be done immediately, was a very masculine idealism, — pedestrian, serious, but happy. American idealism, indeed, was based on a common and clear-headed apprehension of the opportunities in American life, on a tenacious faith in the possibility of realizing these opportunities, and on splendid cheer in actually doing so. This sort of spirit, — thoroughly human and social, but cheerful, self-reliant, and responsible, — seeking an instrument of adequate expression, simply as an *instrument* of ready, intimate, vigorous, but temperate speech, and not as an *art* form, naturally turned to prose. For prose, as the most common, impersonal, flexible, concrete, intimate, pedestrian, and weighty instrument of expression, is the natural art form of social democracy.

IV.

What caused prose rather than poetry to become the natural and characteristic American mode of utterance, and what gave to American prose its peculiar qual-

ity of manliness, was, as we have said, a common, immediate, and vivid interest, amongst men of fine good sense, — who saw life steadily and saw it whole, — in a very concrete social ideal. That ideal, as we may readily read from Lowell's later political essays, was, what it still remains, one of equality of being and opportunity. In the history of American life, the form or outward phase of this ideal changed three times, but evolved clearly at last into what it meant to be, thoroughgoing social (and spiritual) democracy. It was an ideal latent in the Puritanism of England, and on reaching America became, as Lowell says in his powerful essay on the Independent in Politics, as it were by "gift of the sky and of the forest," a very concrete ideal of freedom and humane equality in men's relations to God, that through this religious democracy men might have equal freedom and humanity in their political, social, and spiritual relations to one another.

The outward form of the American ideal changed, as we have said, three times. It began in New England as real religious freedom and equality: all men were, as the Puritans insisted, really "citizens" of the kingdom of God; and on earth such religious citizenship implied political and social citizenship. That which was in England still a very remote and wayward ideal was in New England an ideal real and present, — spiritual and social liberty, fraternity, and equality *in actu*. The idealism which in England, after the French Revolution, spent itself in very ineffective and irresponsible poetry, and in France in equally ineffective and irresponsible action, had been and remained in America, from colonial days, very real, concrete, and practical. The second phase of the American social ideal appeared during the Revolutionary struggle, when the early religious ideal with its social implications took on definitively the form of political freedom and equality, with, of course,

added social implications. The "Anglo-American" citizen became, under that struggle, almost the "American" citizen as such. Yet we have not complete social democracy. The American social ideal must take on a new phase before it becomes thoroughgoing democracy. In the third and last stage of its evolution, under the struggle of the Civil War, the ideal of religious freedom and equality, which had passed into the ideal of political freedom, now passed into the embodied ideal of social freedom and equality. In America, where the very sky and forest proclaimed the ideal of freedom and humanity, there could be no privileged classes. Whatever we may regard as the conscious aim of the Civil War in America, its unconscious end was to make, as it did at least in possibility, all, white and black, really "citizens" of a single republic, — of an "America" which, as Emerson felt, really should mean social and spiritual equality of being and opportunity.

The American mood or temper was wholly different from the English mood in the eighteenth century, on the one hand, and from the English and the French mood in the nineteenth century, on the other hand. The difference in spirit showed itself everywhere, but conspicuously in literature. The age of Addison and Swift, as Miss Scudder has so excellently brought out in her *Social Ideals in English Letters*, was an age of respectability, of conventionality, of finality; it aimed primarily at sanity, and repressed all idealism and enthusiasm. And further, as Miss Scudder again has pointed out, we may only understand Swift's social satire if we realize that his bitterness and sarcasm spring out of a consciousness that he writes in an age of acquiescence and self-satisfied optimism on the part of the English people in general, but for himself, as it appears, an age of despair. Social and political criticism, therefore, appeared abundantly in the England of the eigh-

teenth century; but it was criticism either acquiescent, self-complacent, or cynical, despairing, inhuman. Social and political criticism appeared also in the America of the eighteenth century; but, based as it was on sane, self-reliant, and responsible idealism, it was always practical, courageous, cheerful though serious, and thoroughly kindly and human. The England and France of the nineteenth century, on the other hand, were, to be sure, idealistic in the extreme; in England idealism appeared as but poetic frenzy, while in France it passed into a real madness in life. But American idealism remained as it was born, "clear-headed and well-ordered aspiration." The passion in American life was a passion for deeds; the thought and aspiration of the American people centred in realizing concrete possibilities of being and opportunity. This passion for deeds on the part of the intelligent, self-reliant, and cheerful commonalty in America, expressing itself in literature, turned to prose primarily as an instrument for promoting high and noble deeds. For prose, indeed, rather than poetry, is the most available and powerful literary instrument in furthering sane, responsible social democracy.

It is, then, first of all, because this ideal of human equality of being and opportunity was in some form or other always controlling and assisting American life and thought that prose itself — the pedestrian, but free, flexible, and ready instrument of the common man in expressing effectively his ideas on matters of common welfare — was adopted by the American citizen as his characteristic mode of utterance. It is, too, in the second place, because this same ideal expressed itself in literature sanely, responsibly, effectively, that the distinctly American prose style is clear, sane, vigorous, but temperate; that its mood is always strenuous; that its temper is always manly. The ideal of political, social, and spiritual citizenship, vividly

realized, and in splendid cheer sought after, inevitably created in America a prose literature somewhat unæsthetic in charm, but still, by way of its real substance and generous spirit, powerful over the heart and imagination of "the plain people." And if I were asked, In the style of which of the distinctly American prose writers does the quality of "manliness in art" most appear? I should an-

swer, In the prose of the one American who is most typical of clear-headed, sane, and effective aspiration, — in the prose of Lincoln. As was the man himself, plain, responsible, human, so he spoke and wrote. His Gettysburg Address, for example, to my mind, must remain the American ideal of prose style, — simple thought thoroughly socialized by decent plainness and manly freedom.

J. D. Logan.

THE DISTINCTION OF OUR POETRY.

FOR many years the susceptible American has alternately chafed and laughed at the cheerful ignorance of his Continental, and particularly his British cousins, in regard to the dimensions and civilization of his native land. From their distant point of view, Buffalo and New Orleans are one, Boston and San Francisco the matter of a few hours' ride. Only within a few years has it dawned on the British mind that the United States contains many inhabitants who are neither tight-lipped Puritans, nor cutthroat miners, nor Southern planters; that thousands of our citizens have never tracked the buffalo to his native lair, nor escaped the relentless tomahawk of the red man; that most of us rely upon fiction and the drama for our impressions of the cowboy.

But though the older countries have at length relinquished in great measure their deep-seated faith in what they consider the "characteristic features" of our civilization, they yet retain one unfortunate and *a priori* conception of our literature. Their persistent search for the characteristic, their determination to extract a local flavor from a more or less colonial product, have resulted in their overlooking much that to the critical American represents the literary hope of the country.

In their eagerness for original, highly colored, boldly treated "local" material, they are perfectly willing to dispense with style, and with it its thousand implications of delicacy, reserve, precision, — all, in a word, that has marked the classics of every nation. Bret Harte's vicious, gaudy miners, Mary Wilkins's starved, colorless spinsters, Fenimore Cooper's grandiloquent, bloodthirsty chiefs, represent most satisfactorily to them the West, that Jack Hamlin would hardly know to-day; the East, which indignantly repudiates Miss Wilkins's angular types; the region of the Great Lakes, where the unfortunate and filthy descendant of Uncas and Chingachgook has long since slunk away.

Now it is perfectly certain that Bret Harte's enduring literary work has been determined, not by the fact that he was fortunate enough to encounter a picturesque condition of society, and clever enough to photograph it, but by his consistent and very respectably effective English style, and the distinctly original addition that he has made to our gallery of lovable villains. Jack Hamlin is a type of the universal rascal; his setting is for all essentially literary purposes incidental. If Miss Wilkins's studies are to retain a permanent and desirable place in the history of American litera-

ture, it will not be because of the heart-rending accuracy of a narrow, unlovely, and, fortunately, unenduring sectional type; but she will earn her position among her country's classics by the success with which she interprets to us the terrible possibilities of anguish, tragedy, and soul hunger in the humblest, most provincial life. These possibilities have never been confined to New England; and it was the growing conviction that the eloquent and melodramatic red man of Cooper's romances was the exclusive and highly idealized product of the Great Lake region that went far toward checking that author's popularity in this country.

The fact that our critics have classed together, with an apparent lack of discrimination, those of our authors who grasp, beneath their local mediums of expression, the elemental types, and those who merely amuse the foreign reader with thumb-nail portraits of an unfamiliar society, seems to indicate that it is the latter sort from which they derive the greatest pleasure. This unfortunate point of view has always rendered by far the greater part of their criticisms worse than useless to us: as one who remorselessly disciplines his own boys and girls often finds a piquant amusement in the fresh *naïveté*, the crude good sense, the clever impertinence, of a less cultivated neighbor's children, so the keepers of the English tongue in its greatest purity have deprived us of our kindest because our sternest and ablest critics.

And this attitude has affected our poetry quite as much as our prose. Joaquin Miller in earlier times, Walt Whitman at a later day, Stephen Crane latest of all, have pleased our mother country in greater or less degree, — have seemed to her to represent us most ably; it is the purpose of this essay to decide how justly.

Great stress has been laid on the English point of view, because the standard of American poetry is necessarily set by

the English. Even the most blatantly independent American would not refuse the tutelage of the race that produced Shakespeare, Milton, and Keats. Our poets of to-day, like those of the older school, are formed, for the most part, on the classics of their own inheritance; and when this education is wanting, either through misfortune or a willful indifference, the result has invariably been a lack of symmetry, a force out of proportion to its means of expression, or else a scope so limited as to preclude utterly any title to greatness.

What are the fundamental characteristics of this English poetry in which, however effectively differentiated, our own is necessarily rooted? In the first place, it is an eminently cultured poetry: the great poets of England have been, with a few notable exceptions, highly educated gentlemen, many of them great scholars. A carefully graded social system, abundant and long-established material prosperity, have given the leisure class that freedom from harassing strain, that opportunity for calm and symmetrical development, which have been abundantly proved indispensable to any successful flowering of the arts.

This culture has been based for generations on the study of the classics; and however great the claims of a modern utilitarian education, which would replace these by a smattering of many sciences and a traveling acquaintance with half a dozen modern tongues, there can be no doubt that a fairly thorough knowledge of what is left to us of the Greek and Latin literatures is a peculiarly formative discipline, a deep-seated and controlling influence. There goes with such a culture a serenity, a spiritual poise, a certain happy mental balance, that even if it allow of narrowness, occasionally of dogmatism, has resulted in stamping the finest of English literature, like the finest of English gentlemen, with a mark never quite equaled elsewhere.

When we add to these influences that of the English scenery and climate, we have, passing by the deep religious feeling which is so obviously a factor in English poetry, the final explanation of its form and temperament. That minutely cultivated land, the gracious parks, the clean-clipped hedges, the old abbeys, the solid, green-lawned houses, where domesticity and hospitality have risen through the generations to an art, the evidences everywhere of Nature enriched, controlled, enjoyed to the full, the short and lovely distances, — hill and level field, tower and pasture, cliff and beach, and, never too far away, the sea, — these, with the soft, moist air, the ever veiling clouds that protect the eye from the strain of too distant reaches, and frame most perfectly the green and growing England of all her poets since Chaucer, have penetrated and moulded the English verse.

Perhaps the most perfect exponent of a thoughtful *a priori* conception of the logical characteristics of English poetry is that eminent type, Matthew Arnold. His grave and finished style, — that combination of masculine force with exquisite delicacy, — his thoroughly Anglo-Saxon temperament informed and irradiated by the very essence and spirit of the Greek, together with that haunting strain of Celtic pathos that no great English poet has ever lacked, rank him with Milton, and above even Tennyson, in the essentially national quality of his art.

Now, in the theoretical derivation of American from English poetry, what development could one confidently anticipate?

In the first place, the enormous and vital change in conditions, the exigences of mere physical struggle in a new land, the peculiarly unstable and tentative social character of an experimental democracy, above all the immense output of vitality required for establishing the requisite political, commercial, and agricultural basis, at once deprive the very

material from which the characteristic personality would first evolve itself of all that continuous, hereditary culture, that beneficial protection of leisure and the preceding generations, in which the English poetry is grounded.

And when the American culture begins to take definite shape, and dispense with the temporary adjustment of the English system under which our older school of poets were trained, we see at once that, like that of all republics, the new country's educational ideal is scientific, utilitarian, inventional; sacrificing depth to breadth, preferring definite information to intellectual atmosphere. In a word, the classic ideal, in anything like the English sense, disappears.

Finally, under this clear and brilliant sky, in this dry, keen, relentless air, with an endless coast line, the open frontage of the two great oceans of the world, with mighty miles of forest, sudden descents of cliff and gorge, wide, rolling prairie, tremendous lakes and giant waterfalls, the inspiration everywhere of immense, untamed, almost indomitable natural forces, the last great restraining influence is gone. The young nation, intoxicated with the power of independent, constructive authority, already shaping new ideals, confronts a new nature, of an enormous and almost recklessly prodigal beauty. The result of these influences, so instantly differentiated from those of the mother country, may be anticipated immediately: their concrete sum, *unmodified from within or without*, closely approximates that very class of work which the English have persistently considered our ultimate height, — passionate original force, a scorn of technique, wonderful flashes of spiritual illumination, grand and amazing frankness, democracy apotheosized.

But, fortunately for the future of American poetry, this sum of influences has not been unmodified. An entirely original factor, a new and indigenous

element working from within, gave the developing art its one spiritual restraint, — an odd and apparently inartistic factor, but one with which the essential fibre of American literary expression is indissolubly bound up, — the national sense of humor. By this cathartic element, the flowering of our unique national quality of hard, keen common sense, our literary, and particularly our poetic sense of form has been continually purged and renewed. For the classic ideals, on the whole the most perfect corrective for the art of any nation, we have substituted our innate and final standard, our peculiar national touchstone. Whether or not this substitution can ever result in an art product of the greatest absolute value is another question; that it is and always must be reckoned with, in any consideration of our poetic make-up is certain.

To this modification from within must be added the great and long-continued influence of our older school of poets. Those to whom Evangeline and Barbara Frietchie are yet the classics of their country resent bitterly the statement that, judged by modern poetic standards, compared absolutely with the notable poetry of the world, the really suggestive, original, and enduring work of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes, together, would fill but a small volume. But modern criticism, at once more tolerant and more exacting, sees in this realization no reason for lessening one whit our love and admiration for these gentle preceptors of an unformed art; recognizes perfectly the incalculable debt we shall always owe to that offshoot of the English school whose members, our types of scholarship and culture, transmitted to us the forms, the conventions, the allusions, the graces, the literary good breeding, of the English tongue. If a wider literary experience and a growing artistic perception have taught us that our popular singers have not reached the poetic heights that a more

provincial attitude had allowed us to believe; if, considered merely as English literature, the great mass of their work seems less assured of immortality than we had once thought, we see, on the other hand, to-day as never before, the immense educative influence, the humanizing, cultivating, steady progress toward sweetness and light, that they will represent to the future critics of a distinct national school of poetry, which is to-day only in its infancy, and for which these men, always in this sense American classics, prepared the way.

In what specific regards do they fail, first of the modern, and secondly of the national standard with which this paper is henceforth to concern itself? For I suppose it unnecessary to analyze their failure to take rank with the elder and unquestionable classics of the Anglo-Saxons.

The first is best explained by analogy. The great revolution in modern painting since when Nature herself has never seemed the same to us; the simple but illuminating conviction that it is the artist's duty and privilege to paint what he sees, not what previous analysis has convinced him that he ought to see, has slowly but surely tintured and modified even the work of those who condemn the method so dubiously interpreted as "impressionistic." Its direct concord of poignant impression with adequate expression; its method apparently so formless and vague, which yet strikes in the soul of the observer just that chord that quivered in the artist when first he felt the spell of the vision; its utter lack of preamble, of definition, of appeal to the logical faculties, all find their counterparts in the temperament, aims, and methods of modern poetry. The great geniuses of any period whatever in the world's history are utterly unaffected by such classification, because this atmosphere, this inevitable and direct touch, are equally modern in the phrase of Homer, the songs of Shake-

spare, the odes of Milton. To bring this quality of what, for a better word, we may call "atmosphere" to concrete illustration: it is what Keats possessed in perhaps the greatest proportionate quantity; it is what the minor English poets — to choose such modern and widely differing examples as Dobson and Henley — have always to such a striking degree exhibited; it is what Longfellow attained, not in *Hiawatha*, nor *Miles Standish*, nor the *Psalm of Life*, but in a few sonnets, a verse and a refrain from poems like *My Lost Youth*, a handful of verses from the *Saga of King Olaf*; it is what, very recently, and in this country, Bliss Carman and Louise Imogen Guiney have displayed in such gratifying measure.

But why do these poets of the older school fail to fulfill the *a priori* conception of our nationally characteristic poetry? Because, as has been before indicated, they are, so far as temper and style are concerned, distinctly an offshoot of English or even of British colonial literature. They stood somewhere between the great American personality and the great English traditions: they disseminated culture; they did not embody, in their poetry at least, the distinctively American temper and potentiality. For we look for something more than American *material*: narratives of colonial settlers and Indians; poetic embodiment of national issues, even from the national point of view; American wild flowers, even American rivers and mountains, may, though treated with eminent grace of form and genuine patriotic feeling, yet fail of that intangible quality, that subtle distinctive note, which must, at some stage in the artistic growth of any nation, definitely mark it off, in temper, essence, and treatment, from its forbears, however closely connected by blood. What should this distinction be in the case under consideration? Along what lines should we progress? In what regards should we gain sufficiently in

personality to make up for what we have lost in our inevitable differentiation from the English stock?

We shall expect a new and vigorous motive power, an independent habit of mind, an art which with few but telling strokes should express the soul that finds itself alone with its God in a great and virgin Nature, unsoiled by the wars and shames of old cities and civilizations, unweighted by leaden traditions, unwowed to ancient ruts of indirection and patched-up failure.

And does this spirit seek out for itself new mediums of expression? Does it reject the artistic results of the generations, and plunge off at a tangent in a chaotic formlessness commensurate with its vitality? Emphatically not. The moral, political, and governmental attitude of those earliest New England settlers was from the first an attitude of restraint, of law and order, of definite and desired standards of control; an insistent shaping of the new spirit by inherited forms already tried and approved. There was no struggle from savagery and barbarism for this people; theirs was no slowly and unconsciously acquired national spirit. A perfectly understood and intentional ideal, the product of a race already well advanced in the sense of form, inspired them. These early builders of a spiritual republic were far from seeking to tear down and uproot from its foundations the structure of their civilization, in order that they might demonstrate their ability to invent new and striking architectural laws, or, worse yet, dispense with architecture as an art. It was their more grateful and creditable labor to infuse into the old forms a new spirit, to turn the old tools to new uses, to subject their new and precious vitality to what is at once the test and the tuition of the old, tried canons of experience.

And this temper should emphatically characterize their art products. We are to seek rather a subtle than any obvious

and exterior change; we are to expect a grave, an almost studied, though intensely simple formality. We must remember that the simplicity of early American life was not wholly involuntary and of necessity. It was not stupidity or inability to appreciate a less austere and frugal life that made their own what seems to modern luxury so barren. Any one who fails to recognize in those deliberate deprivations, that rigorously moderated existence, a definitely artistic and conscious element is blind to one of the strongest factors of the true American temperament. With the pure-blooded American, luxury is acquired only, prodigality essentially exotic. That simplicity which is not penury, but a keenly passionate preference; that accurate and delicate adjustment of means to end; that relentless insistence upon the essential, the elemental, most fittingly and stupendously conveyed through a medium absolutely shorn of external solicitation, when adequately applied to art production gives us a result in its own line beyond the criticism of our own or any other time.

To reduce this somewhat abstract and general anticipation to more technical terms: we shall expect to find American verse, as soon as it has sufficiently realized its original native system of culture, grave and controlled in style, extremely delicate, almost reserved, in treatment; presenting great and deeply felt experiences in simple words; employing preferably short and almost primitive metres; undistracted by the million complicated precedents, issues, and allusions of a more fatigued and socially complex civilization; calm, alike from the immense and resourceful stretches of its physical natural vision, and the moral confidence that admits no middleman to disturb its elected communion with what it has unwaveringly believed a justifying God. Such a temperament has no need to fortify its distinct personality by the selection of his-

toric themes; it does not turn to narrative most naturally, nor, in the nature of the rapidly changing elements and temper of the civilization around it, to the technical epic: it is essentially lyric and philosophic in tendency. Delicate, with the moral sensitiveness alike of youth and the consciousness of an intentionally ethical foundation, it is yet strong with the vigorous, unsapped strength of a new organism, — the delicacy and strength of its native arbutus. If its austerity, the intellectual vigor born of its keen gales, its clear, inspiring sky, its swift, pure air, has seemed bloodless and ascetic to more sensuously blunted organizations, such misapprehension is impossible to those who know that this is a very passion of purity; an intoxication as vivid, as æsthetic, as intense, as the more tropical ardor of nations otherwise founded and developed. It is not a starved, unwholesome asceticism; it is healthy, wind-swept, rain-washed, — a vital delight.

Has this peculiar temperament waited until a very recent date, then, for its notable illustration? We shall expect, and very reasonably, some striking example of it early in the artistic life of the nation; a type perhaps too strong for perfect symmetry, susceptible to the mellowing and broadening influence of the later culture, but, from the very fact that in the hands of its descendants it would be subjected to modification and dilution, clearer and more definitely national than perhaps any later and more complex type can ever be. And can we show, by some anticipation of perfection, an instinctively beautiful form, a technical ease, a maturity of grace, with which artists all through the world's history have continually surprised a later generation, which profits by this happy foreglimpse of its own latter-day skill? It seems that we can, and that in Ralph Waldo Emerson and Thomas Bailey Aldrich America has seen all her potential force of national spirit and charm of national grace.

If, in the one, philosophy slipped into mysticism, inspired brevity into curtness, intensity of conviction into dogmatism; if his exquisite facility has sometimes led the other into work more remarkable for that quality than for inspiration, they yet remain the most perfect types, the most valuable examples, and the safest criterions of the American genius; and it is their influence on our most notable recent verse, direct or implied, that subsequent illustration, unaided by much analysis or comment, may be trusted to bring out.

But if it is a question of native force and original spirit, why not present that more strikingly vigorous personality, Walt Whitman?

Simply because that titanic force, that sweeping annihilation of all accepted canons, that unregulated if colossal genius, is manifestly unrelated, and voluntarily so, to any school or characteristic system. It is a law unto itself, and to stretch it further, to allow it to cover the crudities and vulgarities, the vagueness and incoherence, the cheap sentimentality and meaningless cosmopolitanism, into which an unrestrained imitation of it would surely degenerate, would bring a condition of things for which the most unqualified admirer of his work would surely hesitate to be made responsible.

At his best, the poet of "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed" is inimitable; if not to be claimed as typically American, at least to be cherished as one of the great universal brotherhood who have risen most adequately to the expression of a deep and lofty feeling; at his worst, however, he falls to a level which is precisely the level reserved for the American of genius in his most unfortunate lapses. Walt Whitman is more akin to us in our failures than in our legitimate and characteristic successes. To illustrate this:—

"On the horizon the peaks assembled;
And as I looked,

The march of the mountains began.
As they marched they sang,
Aye! we come! we come!"

Now, in its repression, its strength, its atmosphere so perfectly adequate to the conception, the telling quality of every word, this is equal to almost the best of Emerson. In its large, sympathetic, bold treatment of an unusual theme Whitman should not have scorned it. And yet the young man who can catch so perfectly the temper and instant impression of a row of shouldering peaks, and in such a brief flash of poetic insight set them before us, in the next breath is capable of this:—

" 'Think as I think,' said a man,
'Or you are abominably wicked.
You are a toad.'
And after I had thought of it,
I said, 'I will, then, be a toad.' "

Whatever heights of philosophical achievement this may have represented to Stephen Crane, it certainly is not poetry. Thus far Emerson could never drop; the most sententious of his aphorisms has a certain grave dignity, a pleasing and aristocratic quality of phrase, that, if it does not intoxicate or illumine, at least does not insult the muse. Yet compared with some of the amazing combinations of Walt Whitman, it is classic.

Consider this:—

"The ocean said to me once,
'Look!
Yonder on the shore
Is a woman weeping.
I have watched her:
Go you and tell her this,—
Her love I have laid
In cool green hall.
There is wealth of golden sand
And pillars, coral-red;
Two white fish stand guard at his bier.

" 'Tell her this
And more,—
That the king of the seas
Weeps, too, old, helpless man.
The bustling fates
Heap his hands with corpses
Until he stands like a child
With surplus of toys.' "

This might almost be a literal translation from Heine; and yet there is a subtle note, a clean, abstract, universal pathos in it, that the self-centred German could not have given us.

Compare this with the well-known Daughters of Time, the Hypocritic Days:—

"I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes,
Hastily took a few herbs and apples;
And the day turned,
And departed silent.
I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

This unwarrantable breaking of Emerson's metre softens immensely the difference between the classic and romantic atmospheres of the two poems, and brings out more obviously their common temper. It is not merely a question of broken metres in any two chance poems: it is the American spirit; subtle, limited if you like, but more intense and distinct in these three than in a thousand Tales of a Wayside Inn.

But these are not examples of that simple, regular, but exquisite form that has been predicted for the modern American poetry. Let us illustrate by this one of Miss Guiney's recent poems:—

"A man said unto his angel:
'My spirits are fallen thro',
And I cannot carry this battle.
O brother! what shall I do?'
"Then said to the man his angel:
'Thou wavering, foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus by the outer issue
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the very, the only,
The solemn event of things;
The weakest of hearts defying
Is stronger than all these Kings.

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,

Thy part is with broken sabre
To win on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!"

I have quoted this at such length because it is at once so entirely of the latest modern movement, — not so far from Kipling, — and yet of such a form and matter alike that the third and fourth stanzas are quite worthy of Emerson.

It must be steadily borne in mind that this Emersonian standard is by no means offered as the final one for all English poetry, but merely as the characteristic one for the American school; the attempt being to link together constantly both the typical best and worst of this poetry.

It is to be regretted that the thirteen little poems collected under the title *Alexandriana* — which alone are sufficient to insure Louise Imogen Guiney's place in any Anglo-Saxon anthology — cannot be inserted here in full. The following two have been selected with a view to the elucidation of that universal quality, that grandeur of conception, expressed by the most exquisite perfection of form, in the simplest of words and metres, that has been offered previously as a matter of theory.

"Jaffa ended, Cos begun
Thee Aristens; thou wert one
Fit to trample out the sun:
Who shall think thine ardors are
But a cinder in a jar?"

This is worthy of Landor, as is the next, but would Landor have hazarded that daring metaphor? Yet it would have been perfectly possible to Emerson.

"Me, deep-tressed meadows, take to your loyal
keeping,
Hard by the swish of sickles ever in Aulon
sleeping,
Philophron, old and tired, and glad to be done
with reaping!"

This is a classicism Emerson never achieved: it is one of the modern en-

richments. But it is an added grace, not a generic quality.

More directly derived from the early type, and offering an almost perfect instance of the modern lyric, exquisitely rhythmical, not too long to be comprehended in the space of an emotional breath, utterly simple in form and word, yet profoundly suggestive and atmospheric in treatment and implication, is this, one of the best of Miss Guiney's and of the new school alike : —

THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS.

Keep holy watch with silence, prayer, and fasting
Till morning break, and all the bugles play ;
Unto the One aware from everlasting
Dear are the winners ; thou art more than they.

Forth from this place on manhood's way thou goest,
Flushed with resolve, and radiant in mail ;
Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest,
O knight elect ! O soul ordained to fail !

That the spirit of this poem is complex rather than simple, moral rather than religious, intellectual rather than emotional, does not prevent it from being the essential modern and national equivalent of Tennyson's *St. Agnes' Eve* and Sir Galahad, though admittedly without their claim to greatness.

Now take these two stanzas : —

"Not his the feaster's wine,
Nor land, nor gold, nor power ;
By want and pain God screeneth him
Till his elected hour.

"Go, speed the stars of thought
On to their shining goals : —
The sower scatters broad his seed,
The wheat thou strew'st be souls."

This description of Genius might easily be Miss Guiney's ; it might almost be Emily Dickinson's, if she could have widened her scope a little — but it is Emerson's.

Only less notably illustrative than Miss Guiney's, of the theory of American poetry previously developed in this paper,

is the work of Lizette Woodworth Reese, whose Celtic *Maying Song*, quoted below, evidences not only her own style and wonderfully developed atmosphere, but the American contribution to the recent Celtic revival for which Miss Guiney has done so much : —

"Seven candles burn at my love's head,
Seven candles at his feet ;
He lies as he were carved of stone
Under the winding sheet.

"The Mayers troop into the town
Each with a branch of May,
But when they come to my love's house
Not one word do they say.

"But when they come to my love's house
Silent they stand before ;
Out steps a lad with one white bough,
And lays it at the door."

This differs from the verse of Fiona McCleod, for example, or Dora Sigerson ; it is the Celtic filtered through the American temperament ; its note comes to us with even more refinement of pathos for being less localized and less strongly accentuated.

The first stanzas of her poem *Growth* might well be mistaken by Emily Dickinson for her own : —

"I climb that was a clod ;
I run whose steps were slow ;
I reap the very wheat of God
That once had none to sow."

And though Emerson would not have written just that verse, it is not too much to state broadly that without Emerson, or better, what Emerson stands for, the verse could not have been written. For neither Longfellow nor Lowell has struck just this note ; it lay in their forefathers' temperaments, however, and their descendants have begun to interpret it. It has the wonderful correspondence of form and spirit that alone nationalizes any art.

The form we need not consider further ; the spirit, — how and where did we make it ours ?

Long before Chaucer sang, Celt and

Saxon were at weave upon the web we have inherited, to embroider in our turn, with here and there a touch we hope may outlast our day. Upon that changeless old-time warp, as much our own as our cousins' across the sea, we may lay our woof: keen crimsons from our wonderful autumn, the impenetrable blue of our crystal skies, the sweet austerity of our unmatched Quaker gray. But however our diverse and strangely welded nation may blend the dyes, we must remember that the warp is beyond our changing. Our blood has been widely diluted since first we began to add to the art products of the world, but even the elements that may have given us a greater variety and scope have not yet so modified the essential trend of our most representative work as to turn it from its two great natural themes, — the soul musing upon God and Nature. The quantitatively slight material of this sort offered for appreciation is none the less distinctly fine and characteristic because it is slight; and where there is, here and anywhere, the gleam, there may one day be found the steady glow.

We look for one on whom, because of greater national maturity, the national spirit shall have descended with a potency yet unknown, because he will be in no sense a pioneer, and his inheritance of characteristic force will be cumulative. And his taste will have become so trained that the crudities, hitherto almost always inseparable from the strongest poetic material of the country, will be as impossible for him in the treatment of the elemental conceptions as they have been for Aldrich in his treatment of those most exquisite cameos of verse.

Nor must it be understood that the Concord philosopher is to be considered for one moment as an example for the painstaking imitation of the American poetry of the future. Its essential kinship with his wonderful combination of temperament and style — displayed, for that matter, fully as clearly in his prose as in his verse — will be indicated through verse forms more varied, an emotional range far wider, than his; the correspondence will be, as it has been in the illustrations offered, more subtle than any imitation could produce. But that poetry will be, like his, the flowering of an intuition, exquisitely exact, of the distinctive national consciousness.

It is entirely possible to conceive of America's producing a future Swinburne; it is more than probable that the learning, the psychological temper, the wide and many-sided interests, and the poetic genius of Browning will find their great worthy inheritor in this country, in the progress of our intellectual and artistic development; but it would be absolutely impossible for anything but ten generations of English life and influence to produce a Matthew Arnold, — and this, not that he is greater, necessarily, but that he is more perfectly characteristic. In precisely the same way, no cathedral town, however grave and religious; no Australian or Canadian scenery, however vast and impressive; no possible future democracy, however politically perfect, can produce in just such mingled temperament the type that Emerson has, on the whole, most clearly fixed and epitomized for the curious and loving analyst of literary and poetic America.

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

MR. HAPGOOD'S GOSPEL.

I.

THE door between Hapgood's own den and the outer office was slightly ajar. Hapgood sat in his shirt sleeves, his big shoulders rounded over the desk. Now and then, in absent-minded impatience, he lifted his left arm and mopped his perspiring brow with the red-and-blue-checked sleeve of his shirt. Again he put up a heavy hand and gave a hard twist to the close-cut brown mustache in which there were a few lines of gray.

Abruptly he straightened up in his chair. His large, powerful eyes turned to the door with a stare. The new, gay sound of voices in the outer room was perfectly audible. Occasionally he caught a word. One voice was that of his wife. Another was Teddy Fairchild's. He waited in a pleasurable expectancy, which gradually faded into a kind of stubborn bitterness. Apparently Marion was not looking for him. He turned to the work; but his mind fumbled aimlessly over it. In his pained helplessness, he knew by the sound of the voices that the ladies were going out. An impulse to step forth, to intercept her, surged strongly forward within him; but he only dulled his eyes a little.

"Well, then I shall look for you, Teddy."

That was Marion; and that was the click of the outer door closing behind her. Hapgood had a poignant sense of desertion, and he stared dully back at his work. What was this strange, new enemy which he was called upon to fight? In the turmoil and suffering there was still an underconsciousness in which he remotely asked himself whether it was not the inevitable price a man must pay for having a beautiful wife, and loving her — more than was quite reasonable, perhaps. The six months of

his married life had been so fine; but recently —

The mere shape of some figures he had made on the sheet of paper obtruded. The sheer, blind will within him began fighting grimly up, and exerting its slow, stubborn strength. He went on with his figures. Presently he touched an electric button.

When Teddy appeared at the door, Hapgood looked up with a face perfectly clear and composed. He took a certain personal note of the younger man, — a tall, slender figure, with an effect of distinction in the clothes which was beyond Hapgood's simple sartorial imagining.

"Here's business for you, Ted," he said cheerily.

He saw that the young man's eyes were downcast, that they steadily avoided his own, and that pained him. Hapgood's glance was frank, his voice cool and good-humored, as who would say: "Look up, my boy; here is all free light and air."

II.

Driving over from the station, Teddy had a view of the golf links nearly the whole way. He kept looking furtively for that one figure, and when he identified it he quickly averted his eyes, lest she should see and hail him. But why had he come? Surely this house was the last place.

He was aware that she had discovered his approach, and when he alighted before the broad porch Mrs. Hapgood was coming across the lawn. They walked down the porch to a cluster of willow chairs. An upland, very still and spacious under the lowering, ardent September sun, spread before them. There was the golf club house in the left foreground of the picture, in the middle

distance a farm and clump of trees, and a haze over the low wooded hills at the further side. Mrs. Hapgood wore a wide, jaunty straw hat and a red jacket. Her dark eyes danced at him. The dimple came in her white, firm left cheek, and her small, even teeth gleamed when she smiled. Yes; it was precisely the scenery, the setting of that dim, rich land of the future, spacious, serene, charming, into which he had been ever about to step.

"We miss things by so little!" He brushed the long hair out of his eyes, and looked around at her with an odd, mournful, whimsical smile. "It's all there, you know. The garden is right before you, — bulbul and the rose, saki, the twilight glow, everything. You can hear the bird and smell the flower. Saki is pulling the corks with a mellow sound. But just when you might step in, the man at the gate has been called away. You have left the ticket in your other clothes. You miss it by a mere inadvertence. But — you miss it."

He drew a tremulous breath. You miss it! The words echoed ominously in his mind. The dreadful sickness at his heart, which her presence had a little charmed away, grew up again. Why had he come here, of all places? The poetic glow faded. The very pillars of the porch stood out in a kind of brutish, uncompromising reality. His mind began again sickly turning around and around in that helpless coil: the speculation — how well it had promised! — the excitement — the taking of those certain certificates out of Hapgood's tin box. There was the slight, stiff creaking of the hinges of the box, the dusty smudge on his thumb; there was his own raging apprehension, not over the theft, but lest somebody should come in and interrupt him, — lest he should be prevented. Why had he done that? It seemed incredible that the thing should be so irrevocable; that he could not some way slip back and undo it, and face

to-morrow with a smile. How many to-morrows he had lived up to and through, — just days, days, days, bright or dreary. Surely it was not possible that this one to-morrow should be so dreadfully different from all its predecessors.

But such tension could not last. Little overwhelmed bubbles of hope floated up in his mind. After all, he might not be the loser. Hapgood might have lost the speculation, after all. Only this morning the newspaper had cast a sinister glance at a nameless "steel magnate," who was said to be "involved."

"Fancy the newspaper saying John would fail!"

The man quailed at the touch; but his dry lips managed to say, "Well, stranger things than that have happened."

"What! Stranger than that! Oh no! Of course, I don't know any of the details; but, you see, I know John!" She nodded it at him sagely. In a moment she bent forward a little, confidentially, and added, "You see, it's come to that, Teddy!" so that at once he felt anew their singular intimacy, coming of their almost lifelong propinquity, of their relationship, even of that indefinite something which had been between them when they got of that age, — a "something" the issues of which might be found in the fact that now she liked to call him Teddy, while he called her neither Marion, as of old, nor Mrs. Hapgood, as, all things considered, he should.

"It is n't your garden, perhaps," she was going on; "but a big, strong house, with plenty of room in it, where you can come and go as you please, and you feel it will always be the same for you, — open, unchangeable, secure. That's John!"

"Yes," Teddy murmured. The air of that strong house seemed to blow upon him and to wither him. He felt again Hapgood's powerful effect, and he could not tell just how it blent into a

knowledge of his physical approach. He did know of the physical approach a long second before Hapgood's voice sounded from the roadway. The voice itself was like a summons. In a moment's ecstasy of fear and pain he clutched Marion's hand, staring at her with a twisted face. It may have been to confess, to tell her everything. It may have been a kind of agony of farewell. There was no definable thought in his mind. It was simply a wild, panicky impulse, and it was so strong that he held her hand, staring strickenly at her, during the fraction of a minute that it took Hapgood to run up the steps and come upon the porch.

Hapgood, seeing the hand clasp, paused a mere instant, nodded at them; then called, "Hello, Marion!" as he turned to the house. When he emerged a moment later, Teddy was descending the steps, and he did not look back, although the master of the house again paused.

Mrs. Hapgood was bending across the arm of her chair, awaiting him, and Hapgood went over to her. He took the seat which Teddy had vacated.

"John," she began eagerly, "tell me about this stock affair."

Hapgood looked at her with a kind of slowness. "Well," he said absently, "I've got 'em laid out cold."

"You mean — you've won?"

"Yes," he said, in the same absent way.

"But — how much do you make?"

Her husband looked at her an instant, as though the question perplexed him. "I suppose a couple of hundred thousand," he answered.

"But are n't you glad?" she demanded, with a touch of indignation.

He pulled himself together. "Why, yes, of course," he assented, as though he meant it. He smiled at her with good humor. "Of course it's bully to win a good fight!" He laughed easily. His strong eyes were shining at her. "It was a good fight. I was pretty hard up

with taking over that West Side mill. Harding and Dent and their clique knew it, too, when they started in to oust me. Money was tight, and when they began throwing the stock on the market it looked as though they stood about an even chance to win. Well, I found the money, and took the stock as fast as they sold, and now they're in a corner. I was n't looking for it. They made the game and made me play it — and — well, naturally I hope I've given 'em all they wanted of it."

"I knew you'd win!" Mrs. Hapgood declared. "But even Teddy" — She stopped.

Hapgood looked into his lap. "Teddy was n't sure, eh?" he suggested.

"Well, you know, Teddy is such a dreadful pessimist."

"Is he?" Hapgood asked, his eyes downcast. He rose, and stood for an instant looking sombrely down at his feet. "I believe I'll take a turn in the stables," he said.

III.

When Teddy returned to the porch, Mrs. Hapgood, from the hall, called gayly to him, "You were wrong!"

He opened the screen door and stepped inside.

"Probably," he said; "but what about?"

"Why, about John. He's won. All the people that sold his stock are — are laid out cold!"

Teddy got over to the bench. Mrs. Hapgood sat beside him, and elaborated what her husband had said of the stock market affair. He leaned against the wall, watching her in a singular sort of abeyant idleness. He scarcely minded what she said. His faculties were absorbed in remembering that the line of her chin and throat had always been just like that; that this nose, these eyebrows, were precisely the same, — as though, in some queer way, he was taking out the

pieces of his heart and looking at them, and admiring the niceness with which they fitted one another.

"So the men who sold this stock must lose," she said, with a sense of the inevitable punishment of the wicked.

"Precisely; and I'm one of those men," said he.

"You! Why, Ted! *You!*" she exclaimed.

"You see, Marion, I'd never done anything all my life worth speaking of," he explained. "And — well" — his whimsical smile flickered wanly up — "I guess I've done it now. Yes, I sold the stock. I even helped myself to some securities in your husband's box, — embezzlement, I believe they call it."

He had a poor little instant of pride in his cynicism. Then he saw her straighten away from him, staring at him with all her eyes.

"Oh! Oh!" she wailed, and the suspiration of her breath caught with a little gasping sob. All the sweetness and sex of her voice were in that little sobbing sound. He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, Teddy! Teddy! How could you!"

His eyes burned, and there was a hot lump at the base of his throat.

"Oh, Teddy, how could you!" She flung her arm across his bowed shoulders and drew him toward her. "It's too bad, Ted! It's too bad, dear!" Again there was the little sobbing catch in her voice. The man's shoulders shook; tears ran from his eyes.

Hapgood, returning and mounting the steps, his eyes sombrely on the ground, crossed the porch, stood at the hall door, and saw the figures on the bench, — barely saw them; then whirled around and took a dozen steps up the porch, swiftly, as though he were fleeing from something, — as though a monster that had been lurking dimly in the caves of his mind, long fought back and fought back, had at last suddenly sprung out and

confronted him. His mouth was open; his eyes were staring; his faculties were jarred and shaken together. He felt it at last face to face with him.

But he took only a dozen steps; then stopped. The ends of his fingers clutched into his palms. Endless detestable and bloody thoughts, which his mind had not engendered, seemed to roll over him. But there was something in the turmoil that he was holding to with all his force. He turned around and went back, his chin up, his face composed, his eyes straight ahead. He was marching; and he marched through the door into the hall. His wife looked up.

"Oh, John! Teddy's in dreadful trouble!" she cried out. "He's made an awful mistake."

What Hapgood saw was that there was not a shadow of self-consciousness on her face; that, with her arm over the man's bowed shoulders, she was trying to pull him to his feet.

Teddy stood up, his head bent, his hands fallen to his side.

"I've stolen some of your certificates. I was in this stock market," he muttered, with a sort of fierceness.

"But I'm sure he didn't mean to, John!" Marion cut in, with a kind of storminess.

"Why, I'm sure it was a mistake, Ted," said Hapgood quietly and gently. "Don't worry. I'll see you through for Marion's sake, anyway."

"I knew you would, John!" The storminess broke out again. She flung herself against her husband's breast. "I knew you would, for he's good, anyway!" A little burst of weeping choked her voice.

Hapgood put his arm over his wife's shoulders. "We'll talk it over, Ted, and see what's to be done," Hapgood went on steadily.

"Oh! some other time!" Teddy cried, and with a wide gesture he bolted from the room.

"I knew you'd do it, John!" Mrs.

Hapgood exclaimed, struggling with her tears, and in that tender storminess. "But how *could* he! How *could* he have done it!" she wailed. "It was all that wretched stock business. I wish you'd never been in any stock business. But it was splendid of you, John! I knew you'd do it, but I did n't know you'd do it so finely. I was never so proud of you. You deserve to win, John!"

"Do I? Do I deserve to win?" he demanded eagerly. He caught both her hands and stooped, his face shining down at her. "Because I have won!" he declared. "I have won!" Abruptly he threw up his head and laughed.

"Why, John!" she protested, in astonishment.

"I can't help laughing, because I've won, you see!" he crowed. He laughed again. "See here, Marion — it's silly, I know. I always did know it was silly; but that did n't seem to help it any. I could n't half like Teddy. Oh, I know no man ever had less real cause, so far as you are concerned. But, you see, you'd known him so long, and in so many ways he was so much more of your sort than I was, that sometimes he seemed nearer to you than I was. And I liked you so much, my girl, that —

well, sometimes the devil himself got into me."

"Me — and Teddy!" she gasped.

"Oh, I know it was foolish, but to save my soul I could n't just help it. And it might have turned out bad, for me, you see. But now — what is it the Bible says about everything else shall be added unto you?"

"Well, I'm sure it's nothing about this," said Mrs. Hapgood vaguely.

"Yes, it is," he insisted, "exactly about this, — or it ought to be. Don't it say, if you have faith, all things shall be added unto you, everything shall come your way?"

"But that's quite different," she expostulated.

"No, it is n't," he declared eagerly. "Or, if it means a different sort, it might just as well mean this sort, — faith in general, I mean. You see, it's just this: if you have faith; if you set your face right straight ahead, and won't be turned aside, and won't doubt, and won't have any suspicions, why, everything — that is, you'll win out, sure!"

Mrs. Hapgood gave a contented sigh. "It is n't at all good gospel, John," she said. "But I love you because you're that sort of a man."

Will Payne.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

ENGLISH literature sprang at the outset from the impulse felt by an untutored Yorkshire peasant, in the seventh century of our era, to express in the vernacular his sense of the power and goodness of God, as manifested in the work of creation. His disposition and ability thus to employ his native speech were immediately utilized by the abbess and philanthropic scholars of a neighboring monastery in the rendering of Scriptural narrative and homiletic reflections into

Northumbrian alliterative verse, having in view the moral improvement of the common people, to whom Latin was an unknown tongue. Throughout the Old English period — say to the Norman Conquest — this effort to popularize the treasures of Christian learning, which otherwise must have remained the exclusive property of the scholarly few, is accountable for the chief part of the literature produced. The clergy were ordered to repeat the Creed and the Lord's

Prayer in English; homilies were composed in it; Bede's church history, Pope Gregory's Pastoral Care, and Boethius' Consolations of Philosophy were translated by Alfred, or under his supervision; the lives of saints and Biblical personages were written in prose or paraphrased in verse: the poor, in all ways, had the gospel preached to them. On the other hand, the tribal kings compiled codes of customary law, embodying the legal practices which prevailed among an unsophisticated folk, and comprehending the few and simple relations which the members of a tribe or province sustained to one another. Add the first annalistic jottings of historical occurrences, and the poems dealing with the exploits of popular heroes, and you have all, and more than all, that can fairly be termed *belles-lettres* down to near the period of the Norman Conquest. It was a literature of the people and for the people, and at least to some extent, as in the case of Cædmon, by the people.

Centuries passed, and the institutions which had once represented enlightenment and advancement were now either become corrupt, or seemed likely to oppose further progress. Reform was inevitable, and reform at length arrived.

What we call the Reformation was an uprising of the people against the privileged classes, — against the degenerate monastic orders and the rule of Rome, but also, as the sequel showed, against absolute monarchy and feudal oppression. Rome professed to be exercising only her immemorial rights; monarchy and feudalism insisted that they were the very institutions by which England had always been governed. Appeal was made against both to English antiquity, to the literature of the pre-Norman period; and thus it happened that in the wreck of the monastic houses, when the Reformers were reforming so much out of existence, it was precisely the Old English manuscripts which stood the

best chance of preservation, and which — though many were doubtless lost — were collected and treasured up by Leland, Archbishop Parker, Joscelin, and their assistants. Lambarde published the Old English laws, Parker the life of Alfred written by Asser, Parker and Fox the Old English translation of the Gospels, Parker and Joscelin Ælfrie's Paschal Homily and other writings bearing on the question of transubstantiation, and Hakluyt the voyage of Obthere in a translation from the account by King Alfred, — all before the year 1600. English scholarship — by which I here mean scholarship having reference to the English language and literature — had thus made a definite beginning between the birth of Shakespeare and the death of Elizabeth. As Old English literature was of and for the people, so English scholarship originated in obedience to the democratic instinct, and was the creation of a popular want. It was evoked to overthrow sacerdotalism and to undermine prescriptive rule of every sort, and it is not surprising that its influence has been in the main, though not without marked exceptions, to this effect.

Being thus democratic in origin, it is but natural that the systematic study and teaching of English have had to contend with the indifference or opposition of the Roman Church, the aristocracy, and the supporters of the ancient classics. Thus, notwithstanding the fact that a great body of mediæval English literature is monastic or ecclesiastical in character, we do not find that many distinguished Roman Catholic scholars have been engaged in editing or expounding it.¹ In like manner, the teaching of English prevails much more widely in America than in England, the contrast being no doubt in some measure due to the aristocratic traditions which cling to the ancient seats of learning in that country. And, with exceptions here and there,

¹ An interesting exception in this country was Brother Azarias.

the representatives of the classics have ignored, depreciated, or opposed the progress and extension of English study. The reason is plain : these classes of persons have been the representatives of prescription and authority, and have therefore felt in the advance of English the approaching triumph of a natural foe.

On the other hand, the allies of English have been democracy and individualism, the spirit of nationality, the methods of physical science, and the sensational and utilitarian philosophy, to which may be added the growing influence of woman, and, in part as the cause of this influence, the pervasive and vitalizing effect of essential Christianity.

To illustrate these points briefly. Locke, the founder of modern sensational philosophy, thus writes in his *Thoughts concerning Education* (1693) : "Since 't is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. . . . Whatever foreign languages a young man meddles with, — and the more he knows, the better, — that which he should critically study, and labor to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own."

Franklin learned his English from the *Spectator*, and he was the founder and most persistent supporter, in the face of much discouragement, of an English high school in the city of Philadelphia. For this school he elaborated a plan of English teaching which can still be pondered with profit by students of pedagogy. Jefferson, who espoused the cause of the people against the spirit of caste, established a chair of Anglo-Saxon in 1825 at his newly founded University of Virginia.

The names of these three men, — Locke, Franklin, and Jefferson, — who, in the three successive centuries following the rediscovery of the ancient tongue, zealously advocated the study of English,

are deeply significant. They were apostles of a sensational philosophy, of physical science in its application to homely uses, of toleration, of the rights and needs of the common man. They represented prose, common sense, materialism ; so that it is by the exquisite irony of overruling circumstance that they have aided in bringing poetry, religion, and philosophical idealisms home to the smug and benighted Philistine. For our schools teach Ruskin rather than Locke, Shakespeare rather than Poor Richard's *Almanac*, Burke rather than Jefferson ; they speak, like Balaam, far other words than as they were commanded at the first.

This ennoblement and etherealization of the subject of English teaching, and to some extent of its method, is primarily due to two causes, — the influence of Christianity, and the consequent influence of woman. To begin with the larger of these two factors : the belief in the value of the individual is the basis of democracy, and this belief came into the world with Christianity. It was the Puritans who overthrew the despotism of the Stuarts, and it was their success that emboldened and informed the prophets of the French Revolution. Rousseau promulgated the gospel of individualism in a form adapted to his age and country, yet not more truly nor effectively than did Wesley in England ; and Rousseau himself, however unwittingly or unwillingly, was but the mouthpiece of the Christian consciousness which for centuries had been protesting against the vassalage of man to any power lower than the divine. The return to nature, the return to poetry, was a return to the indefeasible instincts and needs of the individual human soul. The social contract was supposed to rest upon free consent, like the association of individuals in the primitive Christian church.

The lyric cry of Romanticism was an echo of the chants that resounded from the church and cloister of the Middle Ages. Like them, it was a passionate

outpouring of the heart, in joy, in grief, in aspiration; and, like them, it uttered itself in freer and more spontaneous forms than those inherited from classical antiquity. At that cry the doors of an almost forgotten sepulchre opened, and there stumbled forth into the light a figure wrapped in cerements, at whose appearance some stood aghast, while others exulted with the pulse of a new life. As the graveclothes have been slowly unwrapped, we have beheld a visage marred more than any man, and its form more than the sons of men; but we have also seen a radiance streaming from the resuscitated members, and have felt a mysterious potency animating our own; for we have assisted at the resurrection of the buried Christianity of the Middle Ages, with its likeness to the Crucified, with its yearnings over the poor and them that have no helper, with its eager pressing on to the realization of the kingdom of God. And thus it has come to pass that the great literature of the nineteenth century is either Christian or humanitarian; and if humanitarian, then necessarily Christian, though it may be unconsciously or in its own despite. And what is true of the literature is true also, in its degree, of the ideals of our English teaching.

In this revolution woman has been at once a gainer and an actor. Whatever releases and strengthens the individual soul clothes her with might. Christianity, and the religion out of which Christianity sprang, first gave womanhood, as distinguished from single notable women, its potential dignity, influence, and fullness of charm. What wonder that she has been instinctively repelled from those of the ancient classics, and of their modern imitations, in which she has seen herself degraded and vilified? What wonder that she has been drawn toward a literature of sympathy and palpitant emotion, — a literature which places the virgin and the mother upon the throne of earth and heaven, while it makes her a minis-

trant in the abode of poverty and at the couch of feebleness and pain? And so it results that much of the teaching of English is done by women, and it is they who strive forward, quite as eagerly as the men, to gain the advanced instruction in English of our higher institutions.

The deeper causes of the increasing study of English are thus seen to lie in the onward sweep of certain irresistible forces which are not yet spent, and which are likely to continue in operation for an indefinite period. The initial impulse came from that Protestantism which had been nourished in the lap of the Middle Ages; then utilitarianism spoke its word, and advocated a study which came home to the business and bosoms of all men; the spirit of nationality glorified the vernacular speech; the spirit of individuality emancipated men from bondage to pseudo-classicism; science inculcated fearlessness in exploration, and a recognition of value only where, and in so far as, value really existed; a reviving Christianity insisted on deference to its own literary as well as ethical precepts; and at length woman has begun to assume the full royalty to which her claim had so long lain in abeyance, and to exercise it in behalf of those species and aspects of literature to which her nature inclines.

We may now turn to consider the specific progress effected in the last decade or so, though a fixed limit of time will not be easy to observe.

In the course of rather more than a generation in America, democracy has outgrown its institutions of higher learning. Not in the sense that it has appropriated and utilized all that its colleges and academies had to offer, and that, having transcended all this learning and culture, it has mildly requested more. No, it is rather in the material sense that it has outgrown them: it has filled to repletion the dormitories, classrooms, and laboratories, in at least one instance reciting in large tents pitched upon college grounds. The teeth of dragons

had been scattered over a favorable soil, and immediately there sprang up impetuous hosts, rushing upon the domains of culture like the hordes of Attila upon the plains of fertile Italy. They were armed, so none could resist them; and they were rude, so that what they clamored for was less the garnered wisdom precious to the ripe scholar than such enginery of science as would empower them to extort riches from the soil and the mine, or assist them in levying tribute upon the labor of others, together with such smattering of letters as would enable them to communicate with precision and brevity their wishes and commands, or would embellish the rare social hour with some suggestions of artistic refinement. Training in the older sense they cared not for. Those who devoted themselves to physical science endured so much of intellectual discipline as they considered indispensable for the attainment of their ends, but were impatient of more. Those who were less serious or less specific in their application were willing to practice the easier forms of writing, but in the pursuit of literature insisted upon being entertained, and then in being provided with abundance of the small coin of information and opinion, which they might utter in conversation or dispense in speech-making. If they were to have culture, it was culture made easy that they desired; and, on the whole, they preferred to have it rather than otherwise. But to what purpose were they to turn their backs upon Greek and Latin, if they were to be required to pursue exact methods, and make solid acquisitions, in their native tongue?

Here was the opportunity, the problem, and the pitfall of English. There were all the students that the most grasping partisan of the subject could ask for. How should they be employed? How should they be satisfied? And how, if possible, should they be educated? The first two of these questions were more readily answered than the third.

The problem first beset the colleges, and especially the larger of them. It was they that were the first to be overcrowded, because of their prestige. The academies and high schools had enough to do with the preparation of their students in the stock subjects required for admission to college, in giving a little special attention to those who were to attend scientific schools, and in providing commercial courses; their turn was to come later. In the colleges there continued to be, as before, those who had inherited scholarly traditions, and who had come from refined homes,—men who could be depended upon to profit by the best facilities provided for them. But side by side with these there were not only the children of poverty and obscurity,—such there had always been, and from this class had arisen some of the most eminent of Americans,—but a numerous body of students from families wealthy without inherited ideals, or prominent without distinction. These persons were ready to allege their riches as a warrior might allege his arms; it was a reason for doing nothing contrary to their inclination, and especially for nonchalant perseverance in the crudities of Philistinism.

Two possibilities presented themselves as contributory to the solution of the overwhelming problem. Training implied small classes; so training was not to be thought of. What, then, could be done with students in large masses? They could have frequent practice in writing about subjects with which they were presumably already conversant; and they could listen to lectures on English literature. In the one way, they could, if not form a style, at least learn to avoid the most vulgar errors; in the other, they could acquire a tincture of information concerning authors and their works, and learn to speak with decision about books which they perhaps had never read, and on which they had certainly never reflected.

In the smaller colleges matters were not so bad, at least as respects the size of the classes. There was therefore an opportunity to do good teaching, and in many instances good teaching was done. But two forces militated against excellence. The one was the influence of the larger colleges, exerted through their graduates and through public discussion; and this, as we have seen, was unavoidably in the direction of superficiality. The other was the uncertainty respecting the best methods of instruction, due in part to the recent enrollment of English among the favored topics of the curriculum, in part to the variety of related subjects which might be comprehended under the term, and in part to the peculiar nature of English itself. To some it was clear that, since English was a language like Latin or Greek, with words and syntax, it could be taught like Latin or Greek, largely through etymological and grammatical exercises or notes, with some assistance from the explanation of historical allusions and the citation of parallel passages. To others it was equally clear that, since English was our native tongue, it stood in no need of learned commentary, and that nothing was necessary but to read it, — read it rapidly, extensively, and with interest. Some, who had studied in Germany, were for carrying every word back to what they called Anglo-Saxon; others had not so much as heard whether there were any Anglo-Saxon, but at all events were positive that it had no connection with modern English. Some loved poetry and æsthetics, and would none of Dryasdust "philology;" others believed in applying the scientific method to literature, and eschewing impressionism and the musical glasses. All of us, I suppose, have done the best we knew how; it has not been our fault if we have insisted upon our personal predilections, or taken up with other people's fads; the truth of it is that while Greek and Latin were taught according to a system and a

method, good or bad, we had none upon which we were agreed, and, from the very nature of the case, could have none. Among the rhetorical teachers it was nearly or quite as bad as among the professors of literature. There were those who depended upon negative precepts, — "Don't" writ large over many things reprehensible by literary convention or the individual preceptor; those whose main reliance was upon constant practice in writing, with a minimum of precept; those who followed the rhetoric of the eighteenth century, rewritten to date at the behest of enterprising publishers; and those who believed that students would never mend till the English they spoke and wrote was regarded as the common concern of all departments of instruction, and not relegated to one or a very few instructors, who in this way were made the scapegoats or whipping-boys not only for the sins of the whole student body, but also for the negligence of their other teachers. Here, again, we may not censure, and must certainly find much to admire. But if personal initiative is pardonable — nay, even praiseworthy — in those who have to sustain the first onset of an unexpected attack, and if we marvel at the pluck with which one clubs his weapon and another flings a stone, it is not therefore to be doubted that the manual of arms is, on the whole, an excellent book and worthy to be studied, nor that conduct and harmony of action are what an army chiefly needs.

While the colleges were thus struggling with their difficulties, how was it faring with the schools? In the lower schools training had been largely abandoned. "Reading without tears" was the watchword. The pupil must at all hazards be kept interested; that is to say, amused and distracted. "Language lessons" took the place of grammar, and the "word method" of spelling. Spelling and grammar, therefore, became as obsolete as the mediæval *trivium* and

quadrivium, and were reckoned among the lost arts. Instead of a few things well learned, there were many things badly taught. Now to know many things badly has from of old been regarded as a poor equipment for facing the stern "Stand and deliver!" of life.

It was thus the high school and the academy that were to be caught between the upper and the nether millstone. For the colleges, finding an illiteracy confirmed by the habits of half a generation too deeply rooted to be eradicated within a reasonable time, at least with the means at their disposal, began to consider whether this inveteracy were not, on the whole, a thing to be deplored; and eventually opined that it was. They then began to frame entrance requirements in English, designed to remove the more ignominious phases of this illiteracy before college years, either through some acquaintance with English literature, or through practice in writing, or both. The requirements were of varying degrees of severity; but that mattered little, since they were seldom enforced, and never with the rigor which a decent regard to the opinions of enlightened humanity would have exacted. When the high schools were remonstrated with for the ignorance and slovenliness which they permitted, they alleged the prescriptive requirements of the colleges on the one hand, and on the other the inexorable demands of a public which expected them to teach bookkeeping, physics, chemistry, physiology, botany, geology, civics, and political economy, to say nothing of manual training and the preparation for actual life. How, then, could they take up English in addition? "English, forsooth! — but yet if our pupils are minded to read certain books at home, and report the fact at school, we will see what can be done. Still, it is a crying injustice that we should be expected to retrieve all the deficiencies remaining through the negligence or incapacity of the lower schools."

The pressure thus exerted by the colleges upon the preparatory schools has in many instances been transmitted by them to the grammar schools, with the result that the worst evils are in course of being remedied; and certain high schools have courses in English extending over four years, and with four or five exercises a week, conducted by enthusiastic, winning, and competent teachers. Unfortunately, there is a premature movement on the part of a few high schools to emancipate themselves from all dependence upon college requirements, — or, as their representatives would say, an unreasonable obstinacy on the part of the colleges in holding to their requirements, — a movement which, unless carefully watched, will go far to nullify the progress which has been made, since it is only through the harmonious coöperation of all parts of our educational system that the indispensable results can be attained.

Though there is still much to be desired, there is considerable ground for encouragement. A few of the gains of recent years may be briefly enumerated.

Through the agency of various bodies, chief of which is perhaps the Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English, the chasm which yawned between the colleges and the preparatory schools is in process of being bridged over. This Conference, composed of representatives from all sections of the country east of the Rocky Mountains, — California has its own excellent system of local coöperation, — and from colleges and preparatory schools alike, has set up a standard not merely of college requirements, but also of high school attainment, which is fairly satisfactory to the whole country; thus measurably harmonizing the views of both classes of institutions, as well as of the East, the West, and the South. But in this effort it has not stood alone. The National Educational Association, and its committee of ten; the Association of Colleges

and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland; the Commission of Colleges in New England; the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools; the North Central Association of Teachers of English; the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Southern States; the Regents of the State of New York; and the Schoolmasters' Association of New York City, — these, and other similar bodies, besides numerous individuals whose names it would be invidious to mention, have contributed to the same end.

With a better understanding of what the secondary schools are expected to accomplish, there has come more pride in the work; a spirit of emulation among the more aspiring of the schools; a growing sense of professionalism among the teachers of English; and a demand for special instruction, suited to the needs of such teachers, on the part of the larger colleges and universities. In many cases, as already observed, excellent courses of instruction have been formulated within the individual school, or by bodies like the Connecticut Association of Classical and High School Teachers; and in some schools such programmes are in successful operation. Then, too, rival publishing houses, finding that it would be remunerative to focus their attention upon the books set for the entrance examinations, have competed with one another in the issue of well-edited and attractive texts. The interest in school-directed home reading is sure to follow; canny publishers will reap a harvest, and the public will be immensely benefited.

With all allowance for deficiencies and blunders, then, we may fairly say that these results have been accomplished. The pride and interest of Americans in England's literature and that of our own country; the craving for culture in a form which promises so much return for so little expenditure of

effort; the admiration for our speech, because it is our own, because of its wide diffusion and sway, and because of the great works by which it has been illustrated; and the need and desire to employ the language as a means of communication, of persuasion, and of artistic achievement, — these, seconded by the whole democratic and scientific trend of the century, by the interest of other races in their own vernaculars, and by the necessity of unifying our heterogeneous population on the basis of a common speech and common sentiments, have not only multiplied magazines and newspapers, and cheapened books, but have introduced courses in English into schools and colleges of every grade, and taxed the energies and resources of every teacher of the subject. Beginning sporadically, and at first proceeding unevenly, the movement, as it has gathered volume, has tended to absorb the currents of individual opinion, and to render them all unconsciously tributary to a distant and perhaps as yet dimly perceived end. From the chaos and welter of divergent opinion, certain conclusions have at least so far emerged that we can now fairly say what the country in general seeks as a requisite in English for admission to college. This requirement is helping to fix and direct the courses in English of the secondary schools; and these, in turn, cannot fail to exercise a profound influence upon the ideals and efforts of the grammar and primary schools. In some degree, this establishment of a common standard of entrance proficiency in English tends to unify the college work, in so far as it eliminates certain tasks from the college curriculum which have hitherto found a place there because it was necessary that they should be done somewhere. Further progress in the organization of college teaching is to be expected through reflection upon the failures due to misdirected endeavor; through the natural efforts of rival institutions to equal or transcend one an-

other's successes; through the lessons taught by scientific pedagogy; and especially, it may be, from graduate study of the subject, leading to wider views and more philosophical generalizations.

It being assumed that important changes in the conception of English teaching are now in progress, and that we may confidently look for a more general agreement with respect to the precise nature of its purposes and processes, we may ask ourselves whether current practice and discussions will enable us to forecast what the next steps will be, and how far they will leave us short of a reasonable goal. In attempting to find an answer, we must bear in mind that if there are definable currents, there are also counter-currents; and that what is true of one institution or one section of the country is not necessarily true, at the same moment, somewhere else. Were there not this confusion, and even apparent contrariety of effort, it would be far easier to outline the situation; but this condition would imply that the gain had been achieved, and that henceforth we were to be content. Now it is the sense of unrealized possibilities, and the field that they offer to hope and young ambition, for which the teacher of English is most profoundly grateful, and which at times inspire him with the sentiments of a Columbus or a Magellan, if not of a Cortez or an Alexander.

If we look at the situation largely, this, I think, may fairly be said at the moment: that the emphasis is upon quantity rather than quality, upon phenomena rather than principles, upon practice rather than theory, or upon the science rather than the philosophy of the subject. In this respect English does not stand absolutely alone, but the tendency is here more accentuated because English is such a late comer into the sisterhood of disciplines, and has yet so much to learn. Colleges pride themselves on the number of their English courses, their extent and their variety; we have

had the daily theme, perhaps with the addition of the weekly, the biweekly, or the monthly essay; grammar has been extensively repudiated; and the "old rhetoric," which I take to be a statement of principles with the necessary illustrations, has been supplanted by a newer rhetoric, which tends, at least in one of its phases, to become a collection of illustrative excerpts from literature, with a minimum of elucidative theory.

In some quarters, the spirit of science, cautious and inductive, is supplanting an older cocksure dogmatism. The processes of the investigator's laboratory are attempted in the classroom. The student is brought face to face with facts, and encouraged to draw his own inferences. He then becomes conscious of a world of phenomena which he cannot hope to master in a limited time, but which is infinitely attractive by reason of its complexity and vitality. Who would not hesitate to criticise a mode of teaching which is the scholar's mode of learning? The method of science, from the days of Bacon onward, has given man an ever increasing power over nature; why should it not be applicable to language and literature, and if adopted in the study, why should it not be practicable in the school? It is; it must be. And yet we hesitate to stop with a simple assent. Science is content with advances which may be slow as the unspinning precession of the equinoxes, if only they be sure; while to the individual student, whether life be short or not, pupillage needs must be. Moreover, literature belongs to the sphere of the emotions and the will, at least as much as to that of the pure intellect. And again, the novice may be in a position to draw proximate inferences, while incapable of forming by himself those ultimate conceptions which are regulative of the whole nature, and which are as readily attained through the medium of literature as through any branch of secular study. Besides, it is a fact that the student hungers for the

voice of authority; he can repose only in certitude, — a certitude which he finds it impracticable to attain by his own efforts, yet without which he cannot act with the freedom and power which the possession of truth alone confers. In other words, the necessary complement of science is philosophy. Philosophy recognizes only a few great constitutive principles, which it attains by including many phenomena under one law, and many subordinate laws under one more comprehensive. With a philosophy of literature one may approximately comprehend its great manifestations; with the science alone one has the pleasure of always learning, but the disadvantage of never being able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

The still easier way — to pursue only infinite and uncoördinated, or at best loosely coördinated detail — is to sacrifice strength, grasp, direction, to the charm of waywardness, the delights of endless straying. Yet it must be confessed that to many minds the delight of endless straying is unconquerable. They love variety and easy appreciation; they care not for a perception of unity and law which must be bought with arduous labor. The appeal of literature to them is, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." And are they to be blamed for yielding to the seductive proffer?

These considerations lead us to what is perhaps the fundamental problem in the teaching of English literature, — how to combine discipline with delight. Given a certain temperament in the speaker, and it is easy to interest or amuse classes or audiences with English literature. It is not so easy for persons of the like temperament, or of any temperament whatever, to train others, or themselves, by means of English literature. A certain training is always secured in the acquisition of a foreign or ancient language. This, it is sometimes said, must be missed by the student of his own: his memory and judgment are not exercised in the same

way, and he is not called upon to make the effort necessary for comprehending alien modes of thought. Must English literature, then, leave people where it finds them, save for the pleasure it affords, the fund of information it yields, and a certain vague and unconscious effect in the refinement of taste? There are always those who will reply: "What more could you ask? Is not this enough?" There are never lacking those who say: "English literature cannot be taught. The art of writing cannot be taught. English literature can be read, and grammar can be taught. All subjects whatever can be talked about, facts can be memorized, examinations can be held, but literature and the art of writing cannot be taught."

Perhaps the dispute is one about words. Suppose we change the terms, and ask, not whether literature can be taught, but whether people can be taught by means of literature. Antiquity evidently thought so. Let us hear the testimony of Professor Jebb: "The study of the poets in schools is described in Plato's *Protagoras*. . . . The purpose was not only to form the boy's literary taste, or to give him the traditional lore; it was especially a moral purpose, having regard to the precepts in the poets, and to the praises of great men of old, — 'in order that the boy may emulate their examples, and may strive to become such as they.' From this point of view, Homer was regarded as the best and greatest of educators. In Xenophon's *Symposium* one of the guests says: 'My father, anxious that I should become a good man, made me learn all the poems of Homer; and now I could say the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by heart.' . . . Especially, as *Isocrates* says, Homer was looked upon as the embodiment of national Hellenic sentiment. No one else was so well fitted to keep the edge of Hellenic feeling keen and bright against the barbarian." This is instructive in more than one way. Note (1) that it is poetry that is studied;

(2) that the study is intimate and prolonged; (3) that it does not range over a boundless field; (4) that it has a direct and practical bearing upon life; (5) that it is a study of character and sentiments, not primarily of words and technique. And not otherwise is Horace's conception of the usefulness of Homer in the Second Epistle of the First Book, or Plutarch's in his treatise on How a Young Man should study Literature.

Turning from antiquity to modern times, we may ask ourselves what Milton — one of the wisest men who have ever written on the training of youth — thought about education as sought through the recorded speech of the past. Remember that he wrote a Latin grammar, and made extensive collections for a Latin dictionary, and then listen to his assertion in the treatise *On Education*: "Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only." On the premature practice of composition he has to observe: "And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind" — he is speaking of Latin and Greek, but he would have held the same respecting English — "is our time lost, . . . partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit." Leaving the criticism of existing practices, Milton next proceeds to develop his own plan. He resumes: "For their studies, first they should begin with the chief and necessary rules

of some good grammar; . . . and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation." When it comes to their reading, he is of opinion that "the main skill and groundwork will be to temper them such lectures and explanations, upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages." After much time spent upon the useful arts and the best authors, he would introduce his pupils to logic and the theory of poetry. "This," he says, "would make them soon perceive . . . what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things." And here comes the conclusion of the whole matter, so far as the practice of writing is concerned: "From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things." Such was not only Milton's theory, but such had already been his practice. As is well known, he spent five years at Horton, after leaving the university, in the perusal of the classics. And what was the effect of this reading upon Milton as a man and as a poet? I will take the answer from a recent writer upon Milton: "To Milton an extension of his reading was an extension of his own life, with all its experience, sympathies, and understanding, into the life and times of which he read. . . . It is a commonplace that travel enlarges a man's nature. For the high and sensitive mind books do the same, and in the case of Milton the quality of wide range in his poetic utterance was a direct consequence of the range of his own mind, which his reading had done much to extend." In another place the same writer says: "In attempting to ex-

plain Milton's power over his material, one word suggests itself. . . . It is his clearness of vision. With the detailed scrutiny of the Renaissance added to the exalted faith of the Middle Ages and the clearness and intellectuality of true classicism, he looked upon the world with a more perfect comprehension of its meaning and of the right purpose in life. Throughout his poems there is passionate but steady contemplation of things which men of his time either failed to see, or saw but faintly and apart from life itself. They are the eternal truths which lie around and above this life, and through which all things act in coöperation, not in contradiction, as it appears to the worldly man."

Here, then, we come back to our theme. Whether or not literature can be taught, at least the lesson of it can be learned. It was learned by Dante, sitting at the feet of Virgil, and Aristotle, and the authors of Scripture; by Chaucer, sitting at the feet of Ovid, and Petrarch, and Guillaume de Lorris; by Spenser, sitting at the feet of Chaucer and Tasso; by Burke, sitting at the feet of Cicero and Milton; by Tennyson, sitting at the feet of Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Keats, and Wordsworth. The great learners always learn meanings and values. Incidentally, they may learn facts and phrases and artifices; they may learn to imitate; they may learn to appropriate; they may even learn to surpass: but the supreme thing they learn is meanings and values, — the meanings of life, the relative values of the various possibilities that life offers. These things literature can teach us, if we will learn; and these things it is important that we, and our children, should know. The great authors must know them; not alone the authors of permanent literature, but the authors of permanent freedom, permanent empire, permanent civilization. Authors, and all artists, are shapers; and in America

every one is called upon to be a shaper, — to shape his own destiny, the destiny of his country, the destiny, in some sense, of the world. If he does not know the meanings and values of things, what shapes will he produce? And in all our education, what shall teach him these meanings and values, if not literature?

It has been pertinently asked: "Why has all this teaching of English, in the last twenty years, produced so little good literature? What is there to show for all the effort, for all the hue and cry? Men like Lowell, bred up under the ancient classics, and advocating them to the end, are among the foremost in American letters. Their successors, fed, without labor of their own, on the accumulated stores of England and America, — where are they? who are they? what have they produced?" Well, perhaps the fault is not alone in the teaching of English. The matter is by no means so simple as that. But certainly the supreme justification for devoting so much space to the subject of English would be found in the production of authors, the production of men, the production of statesmen and patriots, who should equal — no, that would not be sufficient; who should surpass — the authors, the men, the statesmen, and the patriots reared under the tutelage of the ancient classics and the Bible. We have all the advantage, for we have the ancient classics and the Bible too, in addition to the treasures of our own literature. The English teacher may teach Plato and Dante, Goethe and Molière, if he so choose, as well as Shakespeare and Browning. Nay, if he is to teach meanings and values, he must teach them, at least by implication; for his own sense of meanings and values will be most imperfect if he do not himself know the best literature of all the world, and constantly use it as the touchstone by which to try the authors with whom he is dealing.

Fortunately, there are signs which point that safe and happy way. The

validity of rhetorical practice and precept is being tested by an examination of the underlying psychology. Here and there classes in poetical theory are endeavoring to ascertain what qualities insure the permanence and enduring charm of literature. Scholarship in English, through the agency of our better graduate schools, is deepening as well as widening, is growing more refined and less mechanical. There is hope that the quantitative test will be gradually supplanted by the qualitative; that

we shall forget to ask, "How much?" and begin to ask, "How well?" But to attain this result implies something more than harmonious effort from the primary school to the university: it implies that in every grade the attention shall be steadfastly fixed, not upon the demands of the next higher grade, but upon the best things, — the things eternally best in their own nature, the things which most surely conduce to the fullness and perfection of individual and national life.

Albert S. Cook.

THE LOST TRAIL.

WHILE the drizzle falls on the slimy pavement, swelling
 The yellow gutters' flow,
 And the ways are dense with the hosts of buying, selling,
 And hurrying to and fro,
 I know that out in the North the winds are crying
 Round the willowed shores of the long white lakes outlying,
 And the black pine woods where my old lost friends are dwelling,
 And the splendor of the snow.

I know that mysterious land of wood and river,
 Where the half-breed hunters range;
 The snow wraiths dancing upon the hill slopes ever,
 The gray sun, low and strange;
 The bull moose skulking through windrow and through hollow,
 The creak and crunch of raquettes where the trackers follow;
 The dark spruce shades where the forest dreams forever,
 But never dreams of change.

A snowshoe track leads up from the swamp and over,
 Where the otter trappers passed,
 To the drifted winter hut in the hemlock cover
 That shields it from the blast.
 Are you there, Pierre, Gaultier, as when we together,
 Free in the face of the grim Canadian weather,
 Learned the changeless spell of the North to hold and love her,
 And turn to her at the last?

The snowstorm blindly drives through the woods to smother
 The ancient trail I knew ;
 The track we blazed is lost, and never other
 Has marked that blind way through ;
 But the same great roar through the leagues of branches sweeping
 Wakes the desire of a homesick heart that has long been sleeping.
 O dark North woods, wild love and ruthless mother,
 I call, I cry to you !

Frank Lillie Pollock.

THE PROFESSOR'S CHANCE.

THE professor seated himself at the breakfast table, with the listless air of a man who has abstracted several hours from his sleep to little purpose. He turned over his mail carelessly. It consisted chiefly of two book catalogues with German postmarks, a publishers' circular, a letter from a former student asking for help in his efforts to secure a position, and the usual handful of advertisements.

"I don't see why they keep sending us all these advertisements of *robes et manteaux*, pianos, etchings, trips to Norway, and other little luxuries!" the professor exclaimed pettishly, pushing the letters toward his wife. "Don't they know by this time that professors never have a dollar to throw away?"

The professor's wife gathered up the rejected advertisements, and glanced at them sympathetically.

"They're better than nothing," she answered, as she saved Madame Renoir's card from the grasping hand of a small child.

"I have n't ordered a book from old Schmid in two years," the professor continued, turning over the egg on his plate critically.

"And I never ordered a gown from Renoir; and what is more, I never shall order one, I suppose," she added gayly.

"A liberal profession!" the professor commented, rejecting finally the egg.

"Was n't there something else?" she asked hopefully.

"Only this business letter. Something from the shop, I suppose."

The professor opened the typewritten letter and spread it out on the rumpled tablecloth before him. There were three sheets, and the professor's interest seemed to increase as his eye fell down the pages. At the end of the third page he turned back, and re-read the whole more slowly. When he had finished he said, "This is very important!"

"What is it, James?" his wife asked briskly.

It was already after nine o'clock, and all the fresh things would be gone at Stein's if she did not go to market at once. And this delay at breakfast always put the maid in a rebellious mood.

"It is something very important," the professor repeated impressively, handing the letter to his wife.

While she was reading it he rose from the table and walked nervously about the room. He glanced out of the window, where he could see the neighbors' children climbing the fence into his back yard. He noticed also that the rear porch needed painting badly, and he speculated how it would be possible to make the agent see the propriety of painting it.

"Well, Jim," his wife exclaimed at last, "the chance has come!"

"It is n't a permanent position," the professor protested.

"Something else will turn up when you have finished there."

"I don't know about that. You can't get back into a university place every day in the week."

"But you won't want to get back! Mr. Prome says that such positions always lead to other things."

"If you have good luck. The teacher's salary is sure, such as it is. A man with a family" —

"You always said, if the chance came" —

"I don't know whether this is the chance."

"You will never find anything more assured. Just think how uncertain business is. Jack has changed his business four times."

"I must see the president."

"I don't see why!"

"This is very important."

"But it's *your* affair, James! The president is n't going to decide it! I thought" —

"I must talk it over with the president," the professor reiterated more feebly. "It is a very important step, and I do not wish to act precipitately."

"I'd go out and telegraph Mr. Prome! I would n't lose a minute!" the professor's wife exhorted warmly. "You know your own mind, my dear. You have said many and many a time that teaching tended to dry a man up, and that the salary was too small, and you did n't like being shut off here in this little town. And when Bert Prome offers you the chance to get out into the world, and to measure yourself with the rest, you talk about seeing the president, as if he would know what you want to do!"

She sternly took the muffin dish from the small boy, who at once protested.

"I thought you liked Eureka," the professor suggested hesitatingly. "You would n't know any one in Washington,

and four thousand there would n't go much farther than eighteen hundred does here, I guess."

"Of course I like Eureka! I never wanted to leave it! But what difference does that make? To hear you go over all these things" —

She started to leave the room, with an abruptness that was a distinct reproof.

"This demands consideration," the professor repeated, following her into the little room behind the parlor, which he used for a study. "It is n't a light matter to change your profession, when you have started well and are becoming an influence in the university. There's my book, too."

She waved these hesitations aside. Then she remarked resignedly: "Of course you must consider everything. I thought you had."

He was about to resent the tone of irony in his wife's voice, when the door opened, and one of his colleagues appeared. The professor greeted him heartily. The interruption was opportune.

"I came in on my way to my ten-o'clock," the newcomer said hastily, with a rapid, birdlike enunciation. "I wanted to make sure that you would be at faculty this afternoon. Those science fellows will try to push through their new schedule of hours."

The two professors discussed the matter of hours and other faculty questions for the next twenty minutes, while the professor's wife watched them, a smile of alien feeling creeping over her face at times. She had listened to many similar conferences before or after the weekly meeting of the faculty, and she had a well-deserved reputation for discretion. She knew all about the different cliques in the faculty; for three years she had heard the admission requirement question debated in all its aspects. She knew the president's attitude on this matter and many others as well as that potentate did himself, — perhaps better.

It had occurred to her to wonder, as she did this morning, that so many brilliant men of mature years could find these little questions of college administration and the nothings of institutional gossip vital and ever absorbing. Yet she was proud of the fact that her husband was one of the most energetic younger members of the faculty.

"I think I'll see the president this morning about that point," her husband was saying to Professor Gray. "We can't have Dodge riding over us like that. And I have another matter to see him about. I'd like your opinion on it, too." He cleared his throat, and went on deprecatingly, as if the subject were of trivial importance: "They want me to take the secretaryship of the new educational commission. I should have to throw up my position here, I'm afraid; it would take all my time, and we should have to live in Washington. It is rather upsetting, just as I have got settled here, — taken root, so to speak."

Gray looked at him shrewdly, and then turned away his head.

"You were always a lucky dog!" he murmured. He wanted to ask Drake how the position had happened to come his way. Drake knew what was in his colleague's mind, but preferred to act as if offers like this were events of common occurrence.

"You would think well of it, then?" the professor asked.

"Oh! For myself I can't say; I am very comfortably placed here. As Bump grows old I have things pretty much my own way. And I like college work, you know, — the faculty and all. The university is growing very fast, and I prefer the scholar's life" —

"So do I," the professor said hastily. His friend's speech had contrived to arouse various tender sensibilities. Gray was a junior professor, like himself, but the department of political science was much less crowded than the department of sociology. It was said about the place

that Gray was working for the headship of his department, on Bump's retirement.

The professor's wife, who had been listening eagerly to this discussion, finally broke in: —

"It seems as if it were the very thing that James has been looking for, — a chance to get out of the rut of teaching boys" —

"If that is the way he feels" — Professor Gray interposed, rather ruffled.

The professor frowned at his wife. It was one of her rare indiscretions, and he trembled as he thought of the metamorphosis those simple words would suffer at Mrs. Gray's hands. It determined him to go at once and see the president, before any story could reach that official's ear.

"I think I will step over to the library for a book," he said.

Gray smiled at the subterfuge, and turned to talk with Mrs. Drake while her husband was putting on his boots.

"We shall miss you two!" he observed tentatively.

"I hope so," she replied simply. "I like Eureka so much. I am very sorry at the thought of leaving it."

"You speak as if you had already decided the matter," he said quickly.

"James will have to decide it. But I don't see how he can hesitate. Of course he will have anxiety about the future, — all men have that more or less, — and he will have time to look around for something to take the place of the secretaryship. There are lots of things he could do. He likes mixing with people and seeing the world. I don't think he ever was exactly suited for the restrictions of a college life. He does n't like to live in a small way."

"Few do," Gray added whimsically. "I hope he'll succeed. It is a good deal of a risk."

"Nothing venture," she quoted merrily. "I'd rather see him fail than never dare!"

"You are plucky!" he exclaimed ad-

mingly, thinking of the three small Drakes.

At this point Drake returned with his hat. He looked at his watch and frowned. It was nearly ten o'clock; he had to verify some references and revise his notes before the afternoon lectures. This business of the secretaryship was time-wasting.

The two men went off, and Mrs. Drake hurried out to the kitchen, and then to the market, where she met Mrs. Gray, who was hunting for a bargain. She did not like Mrs. Gray, but in the present crisis she was glad to talk to some one. When that inquisitive lady asked if the Drakes were to keep their house another year, she was so extremely vague that her neighbor at once began to imagine important events. Then, on Mrs. Drake's asking certain things about housekeeping in the South, — Washington, for example, — Mrs. Gray, who was a Southern woman, made up her mind forthwith, and went her way to spread the news. Several of the instructors who had late morning classes had the story.

At the League for Social Reform, that afternoon, there were two versions of the affair: that the Drakes had been called to a Southern college, and that they would be obliged to leave Eureka on account of disagreements in the department. It was further rumored that Drake's courses had not been going well this year, but on that point there was no certain report. It was merely the rumor which was started on every occasion of departmental disturbance.

Meantime the two professors walked to the university, chatting intimately of college affairs, and not alluding to the subject which was uppermost in their minds. At the library steps Drake said casually: —

"Oh, about that matter of the offer to me, I had a little rather you would not say anything. It very likely won't go any farther, you know, and it is n't

one of the things to get around; looks as if a man were restless, and makes a bad impression. I feel that Eureka is my home."

"I shall not say anything," the other professor replied cordially, "and I am glad that you are not thinking seriously of it. It's a bad thing to change horses in the middle of the stream, you know."

Drake was afraid, afterwards, that he had given Gray too strongly the impression that he was not considering the offer: when he had read the letter, he had felt there could hardly be any doubt about his action. He was going to see the president merely as a matter of courtesy, — to let him know his plans at the earliest moment.

A student in his advanced course accosted him in the library, and asked for help. They went into the stack together to look up some pamphlets, and it was nearly half an hour before the professor could get away from the importunate seeker for knowledge. The delay annoyed him: he had really done nothing with his morning. And yet he liked the student, felt flattered by his deferential bearing, and was pleased with the ready manner in which he had been able to turn at once to the right materials for the problem. He had always felt that his best work was with the advanced students, who knew the difference between journalism and learning.

The anteroom of the president's office was well filled with waiting petitioners of one sort or another. There were several students who had special favors to obtain from the head of the institution, or had been summoned for one of the president's famous confidential talks. These sat in a corner by themselves, whispering nonchalantly. There were also two or three young assistants, who looked like careworn students. They were probably there on the difficult mission of getting their salaries increased. Drake pitied them sincerely; he remembered certain unpleasant hours that he had

passed in a similar suspense. Payson, he thought, was a married man, — married on five hundred dollars a year, and what he could pick up outside the college. How could the man have been so rash! But he remembered that he himself was getting only eight hundred when he had married, bravely confident that two devoted souls could make that sum go twice as far as a single soul. And they had managed it somehow, — he scarcely knew how, — until the first rise in rank, with its accompanying few hundreds of dollars' increase in pay, had come. There had been dire need of every additional rise; it made him blush to think how anxiously he had looked for these petty additions to his income. He realized how much of the last six years had been occupied by thoughts of ways and means, instead of by the traditional Arcadian musings incident to "plain living and high thinking." The new job would give him some relief for the present from that debasing hunger after an additional two or three hundred dollars.

The door into the inner office opened a little way, and for a moment every one was breathlessly alert. Drake could feel his heart beating a little faster, and he despised himself for his perturbation. It was Payson's turn. From time to time a secretary appeared, crossed the ante-room, looked about with an air of command, and returned to his desk. To Drake, the secretary had an unpleasant air of intelligence, as if he had assisted at many little dramas of this kind, and could tell stories that would make Eureka buzz, if he would. The professor grew increasingly restive; his morning had almost gone, and he should be obliged to meet his two - o'clock class without looking over his notes. He felt more sure than ever what his decision would be. There would always be more or less of this waiting at the doors of the great, but he thought it would be more tolerable if the game were larger.

Finally his turn came. Young Pay-

son passed him as he entered the inner office; the assistant's pale face was relaxed. Evidently he had found some comfort, — promises of help, at least.

"I am glad you dropped in," the president said cordially, preserving the fiction that the younger professors were in the habit of "dropping in." "I think you are the man to represent us at the Manwan Conference. I want to send some one there who will give them a good talk, and who will make an agreeable impression. You can get it in?"

The president threw himself back in his deep chair, and turned his distinguished profile to the light. He had the air of offering an honor to one in whom he had confidence. The professor felt flattered, and yet he was uneasily conscious that the president had a deft habit of disarming you if he suspected that your visit might embarrass him. They discussed the Manwan Conference for a few minutes; then the president suggested several departmental and faculty matters upon which he seemed anxious to get the professor's views. When the president settled forward in his chair, as if he were waiting for the next case, the professor summoned up his courage, and hesitatingly broached his news. At the first words the president seemed to withdraw himself defensively, and eyed the stammering man opposite him a little coldly. He had the air of a man of the larger world dealing tolerantly with a person of provincial experience. His wide intercourse with men of affairs gave him this advantage over his professors, — much the same advantage that a business man has over women. He knew their weaknesses pretty well, and they knew his only approximately. Moreover, he had the consciousness of final power within his domain, small as that might be; and this advantage he was convinced he exerted for the best good of the men and of the institution which he was responsible for.

He had been over this ground many

times before: it was one of his chief duties to soothe the restlessness of his men, to keep them content with their very modest stipends, to suggest hopes without committing the corporation too far. It was a delicate art, and one in which he had been especially successful. Yet he held the men who approached him in the manner of Drake rather cheap. If they had made up their minds to leave Eureka, it was useless to see him unless they wished to be persuaded into remaining. In other words, they were trying to "hold him up." Of course, both men, in these delicate interviews, were too dignified to call things by such vulgar names, but that was what it amounted to. So his attitude to the professor was kindly, but distant. The new chill in the atmosphere did not help Drake to express himself to the best advantage. As the professor talked, he felt more and more that it was all very silly: he either wanted to go, or he did not. And he thought he should when the time came, unless his position improved. He closed his lame remarks by saying:—

"I am not clear about what is the best thing for me to do, but it seems a great opportunity, — a rare chance to combine something of the scholar's life with a more active life. I have always felt rather stifled in college work."

"It is near the close of the term," the president observed, with a smile. "Your vacation is coming on. These long vacations are one of the boons of our profession."

"I know, I know," the professor hastened to say. "And there are other great attractions in our profession."

In the talk that followed, many idealistic terms floated about, — "service to the world," "disinterestedness," "love of learning," "scholarly leisure," "devotion to science," etc. The tone of the interview rose to unexpected heights. The president disclosed confidentially the story of certain sacrifices he had made

in his youth, beside which the professor's personal ambition was indeed sordid. There was no direct reference to the secretaryship. The president refrained from giving advice; he seemed to suggest merely the considerations that should have weight with a high-minded man. In the light of these considerations the secretaryship appeared utterly trivial.

When the professor rose, his soul was in a glow of lofty feeling. The thing that had disturbed him so powerfully all the morning had disappeared like fog before the sun. The faces of the two men reflected the generous ideas in which they had been indulging, and they shook hands with real enthusiasm. Drake hurried through the anteroom, scarcely noticing the restless, bored faces of the men. The number had increased while he had been with the president, and they scowled at him for keeping them waiting. Outside the hall, the campus appeared to him to be more beautiful than he had ever thought it. At this hour — it was past twelve — a few students were lounging and smoking in the shade of one of the buildings. Their indolent pose recalled his own student days, not so far away that the charm of the life had utterly faded. He was rather ashamed that he had been so ready to forswear all the warm dreams of his youth at the first wile of the material world. There was something more than salary and fame in life, and, as the president had said, the country needed, more than anything else, men who had the character to renounce the cheap ideals of success.

He turned into the college club for luncheon. At the long table in the centre of the dining room, a number of the younger men were disposing of the rather meagre meal the club provided. Gray was there, — it was said that Gray arranged his hours in such a way that he was never called upon to lunch at home, — and Dexter, who lived across

the river, in the little city of Ultonia, where he had a large house and kept horses. Drake took the vacant seat between them. He had scarcely unfolded the damp napkin, before the talk, that had subsided on his entrance, broke out afresh, and rippled up and down the table.

"The text to-day was, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt' " —

"What is it? The presidency of Exonia?" another colleague asked.

Exonia had been without a president nearly as often as the Grays had been without a servant.

"You did n't give any other man a chance," Dexter put in affably. "I wanted to see his Highness about Moltman's case. The university council is going to vote to give him his doctor's degree. His thesis was disgraceful, — showed he could n't write an English sentence."

"Prettyman says Moltman is n't up to a first-class senior," Saunders observed.

The talk went on about the graduate students, the higher degrees, the real purpose of university graduate instruction. Dexter, who had some reputation as a man in fashionable society, denounced "degree-getting business," the "Ph. D. mill," and the poor quality of the graduate work, with the air of a gentleman who was interested primarily in culture. Drake found something to say on the other side. He had always rather disliked Dexter; suspected him of holding aloof from the poor beggars in Eureka, and priding himself on his worldly connections.

Dexter knew how to dress, however, and his well-made, well-pressed clothes quite shamed the ill-fitting, ready-made suits of the other professors. As the discussion waxed, Drake found himself looking closely at Dexter's clothes, especially at his neat, carefully-laundered shirt and soft, fresh tie. It was all so subtly different from his own respectable, clean, indifferently-fitting garments. He had heard Dexter once say that a

teacher should dress like a gentleman, as an example to the slovenly boys in his classes. He was inclined to agree with him to-day.

After luncheon, Dexter joined him on the way to the recitation hall. He was still growling about Moltman's case.

"American universities are getting to be normal schools, teachers' institutes, — anything but institutions for the promotion of learning and cultivation. These fellows come here to get a certificate, a tag, to show that they know enough to teach in some beggarly high school or small college. Why, all that Moltman knows is just enough of his little trivial subject to get a degree! And he is an unkempt, half-fed" —

"Yes, yes," Drake responded. "There is a danger there: it's been the rage, this graduate school business. But we shall have to depend upon our own A. B.'s for better stuff. I feel that the undergraduate courses are the important ones. In them we are making men."

He was conscious that this view was not precisely in harmony with one he had taken in the morning, but Dexter's society was a great solvent of opinions. They parted very cordially at the door of Drake's lecture room.

The professor ran over his notes for the day's lecture while the class assembled. The notes for this course were three years old. Each year he had intended to prepare a new set, but had contented himself with revising the old ones here and there. He had been doing a good deal of hack work for a firm of publishers, and what time he could get for himself had gone into reading for his book.

As he cleared his throat and began the familiar sentences of his manuscript, he reproached himself for not having taken the time to prepare fresh material. This lecture seemed especially stale, and he could not summon his usual enthusiasm to enliven it. The sentences sounded rhetorical and young. The

students were listless ; they paid the half-hearted attention that the much-lectured-at college boy so quickly falls into when the teacher offers him nothing personally enticing. Drake realized how unformed they were in face and figure, how young. Every year it would be worse, as the gulf between their experience and his widened. There were only two ways of bridging that gulf : sympathy with youth, or an enkindling love of scholarship. He was afraid he lacked the first, and he had not yet attained the second. The hour dragged, and finally he dismissed the class five minutes before the electric bell tinkled. One or two students lingered to ask him some simple questions, which he answered shortly.

Usually, on this day of the week, he went into the library of the department to get some books and to see any students who wished to consult with him. He had a much-praised reputation for helping earnest students. The president had often referred to that element of his success as a teacher.

To-day he wandered back to the club-rooms to spend the hour before his four-o'clock seminar. The library was empty, and he stood for some minutes examining an oil portrait of one of the Eureka worthies, — John Wakem, formerly professor of history. The shrewd, white-haired old gentleman beamed from the wall in kindly fashion. Once in his freshman year Drake had heard the famous scholar lecture. There was a professor for you, — deeply cultivated, rarely witty, widely known, — traveled, learned, — a gentleman ! The vision of Wakem's career had always brightened the dark spots of his routine, had made him believe in the glory of the humanities.

Wakem belonged to another generation, when statesmen, jurists, and poets entered proudly the academic profession ; when teaching was not onerous, and the word "research" was not heard in the land.

With a sigh the professor turned to a

photograph that had been recently hung in the library. It was the portrait of a young assistant in the university, who had enlisted as a private, and had died before Santiago. He wore his gown and doctor's hood, but these peaceful symbols hung about a broad-shouldered, athletic form. The alert eyes glanced out almost fiercely ; small wonder that he had gone ! The big world called him, and he had responded buoyantly. Drake envied him that thrill of joyous will, of effort in the world of men.

The seminar went off better than the lecture. The subject under discussion related indirectly to the material he was preparing for his book, and the student who had sought his help in the library had carried out his suggestions intelligently. He found his enthusiasm rising, and it was not until long after the bell had rung that he noticed the restlessness of his listeners, who were anxious to get out into the May afternoon.

Most of the instructors had left the lecture hall by this time. Even the assistants in the laboratories were drifting across the green campus in the direction of the club. The tennis courts adjoining the clubhouse were filled with the younger men taking their afternoon exercise. Others were looking over the magazines in the reading room, or talking in little groups. A committee on the dates for examinations was holding a meeting on the veranda. It was the most charming hour at Eureka, when the sun played around the brick buildings, and crisscrossed softly the lawns. There was an air of leisure, of gentle indolence, of unexacting tasks that would get themselves fulfilled sometime.

Dexter was smoking a cigarette and glancing over a review. Smoking was an uncommon indulgence in the Eureka faculty, and cigarettes were a defiant vice. When Drake came in, Dexter removed his cigarette nonchalantly, and asked him to "run over to the Ultonia

Country Club Friday morning and have a round of golf."

"You'll have to practice your golf, if you're going to Washington. They all play there," Dexter added pleasantly.

"What's this about Washington?" a voice called out from a corner of the room. Helfredge's pudgy little face appeared from behind a newspaper. He strolled over to the two men, talking all the time.

"Saunders was saying something about it. Is it true?"

"Oh, I guess I shan't accept," Drake answered lightly. "Eureka will stand me a little longer."

Dexter extricated himself quietly from the conversation. Helfredge, assistant professor of biology, was of the new style of university professors, the type that Dexter refused to associate with. Helfredge sank into Dexter's chair, and began a serious cross-examination to extract all the facts of the case. He got them at first unwillingly, but later abundantly, as Drake, in the need of his harassed soul, poured out his day's embarrassments.

"So you don't know what you want," the man in biology remarked bluntly, at the close. "That's a disease I've noticed to be prevalent among members of our profession. They rarely know just what they want."

Helfredge was given to social and moral diagnosis.

"That's about it!" Drake smiled. "I've been weighing the matter all day. It's all so very attractive here, rather seductive when one takes it up in detail, and our work—purely scientific work—is a great thing."

Helfredge grunted at the assumption that anything outside of biology could be called scientific.

"Sometimes I feel that I'd like to see a bit of the world, to meet a different lot of people. One gets pretty stale in college work," Drake said, feeling the necessity of defending his longings.

"That ain't what a man is here for," Helfredge snapped, relapsing into his native idiom, "to trot around in society."

"No, not society, such as Dexter goes in for. But do you remember Strethson? He's just got out a book that's making a good deal of a stir."

"Little Jew!" Helfredge grunted.

"Jew or Gentile, he could play around us. He knew something besides his subject."

"What he wants is *publicity*," the biologist sneered.

"Well," Drake retorted, flushing, "the worst thing in the world is n't publicity."

"You'd better try it; your mind seems made up."

"Oh no; I was just considering it sympathetically. I don't think I shall take it."

Helfredge looked at his companion critically, and then took up the newspaper. "You've got it bad, old man! You need rest."

"I must think of my wife and children. I want to give them the best opportunities," Drake suggested, eyeing his dusty boots critically and pulling down his cuffs. "Academic success is n't likely to do much for them, and now I've got this chance"—

"Are you sure?" the biologist asked keenly.

Drake did not answer. The implications in the remark puzzled him.

The men came in from tennis. The younger ones, who were unmarried, dined at the club, and the odors of their dinner rose from the basement kitchen. Stralparo, professor of Germanic philology, passed the club, his odd little bag stuffed with books for the long hours of night work. He was reported to be a veritable mountain of learning. His sallow face and shrunken form seemed to prove it. The least possible time for meals and sleep, the longest possible hours for the library,—the incessant unwearied labor of the brain! Drake followed his

halting gait up the street. That was a type of university career that did not attract him. On the other hand, Dexter, who lived more humanly and jovially, was always pronounced superficial. And Gray, who was a fair scholar, a fair teacher, and an active man on committees and boards of administration, was neither one thing nor the other. Gray was the kind of professor he should be, if he remained, — active, useful, undistinguished. He could not be a Stralparo if he wanted to be. The easy, unconfined life, with liberal margins of indolent half hours, had eaten into his resolution. In any other life he should miss that more than anything, — the power to waste bits of his days, if he felt like it.

So he carried his indecision home with him, as he frequently did. The two older children were playing in the little open grass plot in front of the house. They were neither very shabby nor very neat. Mrs. Drake struggled hard to keep them dressed at the mean of propriety. It would be a greater struggle later; he ought to try to better their fortunes. . . .

At dinner his wife looked at him in eager anticipation, but refrained from broaching the subject before the children. After the meal he went back to his study, lit his pipe, and, settling with infinite comfort into his lounging chair, took up volume one of Stretchson's new work,

which he found to be a brilliant book, but unsound. Stretchson's rash generalizations and easy errors gave the professor a pleasant feeling of superiority. He began to think of his own book, which would touch on the same topics, in a surer way. He was quite happy when, an hour later, his wife came into the room.

"Well?" she said timidly.

"What is it?" Drake asked, uneasily conscious of the interruption.

"Did you send the telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"Why, Mr. Prome said to telegraph your decision, — to let him know if he should send your name in!"

"Oh, Prome always gets excited!" After a few moments, he added: "I shall write him a letter. That will do better."

Mrs. Drake got up and stood near his chair, her hand falling gently on his shoulder.

"I hope you'll never regret it, dear."

"Regret what?" he replied evasively. "I thought you did n't want to change," he added.

"Oh, you know I always liked Eureka, and we've got on somehow."

"Regret what?" her husband repeated, remembering Helfredge's enigmatic phrase.

"Regret the chance," she murmured, giving him another caress.

Robert Herrick.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IF, as says that prince of tramps, Robert Louis Stevenson, "a walking tour should be gone upon alone," with a visit to the spring woods it is otherwise. The joy of the forest is never full till it is shared. And yet beware with whom you share it! For it is not every one who is qualified to go a-Maying.

The unregenerate worldling shivers lonesome in the April woods. The bare, unfriendly stretch of dead leaves and mummied boughs depresses him. The stillness makes him nervous. Unkindly drafts creep round him and chill his soul. Spiteful branches flick his eyes; gnarled roots entangle his toes; quaggy ground sucks off his overshoes; briars

sting his ankles ; and all manner of disreputable tramp burs attach themselves to his garments. He is an abused man. All Nature is in conspiracy against him. Nor is he less unfriendly to himself. He tears his clothes on treacherous barbed wire ; slivers his palms on gone-to-seed fence rails ; strains his back grubbing after dwarfish wild flowers ; does a hard day's work, and carries home a pitiful handful of disconsolate blooms, a consuming thirst, and a disillusioned soul.

Hear what the poet Hovey says of the springtime : —

" I said in my heart, ' I am sick of four walls
and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.' "

The above-described worldling has *no business* with the grass, no right in the woods, no part in the sky. He belongs to the great army of the Unqualified.

Now, to go a-Maying with an unqualified person is to become for the time being unqualified yourself. The light shivers out of the sky, the color out of the landscape, under the baleful influence of an unbelieving eye. The selection of a fit companion becomes, therefore, a matter of no light moment.

As a rule, it is safest not to choose a scientist. Of course, there is all the difference between a mere botanist and a student of plant ways that there is between a psychologist and a student of human nature. But the hard literalness of the prying scientific spirit is fatal to the mystery of the woods. Neither should I select an inveterate literary man, eternally on the outlook for "material." No celebrity was ever more shy of the notebook than is Dame Nature. She even turns a cold shoulder on the luckless companion of him who "gathers some of Nature's gold and mints it." No more should I elect to go a-Maying with a cooing sentimentalist. To pull the violets up and call them "dear" is to taint the fine aroma of the woods. Least of all should I choose a

confirmed pedestrian, his pedometer in his pocket, his soul in his muscles, his eye on his watch. For to enjoy the woods you must have literally all the time there is.

What, then, are the requisites for an ideal companion ? First, an untraditional mind, a soul prepared for swift whims and sudden flights, for unreasoned changes of unreasoned purpose. For it must not be supposed that Maying can be set about in cold blood. It will not do to say, "On Thursday next, Deo volente, I purpose to go a-Maying." As well say, "At sixteen minutes after five, to-morrow afternoon, I propose to write a sonnet." Maying is an art, and, like all other arts, must wait on inspiration. When the "old spring fret is on you" you must go, and go at once. If duty thunders "No!" so much the better ; for there is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing else to do. The true son of the woods has a patent detachable conscience. He is past master of the fine art of truancy.

Then he must know how to taste to the full the bliss of anticipation. There are more unsearchable thrills in a steamer rug than in the length and breadth of Europe. So half the ecstasy of the woods is to be found on the way thither. Woodsward bound, the accomplished "Mayer" (if I may be allowed the expression) indulges in mild delirium. What matter that his fellow passengers regard him as an escaped lunatic ? He feels like an escaped lunatic !

"Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in his will."

Beyond this mad freakishness, he must have the genius of hope ; for truly to see the spring woods one must seek them while yet it is winter. The most impossible month to go a-Maying in is May. To wait until the leaves are out and the woods flushed with the coarser exuberance of bloom is to miss the fine spiritual essence of spring. Therefore

the inspired woodsman has the ability to delight in the abundance of things hoped for, the prophecy of things to come. Nature's modest first offerings he accepts as a delicious surprise.

Then he is prepared to take time for the experience. Fresh from the world of musty ledgers and foaming steins, he does not expect to find himself in tune with Nature all at once. He is content to bathe his mind in the infinite quiet of the forest, and wait for his eyes to be opened that he may see. He knows how to be silent; how to lie full length in placid torpidity, breathed on by small faint airs, soothed by the lisp of leaves, sharing "all the lassitude of happy things."

Sensitive though he be to Nature in her towering moods, he must feel no less the subtle beauty of her humbler handiwork. The tender contours of knoll and hollow, the intricate weaving of slender black boughs against a luminous sky, the soft red-browns and old yellows of dried meadow grasses, the flash of a scarlet lichen, the thrill of a bluebird's liquid note, the startling purity of the hepatica's creams and pinks and azures, the whisk of a silver squirrel, the downy coil of a baby fern, — all these touch a chord as responsive as that which thrills to the glory of cloud mass and mountain majesty.

Then the ideal woods comrade is the soul of unpracticality and sweet irresponsibility. He has no schedule for the return trip. The lightest impulse sways his will. An unreasoning acquisitiveness keeps him slaving for hours at the accumulation of things he does n't want; for, having slipped the leash of common sense, he appreciates the transcendent value of the unessential.

But perhaps his most distinctive characteristic is an uncanonical glee at getting into mud and mischief. The true woodsman has no dignity. He knows the awful joy of having liberties taken with his sacred person. Obstacles raise

his spirits. There is nothing he enjoys so much as missing a train. And if he is forced to go home with hands unsoiled and clothes unrent, his cup is something less than full.

Such is the paragon of companions for the woods. And if, perchance, you have searched out such a miracle of nicely balanced whims and sentiments and sympathies, hold him fast! The gods cannot be trusted to confer that boon a second time.

"Now, there is Tracey, the truck-

**The Advan-
tages of
Trucking.**

man," suggested the Talker. "I suppose Tracey has done more for this town than any young doctor, lawyer, or minister in it. Why, before Tracey went into the furniture and piano moving business, you could n't get a bureau moved across the street without having all the easters knocked off. And as for pianos, no one ever thought of playing one after moving. Now, when you want anything moved, — from one end of the town to the other, or over to the next county, — just at the appointed minute up drives Tracey's big yellow van; and your piano or sofa or cooking stove is handed out as carefully as if it were the Queen of England; and off it goes, safe under cover, with no disreputable legs or stuffing exposed to a heartless public. Tracey has been in the business five years. When he was through high school, his father wanted him to go to college. But he did n't care much for books; he was a big, strapping fellow, fond of horses and outdoor life. He told his father he would rather have the college money to set him up in the moving business. So the old gentleman gave in finally, and bought him a good pair of draught horses and a big wagon with fancy lettering. He did the thing up in good shape. I suspect that it was young Tracey, though, that put him up to the ring trimmings on the harnesses. But that truck wagon, I tell you, when they got it going, was an object lesson to the

town. Of course everybody laughed, and said all that style would n't last long; it was too fine for business. But I noticed that everybody hired him. It was the novelty first; and after that wore off, folks had found it was rather pleasant, after a moving, not to have to wander around the house with a splinter, trying to fit it in for a leg or an arm or a back to something. So they kept on hiring him. He has six pair of horses, and as many wagons. They send for him for miles around to do any fancy moving. Makes money? Yes, it looks like it. Of course there are other truckmen; but they have to keep their teams better, and treat your furniture a little less like cord wood. All the work horses in town are better cared for than they were five years ago. It may be Tracey, and it may be the climate. It does you good to see him come driving along, beaming down on everybody out of that big yellow ark. He has found his niche in life, if ever a man did. Stranahan was saying the other day: 'What a pity Tracey never had a college education! With his ability, he might easily have been a college professor.' Now, as I see it, Tracey has enough in him to make half a dozen average professors, and have something left over for trimmings. I should hate terribly to see all that good stuff sitting around in a professor's chair, or waiting on a footstool for the present incumbent to die, — my piano, meanwhile, bumping down the front steps. Well, what I was getting at is, that if half the young fellows whose fathers are wasting capital on them could be set up in some business they really like, it would be a good deal more comfortable for them and for the rest of us. It is respectable enough to buy your boy a ranch off in Texas or some remote corner. Why not a trucking business right here in town? I look to see young Tracey do more for this town in the next twenty-five years than all the college graduates that come into it, — by just minding his own business."

"Yes, it's all very well to talk. But how would you like your boy, if you had one, to be a workingman?"

"My boy?" responded the Talker. "Why, if I had a boy, young man, I'd be almost willing to work myself, don't you know?"

I KEEP them all on my desk, that little Japanese reception hall of polished Book-Lover oak, — or rather, that shrine where I, my hair rumped, in my threadbare working coat, in slippers, and if clean, rugged as any mendicant, present myself to the muse; where I beg her to be friendly to me for a few hours every day, so that, when the Emma-o, that Autocrat of the Shadow World, would call me, I, Adachi Kinnosuké, might give some sort of account for the life that I had here below.

Well, they look quite as poverty-stricken as I do, these paper-covered books, — quite as rugged, abused, torn, worn, and shining with the light that is not of the Phidian marble; quite as ready to give up the forlorn struggle of keeping themselves together, and threatening all the while to fly into pieces, as I. And no wonder! I have read them twenty, fifty, a hundred times, and some of them I have handled every living day for these five years since I came to know, by an amazingly sad and slow process, what was good in letters.

By no means could you call it a disreputable company, this torn assembly of paper-covered books. The names they bear upon their backs — that is, those of them which still retain a certain shape of a back, whereupon you can fill your lazy hours in puzzling out the names of authors — are known in every corner of this world where literary art is held to be a somewhat better thing than a turnip or a hunk of bleeding flesh: Alphonse Daudet, Pierre Loti, Anatole France, Cervantes, Thackeray, Æschylus, — and if I add Shakespeare and Homer, it is not for a finishing touch of the snobbish style of a bookworm. Resting upon the shoul-

ders of the books which bear the names that I have just mentioned, in fraternal communion with them, and in the most Bohemian brotherhood, reclines many a Nihonese volume, bearing such names as are not known to you, — names which some of you would like much to know, I have not the slightest doubt, — Basho, Bakin, Samma, Chikamatsu, Ikkyu; but why should I puzzle you with a knotty string of meaningless names?

It is Sunday. Outside, the sky is sad and gray. It has been raining, and after the rain the atmosphere has in it that something which would have you to understand that autumn is now beginning to think seriously of winter. Beside me, in a jovial fireplace, laughing every time the gust loses its temper, careless flames are dancing light-heartedly, inviting you to look into them and see therein all sorts of things, scenes, and faces you have seen or dreamed; in short, the kaleidoscope of your memory.

And I sit down in front of the blaze with one of the paper-covered books in my hand, and so forget the world. When I fear that I am sinking too deep in the intoxication of my books, as a certain Nihonese poet used to do in that of his *saké* cup, then I turn from the printed charms to read the flaming hieroglyphics behind the fender of the fireplace; in truth, the burning pages, they are, of the romance of the Soul, whose author is the Great Unknown.

And I am perfectly happy.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that man's great advantage over the beasts of the field depends upon his power to transmit the teachings of experience to his children and successors; and they draw a cheerful picture of a race ever increasing in wisdom. Blessed be languages and books, they say.

It was only the other day that I picked up in a fine lady's drawing-room one of these blessed books. It was a treatise

on astrology, written, printed, and sold by thousands, in this the first year of the twentieth century. It was no shabby, ill-printed brochure, but a neat volume, fat and prosperous-looking. Very likely the brochure might have been found in the kitchen. It is certain that the fine lady, at any rate, felt that the stars foretold her destinies.

There are treatises on palmistry galore, and believers in them from the fine lady to the housemaid. Watch them inspecting "the line of life"! It is long, — they will live to eighty; it is unbroken, — their years will pass peacefully; here is a disease, there a sorrow. Perhaps it is short; alas, they have but a year to live. Logic is wasted on them. Let us try an argument based on money, which they both can understand. Has either of them stopped to reflect that a salary of five hundred thousand dollars a year is waiting for her at the office of any one of the great life insurance companies? If all the accidents of flood and field, all perils, and the outcome of all diseases are integrated in this one line of life, why do the doctors waste time on the stethoscope?

It is not so certain that languages and books are unmixed blessings, after all. They certainly transmit the delusions of our fathers along with their wisdom. Lord Monboddo declared that language was originally invented by a congress of learned men assembled for the purpose. While they were about it, they might have devised a touchstone for truth, a litmus that would turn red in the presence of a lie. In default of this, we must fall back on the criteria of common sense. It is a little discouraging, meanwhile, to find judicial astrology, palmistry, and quackeries of the sort still flourishing among us in fat and prosperous books, and especially to discover such books and beliefs in the most unexpected places.

